

THE  
*CHARMS*  
OF  
Heartfulness  
A

Collection  
of  
*Comic Songs*

many of them Originals



CARLISLE

*Printed by J. Milliken*

1778





P R E F A C E

WHEN a person is entertained with a song gratis, he commonly believes his approbation, whether the performance merits it or not; but when that person pays for his entertainment, he finds himself justly authorized to remark the choice. On that account, it is inserted in this Collection may be necessary.



'Tis not unlikely, that many who look thro' it, will be disappointed, in not finding a due proportion of Love songs; and two or three, perhaps, will from the Title expect to be treated with a little Occasion;—To both let it be observed, that there are already songs Books enough to suit the one, and too many to please the other; that to lister all talents to gratify none, and that Hamlet and Desdemond stand greatly in need of being united.

Let it be consider'd then, that to effect this union is the principle aim of the present Publication; and if any thing wide of that is offer'd, there let the censure fall.

THE  
P R E F A C E.

WHEN a person is entertain'd with a Song gratis, he commonly testifies his approbation, whether the performance merits it or not; but when that person pays for his entertainment, he finds himself justly authoris'd to make what remarks he chuses: On that account, a few words in behalf of this Collection may not be unnecessary.

'Tis not unlikely, that many who look thro' it, will be dissappointed, in not finding a due proportion of *Love Songs*; and two or three, perhaps, will from the Title, expect to be feasted with a little *Obscenity*:—To both let it be observ'd, that there are already Song Books enough to suit the one, and too many to please the other; that to flatter all tastes is to gratify none; and that *Humour* and *Decency* stand greatly in need of being united.

Let it be consider'd then, that to effect this union is the principle aim of the present Publication; and if any thing wide of that is offer'd, there let the censure fall.

## iv The PREFACE.

No pains have been spar'd, to gratify the Sons of Laughter in as ample a manner as possible; a task attended with that fatigue, and even expence, which none but Authors and Editors can be sensible of; for besides the labour of gathering materials, much *pruning, dressing, and correcting* were necessary; at least were ventured on, with a view of amendment; and which, 'tis hoped, will on that account carry their own excuse along with them: To point out all these *Alterations* would be a dry and tedious task; therefore the whole of them, together with about forty *Original Songs*, distinguish'd by an Asterisk, and some trifling *Additions*, mark'd with inverted commas, are humbly submitted as *Juvenile Attempts*, to the candid Public; that decisive judge of Merit, which has from time to time so warmly approved the *rest* of the Collection.

The introduction of *Prose* in a Song Book is new, and not more new than useful; 'twill enable those who *cannot* sing to become diverting in company, and furnish those who *can*, with an agreeable change of entertainment; as a droll story is often found to please, where the best musical narratives fail of effect.

As Mimickry is ever accounted one of the principal sources of true Humour, and a talent in which our Nation is peculiarly happy, —there will ('tis presum'd) be little fear of censure from the number of pieces in *foreign*



# The PREFACE. v

and *provincial dialects* introduced into an English Collection: And that none may be disgusted with the frequent sallies of *low Humour* scatter'd throughout, let the *design* of the whole be consider'd, which is to promote *salutary Laughter* in a moment of relaxation:—Refined wit seldom produces more than a *Smile*.

Upon the whole (leaving *Paper* and *Print* to speak for itself,) 'tis hoped that whatever *imputation* things of the kind may at present lay under, this Collection will prove an acceptable treat to the lovers of singing in general, and to the admirers of chaste Humour in particular: As for those graver mortals, who think it beneath the dignity of Man to be caught in an act of *harmless Levity*, or hold it unworthy of a rational creature to exercise *that faculty* which alone distinguishes some Men from Brutes,—let them apply these lines of their favourite *Young*: or rather let us apply it for them.

—Be this truth eternal ne'er forgot  
*Solemnity's a cover for a Sot.*



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T H E

C H A R M S

O F

CHEARFULNESS, &



*Briton's Glory.* S O N G I.

\*\*\* O M E ye lads who wish to shine,  
\*\*\* Bright in future story,  
\*\*\* C \*\*\* Haste to arms and form the line  
\*\*\* That leads to martial glory.

C H O R U S

*Charge the musket, point the lance,  
Brave the worst of dangers ;  
Tell the blustering sons of France,  
That we to fear are strangers.*

*Britain, when the lion's rous'd,  
And the flag is rearing,  
Always finds her sons dispos'd  
To drub the foe that's daring.*

*Charge the musket, &c.*

*Hearts of oak with speed advance ;  
Pour your naval thunder,  
On the trembling shores of France,  
And strike the world with wonder.*

*Charge the musket, &c.*

B

Honour

Honour for the brave to share,  
Is the noblest booty ;  
Guard your coasts, protect the fair ;  
For that's a Briton's duty

*Charge the musket, &c.*

What if Spain should take their parts,  
And form a base alliance ?  
All unite and English hearts,  
May bid the world defiance.

C H O R U S

*Beat the drum the trumpet sound,  
Manly and united ;  
Danger face maintain your ground,  
And see your country righted.*

*The Harvest. &c.* S O N G II.

**H** Ark ! hark ! the Cock crows, 'tis day all abroad,  
And looks like a jolly, fair morning :  
Up Roger and James, and drive out your teams,  
Up quickly to carry the corn in.

Davy the drowfy, and Barnaby Bowfy,  
At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, boys :  
Sluggard shall chatter with Small-beer and water,  
While you shall tope off the March-beer, boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er ;  
Mouth open the flies will be blowing :  
To get us stout hum 'gainst Christmas does come,  
Away where the Barley is mowing.

In your smock sleeves go bind up the sheaves too,  
With nimble young Rowland and Harry,  
And when the work's over, at night give each lover  
A hug and a buss in the dairy.

There's two for the mow, and two for the plough,  
'Tis then the next labour comes after ;  
I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,  
I'll send you my wife and my daughter.

Roger

Roger the lusty, tell Rachel the trusty,  
 The barn's a rare place to steal garters ;  
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the mow then,  
 And take it at night for your quarters.

*The Gossips.* S O N G III.

**T**WO Gossips they merrily met,  
 And that in the morning full soon,  
 And they were resolv'd on a whet  
 To keep their sweet voices in tune ;  
 Away to the tavern they went,  
 " Here Joan, why I vow and protest  
 " That I have a Crown yet unspent,  
 " So let's have a cup of the best."  
 " And pray Gossip didn't you hear  
 " The common report of of the town ?  
 " A Squire of five hundred a year  
 " Is married to Doll of the Crown !  
 " A drabble tail'd slut on my word !  
 " Her cloaths hanging ragged and foul ;  
 " In troth he would fain have a bird,  
 " That would give a groat for an owl ! "  
 " And she had a sister last year,  
 " Whose name they call galloping Peg,  
 " She'd take up a straw with her ear  
 " I warrant her, right as my leg ;  
 " A brewer he got her with child,  
 " But e'en let 'em brew as they bake ;  
 " I knew she was wanton and wild  
 " But I'll neither meddle nor make."  
 " Nor I, Gossip Joan by my troth ;  
 " Tho' nevertheless I've been told,  
 " She stole seven yards of broad cloth,  
 " A ring, and a locket of gold,  
 " A smock, and a new pair of shoes ;  
 " A flourishing madam was she !  
 " But Margery told me the news,  
 " And it ne'er shall go further for me."



- " We were at a gossiping club,  
 " Where we had a cherishing cup  
 " Of good humming liquor, strong bub !  
 " And your husband's name it was up ;  
 " For bearing a powerful sway,  
 " All neighbours his valour have seen,  
 " For he is a cuckold they say——  
 " A constable Gossip I mean.  
 " Dear Gossip a slip of the tongue  
 " No harm was intended in mind ;  
 " Chance words they will mingle among  
 " Our others we commonly find ;  
 " I hope you wont take it a miss,"  
 " No, no, that were folly in us ;  
 " And if we perhaps get a kifs,  
 " Pray what are our husbands the worse !"

---

*The fussy old Gill, &c.* S O N G IV.

**I** F you will be still, then tell you I will,  
**I** Of a fussy old Gill, that dwells under a hill :  
 She has long unpair'd nails, hands cover'd with scales ;  
 She's still full of ails, and to stink never fails.

Hair lousy with nits, she stinks i'th' arm pits,  
 She still hems and spits, and hauks up great bits :  
 Teeth yellow as box, half out with the pox,  
 Her breath sweet as socks, or the scent of a fox.

Lips swarthy and dun, with a mouth like a gun,  
 And her slaver does run, as swift as the sun ;  
 Her back has a hill, you may plant a wind mill,  
 And her Bum if you will, would the sails well trill.

She has a beetle brow, deep furrows enow,  
 She's ey'd like a sow, flat nos'd like a cow ;  
 Long hairs on the chin, with a dev'lish grin,  
 And she's nealy a kin, to the club footed Fiend.

- ' Behind and before, she's still running o'er ;  
 ' Her toes would be sore, had she as many more,  
 ' And she cries have a care, like a hog in a fair ;  
 ' So woo her that dare, and win her and wear !'

*The Country Wake.* S O N G V.

**C** O M E lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,  
 Away to the may-pole hye ;  
 For every he, has got him a she,  
 And a fidler standing by :  
 There's Willy has got his Jill, and Johnny has got his  
 Joan,  
 To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down.  
 Begin says Harry, aye, aye, says Mary,  
 We'll lead up Packington's pound ;  
 No, no, says Nell, and no says Doll,  
 We'll first have St. Ledger's round :  
 Then every man did put---his hat off to his lads,  
 And every maid did curt'fy, curt'fy, curt'fy on the  
 grafs.  
 Strike up says Watt, agreed says Kate,  
 I pray the fiddler play :  
 Content says Hodge, and so says Madge,  
 For this is a holiday :  
 Then every man began---to foot it round about,  
 And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it in and out.  
 You're out says Dick, you lie says Nick,  
 The fidler plays it false ;  
 And so says Hugh, and so says Sue,  
 And so says nimble Else :  
 The fiddler then began---to play the tune again,  
 And every maid did trip it, trip it, trip it unto the men.  
 Let's kifs says Nan, content says Jane,  
 And so says every she ;  
 How many says Nat, why three says Matt,  
 For this is a maidens fee :  
 But they instead of three, did give them half a score,  
 The men in kindness, kindness, kindness, gave them  
 as many more.  
 Then after an hour they went to a bower  
 To play for ale and cakes ;  
 And kiffes too---until they were due,  
 The lasses held the stakes :

The women then began---to quarrel with the men,  
And bid them take their kisses back, and give them  
their own again.

Thus, they sat until it was late,  
And tir'd the fiddler quite,  
With singing and playing, without any paying,  
From morning until night :  
They told the fiddler then, they'd pay him for his play,  
And each gave two pence, two pence, two pence, two  
pence and went their way.

Good night says Cifs, good night says Prifs,  
Good night says Harry to Doll ;  
Good night says John, good night says Joan,  
Good night says every one :  
Some ran, some went, some staid; some tarry'd by the way;  
Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to meet the  
next holiday.

*I am a poor country Clown.* S O N G VI.

**I** Am a poor country Clown,  
Who lately came to this town ;  
I heard the folks say,  
'Twas a place very gay ;  
And I long'd for to see it I own.  
I luckily met with a friend,  
Who I begg'd his assistance would lend,  
We rambl'd about,  
Thro' rabble and rout ;  
'Till I thought the whole world at an end.  
We went to a place call'd the play,  
Where I thought for to see something gay ;  
They murder'd a King,  
Which I thought a sad thing :  
Yet the people went laughing away.  
The finest of all the gay fights,  
Was a place with a number of lights

Where

Where they warble and sing,  
 Like birds in the spring  
 And music with pleasure unites.  
 I wish, and I wish, I must own,  
 We had such a place in our Town,  
 Or ev'n at the fair,  
 If it could be brought there ;  
 It would pay well for bringing it down.

---

*A MACARONI Ode on the Evening of the REGATTA.*

**L**ITTLE Muses come and cry,  
 Put your finger in your Eye ;  
 Join the *Macaroni* kind,  
*Demn* the Weather *demn* the Wind.

Winds that rumple powder'd Hair,  
 Winds that fright the feather'd fair,  
 Winds that blow our hats away,  
 And rudely with our Ruffles play.

Winds that drown the gentle Note  
 Fritter'd through a gentle Throat ;  
 Winds that clouds around us throw,  
 And spoil the glitter of our Show.

*Demn* the Winds that us have stir'd  
 On Friday June the twenty third,  
 To plague the *Macaroni* kind :  
*Demn* the Rain, and *demn* the Wind.

---

*My sweet pretty Mogg.* S O N G VIII.

**M**Y sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a Bog,  
 And wild as a Kitten, and wild as a Kitten :  
 Those eyes on your face---(O pity my case)  
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten,  
 Far softer than silk, and as fair as new-milk  
 Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is :  
 Your Shape's like a pail ; from your head to your tail,  
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Yours



Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is  
 As black as the Devil, as black as the Devil:  
 Your breath is as sweet too as any Potatoo,  
 Or orange from seville, or orange from seville.  
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a Goddess,  
 So nimble, so frisky ! so nimble, so frisky !  
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)  
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,  
 Because your're so cruel, because you're so cruel.  
 No rest I can take ; and asleep or awake  
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.  
 Your Hate then give over ; nor Dermont your lover  
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;  
 Or Dermont must die, like a pig in a sty,  
 Or the snuff of a candle, the snuff of a candle.

*Molly Mogg.* S O N G IX.

**S** Says my uncle, I pray now discover  
 What has been the cause of your woes,  
 That you pine and you whine like a lover ?  
 I've seen Molly Mogg of the Rose.

Oh Nephew your grief is but folly,  
 In town you may find better prog ;  
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,  
 A Molly much better than Mogg.

The school boy's delight is a play day,  
 The schoolmaster's joy is to flog,  
 A fop's the delight of a lady,  
 But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will O' Wisp leads the traveller a gadding,  
 O'er ditch o'er quagmire and bog ;  
 But no light can e'er set me madding,  
 But the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For guineas in other men's breeches,  
 You gamsters will paum and will cog ;

But

But I envy them none of their riches,  
So I paum my sweet Molly Mogg.

The heart that's half wounded is ranging,  
It leaps here and there like a frog;  
But my heart can never be changing,  
'Tis so fixt on sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,  
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,  
And I fill all my paper with writing  
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,  
My senses are lost in a fog,  
And in nothing can find satisfaction,  
But in thoughtsof my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three graces  
I wish I might hang like a dog,  
And at court all the drawing room faces,  
For a glance at my tweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,  
Then jealousy sets me a' gog;  
To be sure, she's a bit for the Vicar,  
-And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

*Miss in her Teens : A Cantata. \**

RECITATIVE.

**R** ICH, young, and beautiful, Daphne the gay,  
Had sigh'd unmarried fifteen years away;  
No youth as yet, had made his passion known;  
Strange ! these accomplishments and lie alone !  
Yet so it was ; the cause I cannot tell,  
And thus, impatient, sung the giddy Belle.

AIR. *Long young Jockey, &c.*

Tell me little foolish Cupid,  
Why so cross, and rudely coy ?  
Be no longer dull and stupid,  
Prove a playfull, wanton Boy :

Tell

Tell around my matchless beauty,  
 Tell that I have youth and charms ;  
 Tell my Riches, 'tis thy duty ;  
 Bring a Lover to my arms :  
 Let him be old, or let him be froward,  
 Let him be sensible, foolish, or vain,  
 Let him be coxcomb,—let him be Coward,  
 I can smile him to courage again :  
     Tell me ye maids,  
     Tell me ye swains,  
     Can you say so ?  
     Would you do so ?  
 Can you, would you, would you, can you,  
     Can you sigh for a lover so ?

RECITATIVE.

Scarce had she sung th' effusion of her grief,  
 When Cupid in compassion sent relief :  
 A bluff, young, martial blade was seen t' advance,  
 And thus he roar'd with noisy complaisance.

AIR, *Why how now saucy Jade, &c.*

Blood, fire, and sword, my dear !  
 Men call me captain flash ma'am ;  
 Had I a rival here,  
     Thus I his head would dash ma'am ;  
                                 Blood ! my dear.

Blood, thunder, guts, and hell !  
 How faithful I adore ye ;  
 'Tis not in man to tell,  
 By all my future glory.

Guts and Hell !

Your humour I can please,  
 Whene'er you're in the dumps ma'am ;  
 Mow thousands by the knees,  
     Then make them dance on stumps ma'am,  
                                 You to please.

I am faithful to my word ;  
 If I'm a coward, blame me ;

Behold

Behold my flashing sword :

I'm great as Cæsar, damme !

At a word.

RECITATIVE.

Here he stopt short, ith' midst of of his career,  
And our young novice harrow'd up with fear ;  
Lucky for her, a Paddy young and stout,  
Without resistance kick'd the boaster out ;  
Then shut the door, to make all fast within,  
And leering, thus his carrol did begin.

AIR. *St. Patrick's day in the morning.*

Now arra dear creature, most fairest in feature,  
I'm sure your inferior can never be found ;  
Were you at Dublin city, you would be so pretty,  
I'd swear you the fairest in London town :  
Tho not so excellent, as our lord Lieutenant,  
With Irishmen two or three thousand beside ;  
Yet before we are married, They'll be dead and buried,  
And then king of beauty you'll ne'er be denied,  
On our wedding day night i' the morning.

Ah hone ! my dear honey, I've plenty of money,  
If once we were gotten to Ireland's dear ground ;  
It will set you a singing, to see my gold ring, and  
A diamond i'th' middle nine inches around :  
I'm forty third cousin, to Lords, forty dozen ;  
My father's own self was the Lord—knows who ;  
Here's guineas a hundred,--No,--fait I was plunder'd,  
But when we're two couples, you'll widen that flaw,  
On our wedding day night in the morning.

RECITATIVE.

Tho' tir'd of living single, yet our maid  
Was not in haste with poverty to wed ;  
Poor Patrick's tatter'd breeches gave offence,  
So he in doleful dumps, was order'd—thence !  
Nor was she long alone ; slow creak'd the door,  
A Quaker driving snails, came simp'ring to her ;  
With nods and sighs, his eloquence he tries,  
While his broad brim endangers madam's eyes.

AIR.



AIR. *We're no very fou' but we're gaily yet.*  
*Slow.*

Thou fair lump of earth, look not the rabble on ;  
 Fly the wickedness of this our Babylon ;  
 Look not to me in the spirit of wrathfulness,  
 But in the spirit of love and of faithfulness.

*Quick.*

Yea I'll dance to please thee, ye I'll sing and caper ;  
 Tho' such feats are frail, ev'n as the morning vapour ;  
 Tho' our laws forbid it, even, verily, verily,——  
 Tal de ral lal lal la,—— sing caper merrily, merrily.

*Slow.*

Dear sister Daphnah, ye wilt thee but love me,  
 To raise seed unto thee the spirit doth move me ;  
 For thee sister Daphnah, behold I do die ah !  
 Like to a bruis'd reed is thy friend Hezekiah.

*Quick.* Yea I'll dance to please thee &c.

RECITATIVE.

While thus he caper'd it, with aukward mirth,  
 A frown from Daphne struck him to the earth ;  
 Asham'd at once, of his ungodly airs,  
 He without bidding simper'd down the stairs :  
 Leaving poor Hezekiah to his fate  
 A Sailor, next appear'd before the gate ;  
 And thund'ring fearlessly, with all his might,  
 Thus rous'd the Lady from her short respite.

AIR. *Jack of Wapping.*

Well, now I've got within gun-shot,  
 What need to think of flying ;  
 So tack about, and quick give out,——  
 You're at my mercy lying ;  
 From poop to prow, I'm match for you,  
 My vessel ne'er can founder ;  
 By Jove I swear, I do not fear  
 A fifteen thousand pounder.

To de rol lol lol lol &c.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the chearful Tar, and waited long  
 For a kind answer to his honest song ;

But

But still the envious door kept shut between,  
 So Jack budg'd off, as if no harm had been :  
 Not long the maid continued in her fears  
 A far more gentle rap assail'd her ears ;  
 A Frenchman danc'd along, and cringing low,  
 Sung thus, while prostrate laid to kifs her toe.

*AIR. Guardian Angels.*

Ah ! mine angels of dis nation,  
 You be vair, en Verite ;  
 Vid despair I tell a' my passion,  
 Den oh ! bring une remedie :  
 See votre slave, in de grand flutter,  
 Vile a melting vid desire ;  
 Vor des vine eyes, alas !  
 Be de two burning glafs,  
 Dat be set mine soul on vire.

*RECITATIVE.*

Long he'd have sung, of torment, flame, what not ?  
 But that a brimstone smell proclaim'd a Scot ;  
 Who with his itch, his figure, and his tongue,  
 Scar'd out Monsieur, then thus right coarsely sung.

*AIR. Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.*

Troth bra' Lassie I'se na blate.  
 I mak as free as ony ;  
 And may auld Tyburn be my gate,  
 Gin ye're no unco bonny :  
 Yer filler, and yer canny face,  
 Sets a' the Kintry ringin,  
 And gin I ha'na' won the grace,  
 Pure Sawney mun be hingin.

Gin e'er ye ca' at Aberdeen,  
 I'se be right glad to see ye ;  
 A crowdie, and the lang Kail green,  
 As dainties I will gie ye ;  
 But gif we canno' weel agree,  
 And dinna click a fancy ;  
 Sin i'se baith gude, and weel to see,  
 I'll ca' ye scornfu' Nancy.

B.

REC.

## RECITATIVE.

Daphne at once, dispatch'd the bonny Chiel,  
 Wha turn'd, and ca'd her like a vara De'il;  
 Syne gang'd his gate; and to succeed the loon,  
 Before her stood a Zomerfeshire clown;  
 With wooden Clogs, three times he scrap'd the floor,  
 Then sat him down, and thus protested to her,

AIR. *Young Strephon he went.*

'Ads heart! pretty Maiden, thou'rt wond'rous vine,  
 In those zilken gowns, and lac'd lappets of thine;  
 Zo vine, by the zookers! I cannot tell how,  
 To speak to so gallant a lady as thou;  
 Thy cheek like hung beef, or a loin of vresh mutton's  
 With eyes, like a pair of clear Bristow-stone Buttons;  
 Zing high derry derry, and when shall we marry,  
 Zing Harry and Daphen, zing Daphen and Harry.

My vather he's gien me three crowns and a groat,  
 And sent un' to London, e' vine zunday coat;  
 I've zaddled our Peg, and we'll both hobble down,  
 Amazing the bumpkins of our little town;  
 And dad will take out, if your veathers 'll venture,  
 A zide o'th' old house, for his Daughter to enter,  
 Zing high derry derry, and when shall we marry;  
 Zing Harry and Daphen, zing Daphen and Harry.

## RECITATIVE.

Away, begone, the weary maiden cry'd,  
 Will thus my blifs, be still ye gods denied;  
 Tho' proudly self sufficient to complain,  
 The man of worth alone can ease my pain;  
 While yet the accents dwelt upon her tongue,  
 A man of worth appear'd, and thus divinely sung.

AIR. *In infancy our hopes and fears.*

To thee, dear charmer of my heart,  
 As to my heav'n I fly;  
 Then kindly smile and ease my smart;  
 'Twere cruel to deny.

Long time in absence have I pin'd,  
Sweet hope ne'er eas'd my care ;  
How happy now ! could I but find,  
My charmer good as fair.

RECITATIVE.

When first the gentle youth began to speak,  
A virgin glow, bedeck'd the damsel's cheek ;  
But when his love in softest words he told,  
Gods ! 'twas too much, for woman to withhold :  
To fix him sure, she muster'd all her charms,  
Then thus confest, encircl'd in his arms.

AIR. *Her sheep had in clusters.*

When a foppish pretender laid claim to my heart,  
And foolishly boasted his flame,  
I smil'd, or I frown'd, with abundance of art ;  
And who but the fool was to blame ?  
But when a kind lover with honesty sues,  
And modestly urges his bliss,  
'Tis I'm in the wrong, if I crossly refuse ;  
Or play with a passion like his.

*Come all hands aloft.* S O N G XI.

**A**LL hands up aloft, swab the couch fore and aft,  
For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;  
For fear the ship roll, sling off a full bowl,  
For our honour let all things be fitting :  
In an ocean of punch, we to night will all fail ;  
I'th bowl were in sea-room, then pox on the gale.

Here's to thee messmate ;  
Thank's honest Tom, — 'tis a health to the King ;  
Whilst the larboard man drinks, let the starboard man  
sing,

*Cho.* With full double cups,  
We'll liquor our chops,  
And then we'll turn out, with a whoo up whoo whoo ;  
But let's drink 'ere we go, but let's drink 'ere we go.



The wind's veering aft, then let's loose ev'ry sail ;  
 She'll bear all her top sails a trip ;  
 Heave the log from the poop, it blows a fresh gale,  
 And a just account on the board keep,  
 Sheruns the eight knots; and eight cups to my thinking,  
 That's a cup for each knot, must be fill'd for our  
 drinking,

Here's to thee skipper :  
 Thanks honest John, 'tis a health to the King,  
 While the one is a drinking the other shall sing :  
*Cho.* With full double cups &c.

The quartier must count while the foremast-man steers ;  
 Here's a health to each Tar where'er bound ; —  
 Who snuffs at his bumper, shall be drubb'd at the gears,  
 The depth of each cup therefore sound.  
 To our noble Commander, to his honour and wealth ;  
 May he drown and be damn'd, that refuses the health.

Here's to thee honest Harry :  
 Thanks honest Will, old true penny fill !  
 While the one is a drinking, the other shall fill :  
*Cho.* With full double cups &c.

What news on the deck ho? it blows a mere storm,  
 She lies a try under her mizen ;  
 Why what tho' shes does, will it do any harm,  
 If a bumper more does us all reason ?  
 The bowl must be fill'd boys, in spite of the weather ;  
 Yare, yarely, huzza ! let us hawl all together.

Here's to thee Peter :  
 Thanks honest Joe, about let it go,  
 In the bowl still a calm is, where'er the winds blow :  
*Cho.* With full double cups &c.

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*The Laird of Kircaldy.* SONG XII.

**T**HE Laird of Kircaldy and Janet did meet,  
 He kiss'd her and clapp'd her and ca'd her his  
 sweet,  
 And if ye'll gang along wi' me, Janet quo' he,  
 Ye shall be my ain lamb and love, Janet Jenny.

But

But if I gang along wi' ye, ye munna fail  
 To feed me wi' bannocks, and gude hearty kail ;  
 But its hooly, and fairly, my Janet quo' he,  
 Is na' crowdies and dribbly beer, gude meat for thee.

To tofs up a crowdie I think its a shame,  
 And dribbly beer gies me the gripe o' the wame,  
 It rifts at my rumple, an' gars the win' flee ;  
 And the de'el scowp i' your dowp, Janet quo' he.

But gif ye wad hae me to shine like the moon,  
 Ye mun buy me clock stockings, and timber heel'd shoon ;  
 A blue knot of ribbands, with rings twa or three ;  
 And its are ye gaun wood again, Janet quo' he.

Ye may gasp at the win' and smoor in a pool,  
 For what dye ye think at I'll be sic a fool ?  
 To pawn aw' my land to hing pride upo' ye ;  
 So ye may gae drown yersef, Janet quo' he.

Thou may gasp at the win' and hing on a rope,  
 For ne'er sic an urchin fall scowp at my dowp,  
 Nor ne'er a scab Laird fall join giblets wi' me ;  
 And so ye may gae hang yersef, sawny quo' she.

*PURGATORY proved, illustrated, and set forth in a clear Light, by the Rev. Father Murtoch O'Lavery, Priest of the Parishes of St. John's, Dromore, and Macherlin; in a funeral Sermon upon the death of Terence M'Glootery, one of his Parishioners.*

*Vivit post funerea Virtus.*

MY FRIENDS,

**Y**OU all know tish customary ting vid clargy, fen dey are going to preash a sharmon dat dey will take a text from shome plaush of de Shcripture ; but for dat very reason, becaush he ish customary, I will not do it ; for becaush shingularity in de right, wath never in de wrong yet.

And ash dere are a great many gade here together 'pon dish occashion, shome Phispaterian, shome shurch of Englandman,

landman, and shome of my own relishion, dat is Roman Catolick, I shall praishe you a sharmon in English, dat you vill all equally understand vat vas shay.

And de shubject I shuse to inshist upon, ash de mosht proper for dish occashion, ish Purgatory :—Derefore *First*, I shall prove to you dat dere ish really such a plaash ash Purgatory, — *Shocondly*, I shall deshcibe dish Purgatory to you all, — *Tirdly*, I vill shew you de Penansh and purgation of dat Purgatory, — And, *Lasthly*, I will apply de doctrine to dish present occashion.

For proof of de firsh ting den, that dere ish really such a plaash as purgatory ; or a *limbus paatrum*, where de shouls of all our friends depart dish life do go, and are purge from deir remaining shin and polution, I need shay no more to you dat are Catolicks, den dish, dat it ish a doctrine upheld by de Pope hish own shelf, and by our own holy Shurch her own shelf ; She ish in de plaash of your raishon, shenses, and undershtanding ; and hath power to shudge, decree and determine, and dictate, and ordain, in all matters of Relishion, and Divinity, and Doctrine ; and all dat tendsh to your shouls, and your bodies, and your eshtatesh, and your conshaunshes ; and to dish vorld, and to dat vish ish to come ; he dat tinketh or shudsheth for himshelf, dosh commit most horrid blasphemy and hereshy, and I warrant you will meet his reward, in shome plaash or another.

But for de convicshion of oder denominations, who pretend to shее vid deir own eyes, as de shaying ish, I will shew more shubstantial proof and it ish dish.

Van Lazarush vas raish up from de dead, after he had been five nor tree daysh in de grave, till he vash shinking again ; now vere vash dat man's shoul all de phile ? Ah ! ah ! in hell he could not be, for out of hell dere ish no redmption ; in heaven he could not be, for de shoys of dat happy plaash are sho great, he vid never come to dish vicked vorld again, and go into a shinking Carcase dat mosht rotten in de grave ; Ergo, it vash in Purgatory, or de tird plaash :—Let any Heretic of you all answere me oderwaysh :— Now by de shoul of de holy priest



priest dere vash no oder plaash for him to be, but our own tird plaash ash I vill shay before,—dat ish Purgatory.

But again vee are tould in de holy Gosppel of Shaint Shenefis some fere nor noder, dat we are all contaminated vid de pollutious of shin; dat none are thorough righteous, no not van; and dat no unclean ting shall enter into de kingdom of heaven; vere den shall dey go? all, we hope vill not go to hell piring hot; for dere are a great many good men Roman Catolicks, yet not sho good, ash to enter plump into dat holy plaash, vidout deir cleansing and purgation: and now let de proteshtants shay vat dey please,---I tell you by de shoul of de holy Priestht, dat dere ish no possibibility of ever getting to heaven, vidout undergo deir penansh or purgation in dish tird place.—It ish plain den dat de shouls of all our friendsh depart dish life, vent to dish Purgatory, ash vell as poor Terence here now desheace.

But fither you ever heard, fat short of a plaash dis Purgatory ish, and fat your friends are shuffering dere, I cannot tell; you never did from me ash I remember, and pon my conshaunce I know nobody vash able to teach you dat doctrine but myshelf: I shall derefore take dis opportunity of explaining her a little to you.

And in de firsh plaash, it ish a very large plaash you may besure, fen it receives all true Catolicks, who are mosht numerous people pon faash of de earth; for besides all Fraansh, nor Spain, nor Itlay, Rome, Parish, and de two tirds of Ireland, dere are a great many more dat for getting into de revenue and de other advantageous post, have call demshelves proteshtants, (and by de shoul of my dear Gossp, dere are are great numbersh of dem) but are true Catolicks in deir heartsh: sho dat you shее, dere are but a very few hearty enemish to us, most of which are dosh damn'd phiggish Phispaterians: oh! oh! de Devil run away vid dem all!

But here by de by, you may observe phat a parcel of coward hearted shons nor whores of bitches are vee, to be sho long keep down by a parcel of damn'd heretics; if vee would not but begin, dey would be nothing in our handsh;



handsh; but vee shubmit vid a slavish shubsheshion, to deir heretic Government; vee are hinder to carry arms, and made mere shoals to deir broguesh; but by my shoul, vee vill have our day about vid dem:— De King of Fraunsh, de King of Spain etshittera, all de shaints, our holy mother shurch, all de Scotch, and be me shoul, de very virgin Mary her ownshelf vill fight for ush; den vee vill eshtablish our Relishion and our eshtatesh again, torro all Ireland, and I myshelf may be lord of Furmney, and of Lavrey's Bog, before I die yet.

But after sho long a digression, I must return to my explanation of Purgatory.

In de shecond plaash, for its shituashion, it ish shuft in the middle my friendsh, between heaven and hell, from hell on one shide by a shmall paper wall only, but from heaven on toder shide, by a shtrong vall of adamant, vid gatesh of brash, of fitch Peter keepeth the key.

But I vill illustrate her to you by de following shimilitude; you all know Mishter Harrison's house pon Mira, vell, fen you go in, dere ish de parlour 'pon one hand, de kitchen 'pon toder, dere ish de hall in de middle: vell den, de parlour ish heaven, de kitchen ish hell, and de hall ish Purgatory in de middle; fen any van like myshelf, who ish in de habit of a shentleman, dat ish who ish a Roman Catolick, he vill be shewn to de parlour; but before he ish entitled to enter, he musht wipe, and rub and clean hish foots, upon a matt in de hall, dat ish he musht do the penansh and purgations of dat tird plaash; dat ish he musht have money 'pon his pocket too, to pay de reckoning, or he vill not be admitted into de parlour; dat ish he musht pay de Clergy for praying him out of purgatory, or by my shoul, shaint Peter vill not let him in;— you all know vell enough.

But again if any come into de hall wid dirty or ragged apparel and widout de dephila doit upon deir pocket, as de Phispetarians and all oder heretics do; dey vill immediately be trusht down into de kitchen, dat ish hell my friendsh; no queshtion vill be ask, no excuse be heard, but hey and away widout repleven or benefit of Clergy.

And dish brings me to de tird article; to consider

de

de pennansh and purgation, de shoulsh of dear departed friendsh do shuffer and undergo, in dish Purgatory.

De sheveresht of van of itsh punishmentsh, ish de stink of hereticks tringing to hell; de damnable stench of de phiggish Phispetarians, which makesh me curl my nose to tink upon.

De shecond punishment, ish occasioned by itsh being shituate 'pon de very edge of hell; for de plaash ish all laid wid grate flags of iron and brash, vish are sho strongly heated by the grate firesh below, dat tish grate tormentsh to valk 'pon dem: you know fen you vill trow off your broguesh by de fire shide at night, and shet your feetsh upon de stione in de hearsh, he vill be very shore, Ah! vouldnet he? By shoul you ish five hundred times ash shore ash dat: or if you would make a truly experiment of de ting, take a griddle and put her 'pon de fire, till she be red hot; den shet her down, and clap your bare arsh 'pon dat, and dat vill be a nearer reshembance of her sthull, but vill not come up to her yet. It ish cushtomary vid ush Catolicks, to provide against our dear departed friendsh shuffering dish tormentsh, by putting a pair of new broagsh 'pon deir foots in de coffin; vich I may confelsh, may do shome shervice, dat ish if dey take care to pay de preesht vell, for he pray dem out before de broagsh be burn; but if not, de devil a bit vill he shignify; far you know if he shstay long in, de shoal of de broagsh vill shoon be burn, and den fat better vill he be? it ish better to give de Priesht de broagush itshelf, and he vill pray dem out sho much shoones den de broagsh vill lasht upon de iron flag stiones.

But de turd and greatest punishment, ish a great big black ugly devil of a Womans, dat standsh dere with an iron flail in her hand; and she ish trashing dem torro de plaash in a most terrible manner; and fat ever part of de body vash guilty of de shin, she vill be trashing 'pon dat very part: If he vash teeving, she vill come over hish knuckelsh so hard, dat he ish better be box with ten and twenty hungry Scotchmen; and if he vash adultery, nor fornication, ah! ah! ah! you may guesh who vill get his payment shoundly: In short, she vill be trashing,

ing, and trashing, and dey vill be cursing, and roaring, and cursing dere friendsh dat vill give nothing to de Clargy, to pray them out of dat.

I tink now my friendsh, I have prove to you dat dere ish really such a plaush ash Purgatory, and dat de shouls of all our friendsh depart dish life are dere, ash vell ash dish pershon now deceashe.

In de shecond place, I have describe Purgatory to you,—And tirdly I have shewn you fat terrible tings your friendsh are shuffering dere, and dat I myself, ash being Priesht of dish Parish, have a power of releashing any van from dese torments—if I am paid for it.

Vho den among you vill give a groat to have dish man's shoul out of Purgatory?—cum you men dere;—vell dere ish van groat;—make heasht, you are very slow.

Vell here ish van, and two, nor tree, nor four, nor five, sixsh, seven, aight, nine, nor ten groat :—ten groat ! will no bodish give more ? vhat, dish man's shoul vorth no more dan ten groat ? Augh ! auh ! auh ! a poor story indeed ! Phat Phelemy ! vill you give nothing ? nor you Turlogh ? arah ! you devilsh you, are you not all hish revelations ? Come you vomans dare, give money nor yarn nor flax, nor butter, nor shomething ; come, Ashviridith, Shovonne, Awnnah, and Norah, and all of you ; Phat de Devil are you doing ? fat no more groatsh ?—Vell, hoo vill give me three-pence ? varah vell—will nobody more give three-pence ?—hoo vill give two-pence ?—fat—vill no body give two-pence ? hoo vill give van penny itself ?—not van penny to be got among you all ? ah ! *Marwnun goh Tiah, Awgus, goh Wabrir Wauhir*, you are all of you a parcel of vicked devilsh and vorse ;—and me preashing sho long and sho good a sharmon to you all, dat you never hear de like before, dat cosht me a whole two months, in shtudying and composhing, for de good of your shinful, vicked, and damned shoulsh, and you vill give me nothing for de support of my body. I owe Joseph Usher, of Mahèratin, for dish coat 'pon my back, and if tish not paid, let me see,—in tree half hourse time, he vill



put me 'pon confinement in de county shail; and den you devils you, shee what vill become of your poor shinnful shouls.

Now, you dat have not give de full groatsh 'twash better var you to give noting at all, for de punishments of your friendsh vill not only be scorching and scorching and scorching, but halving, and quartering, and tearing in peeshes; var you dat give tree-pence, I vill pray tree quarters of your friend out, and leave toder quarter in for toder penny; you dat gave two-pence, I vill pray von half out, and leave toder: you dat give van penny, I vill pray van quarter out, and leave toder in torment: and you dat give only nothing at all,—ah!—hone! but your frindsh poor shoulsh shiall remain in everlashting Purgatory all deir life ever after:—Sho you dat have no money borrow you devilsh, and mauke up de groat.

*Gloria Podria Whilo Spriduo and Shanto.*

*Let me shee, dare ish van pound tirteen and six-pensh, (aside) by my shoul no bad collecshion for all dat now!*

*The Heads, or a view of the Year 1778. SONG XIV.*

**Y**E wrong heads, and strong heads, attend to my strains;  
Ye clear heads, and queer heads, and heads without  
brains; [small,  
Ye thick skulls, and quick skulls, and heads great and  
And ye heads that aspire to be heads over all.

Derry down &c.

Ye ladies—I would not offend for the world,  
Whose bright heads, and light heads, are feather'd and  
curl'd;  
The mighty dimensions, dame nature surprise,  
To find she'd so grossly mistaken the size.

Derry down &c.

And ye petit Maitres, your heads I might spare,  
Encumber'd with nothing but powder and hair,  
Who vainly disgrace the true Monkey race,  
By transplanting the tail from its own native place.

Derry down, &c.

Enough



Enough might be said, durst I venture my rhymes,  
On crown'd heads, and round heads, of these modern times;  
But this slippery path let me cautiously tread,  
The neck else may answer, perhaps for the head.

Derry down, &c.

The heads of the church, and the heads of the state,  
Have taught much, and wrought much, too much to repeat,  
On the neck of corruption uplifted 'tis said,  
Some rulers alas ! are too high by the head.

Derry down &c.

Ye schemers, and dreamers of politic things,  
Projecting the downfall of kingdoms and kings,  
Can your wisdom declare how the body is fed,  
When the members rebel, and wage war with the head.

Derry down &c.

Expounders, confounders, and heads of the law,  
I bring case in point, do not point out a flaw ;  
If reason is treason, what plea shall I plead,  
To your chief I appeal, for your chief has a head,

Derry down &c.

On Britannia's bosom sweet liberty smil'd,  
The parent grew strong while she foster'd her child ;  
Neglecting the offspring, a fever she bred,  
Which contracted her limbs, and distracted her head,

Derry down &c.

Ye learned state doctors your labours are vain,  
Proceeding by bleeding, to settle her brain ;  
Much less can your art the lost members restore,  
Amputation must follow,—perhaps something more.

Derry down, &c.

Pale goddess of whim ! when with cheeks lean or full,  
Thy influence seizes an Englishman's scull ;  
He blunders, yet wonders his schemes ever fail,  
Tho' often mistaking the head for the tail.

Derry down &c.

The

*The Winchester Wedding.* S O N G X V.

**A**T Winchester there was a Wedding,  
 The like was never seen,  
 'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,  
 And bonny black Bess of the Green :  
 The fiddlers were crowding before,  
 Each lass was as fine as a queen :  
 There was a hundred and more,  
 For all the whole country came in ;  
 Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,  
 She look'd like a lilly o'th' vale,  
 And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,  
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy ;  
 He help'd her over the stile,  
 And swore there was none so pretty,  
 In forty and forty long mile :  
 Kit gave a green gown to Betty,  
 And lent her his hand to rise ;  
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,  
 For looking blue under the eyes :  
 Thus merrily chatting all,  
 They pass to the bride-house along,  
 With Johnny and pretty fac'd Nancy,  
 The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,  
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,  
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.  
 The lads were so brisk and jolly,  
 For each had his love by his side ;  
 But Willy was melancholy,  
 For he had a mind for the bride :  
 Then Philip begins her health,  
 And turns a beer-glass to his Thumb,  
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking,  
 The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing  
 Into the midst of the Hall,  
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,  
 And Jeremy led up the Ball :  
 But Margery kept a quarrel,  
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,  
 'Cause Arthur had stolen her garter,  
 And swore he wou'd tie it himself :  
 She strugl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 And was ready with anger to cry,  
 'Cause Arthur in tying her garter,  
 Had slipt his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,  
 The Bride away was led ;  
 The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking  
 For candles to light 'em to bed :  
 But Robin finding him filly,  
 Most friendly took him aside,  
 The while that his wife was with Willy,  
 A playing at Hooper's hide ;  
 And now the warm game begins,  
 The critical minute was come,  
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,  
 Went merrily round the room.

For Stephen was kind to Betty,  
 And blithe as a bird in the spring ;  
 And Tommy was so to Katy,  
 And wedded her with a rush ring :  
 Sukie that danc'd with cushion,  
 An hour from the room had been gone,  
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing,  
 That some other dance had been done :  
 And thus of fifty fair maidens,  
 That came to the wedding with men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
 That so did return again.

## Gwinifred Shones, S O N G XVI.

**O**F all the yongg firsins so fair,  
Which Pritain's great monarchy owns,  
In peauty there's none can compare,  
With the charming tear Gwinifred Shones.

Unenviet the spletit contition,  
Of princes that sit upon thrones,  
The highett of all hur ampition,  
Is the lose of fair Gwinifred Shones.

Pold mortals the clobe will searck ofer,  
For gold and for tiamont stons;  
But hur can more treasure tiscover,  
In peautiful Gwinifred Shones.

From the piggest great mountain in Pritain,  
Hur would fenture the preaking hur pones,  
So that the soft lap hur might hit on,  
Of peautiful Gwinifred Shones.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note,  
Can express how poor Shenkin pemoans.  
Hur fate, when in places remote,  
Hur is apsent from Gwinifred Shones.

Hur lose is than honey far sweeter,  
And hur is no Shenkin ap drones;  
Hur would lapour in prose and in metre,  
To praise hur dear Gwinifred Shones.

As the harp of St. Tavit surpasse  
The pagpipe's poor twettles and crones;  
So Lapelle, Molly Mogg, and all lasses,  
Are excell'd py hur Gwinifred Shones.

## THE COURTSHIP. S O N G XVII. \*

*Tune, Moderation and Alteration.*

**I'**LL sing you song of a modern date,  
Concerning a damsel who had a good estate;



Rich, young, and beautiful, whose name it was Kate:  
She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of late.

Admiration ! admiration !

Oh the wonderful admiration !

The first was a beau, much resembling an ape,  
That had broken its chain, and made its escape ;  
He came into her presence with many a scrape,  
Cock sure of the maid from his delicate shape.

Affectation &c.

The next was a sot, who came staggering drunk,  
Just as he had quitted his bottle and punk ;  
But his half rotten carcase so devilishly stunk,  
That his hopes were all blasted, and projects were sunk.

Intoxication &c.

The next was a youth with a sorrowful air,  
Who had fallen a victim to love and despair ;  
He'd not the least prospect of gaining the fair,  
So just came to die, and to end all his care.

Desperation &c.

A Bully came next with a glove in his hat,  
A string of new oaths he had learnt quite pat ;  
He brag'd of his courage with impudent chat,  
But to tell you the truth, he'd have started at that. \*

Elevation, &c.

Then in came a Quaker, friend Elijah Prim,  
Hid under the shade of a thirteen inch brim ;  
What ever he did 'twas the spirit mov'd him,  
But I'm sure he had none, for he mov'd not a limb.

Inspiration &c.

A Rake who had been of her fortune appris'd,  
In a Conjuror's habit his person disguis'd ;  
Her Fortune to tell, was the scheme he devis'd ;  
But his beard was pull'd off, and his cunning surpris'd.

Conjuration &c.

An Irish dear Shoy was the next that came in,  
Tho' bare were his buttocks, yet rough was his chin,

\* *A snap of the fingers.*

A

A blundering story he strove to begin,  
But Kate by such eloquence he could not win.

Botheration &c.

At length a young Captain directed by fame,  
Repair'd to the Damsel, and put in a claim;  
His offers were ta'en, and he carried the Dame,  
So if they're not happy, themselves are to blame.

Confummation, &c.

THE CALICOE PRINTER. SONG XVIII. \*

*Tune, Come let us prepare.*

COME come to my aid, all ye lads of the trade,  
Volunteers in one cause let us enter;  
Sit round in a ring, join chorus and sing  
In praise of a Calicoe Printer.

Tho' custom and law, have shackled us so,  
And bound us all fast by indenture;  
Yet still we are free, while e'er we agree,  
In the customs and laws of a Printer.

O'er hazardous seas, let those go that please;  
At once life and property venture;  
But ne'er will we roam; long flourish at home,  
The trade of a Calicoe Printer.

When censur'd as rude, by Miss Haughty the prude,  
In reason we ought to acquaint her,  
That life would ill vex the pride of her sex,  
Without e'er a Calicoe Printer.

But the sensible fair, with us will declare,  
That nature's no regular painter;  
That nothing like art can finish each part  
By the hands of a Calicoe Printer.

When a bluff roving blade, surveys a fair maid,  
Drest out in the charms we have lent her;  
Enraptur'd he cries, (shot in at the eyes),  
Ah! curse on the Calico Printer.

May commerce then smile on her favourite isle,  
And let fame with the voice of a stentor,  
To north and to south, , from her forty tongu'd mouth,  
Proclaim the great deeds of the Printer.

*Messmate Tom. and brother Jack. SONG XIX.*

*Tune, Why how now madam flirt.*

*Tom.* **H**OW goes it brother Jack?  
You're grown so much a beau now,  
Had I seen but your back,  
D——n me if I'd have known you.  
Brother Jack.

*Jack.* What chear old messmate Tom?  
You look as if you'd cry now,  
But I have news from home,  
Will make you jump mast high now.  
Messmate Tom.

Since our brave tow'ring Hawke,  
Has shewn the French his talons,  
'Twill soon be peace they talk;  
If so we'll drink off gallons.  
To brave Hawke.

*Tom.* Huzza! my hearty cock!  
For this news damn all sorrow,  
I'll pawn my shirt and frock,  
But I'll get drunk tomorrow.  
Hearty cock!

*Jack.* When all the ships are paid,  
We'll lead a merry life boy;  
Blood! then how we'll parade,  
With ev'ry one his wife boy.  
When we're paid!

*Tom.* Nay some will have their pairs,  
They'll be so open hearted;  
And brimstones will have chairs,  
That rather should be carted.  
All in pairs,

*Jack.*

*Jack.* The bawds their d——'d mammas,  
From Plymouth up to Wapping,  
Will deck their clumsy paws,  
With rings and gaudy trapping.  
Rot their maws.

*Tom.* But then the higest fun,  
Will be when all is spent fir,  
To see some ragged run,  
And some keep always lent fir.  
For past fun.

*Jack.* Our proud lieutenants then,  
Those empty flashing sporters,  
May pimps turn to great men,  
Companions to their porters.  
Not proud then.

*Tom.* Our midshipmen now beaux,——  
It makes me laugh to think boys,  
Will cry about old cloaths;  
And corporals turn link boys.  
To those beaux.

*Jack.* Amongst the d——n'd odd scenes,  
You'll see in jails and cages,  
Lieutenants of marines,——  
And doctors mates on stages.  
D——n'd odd scenes.

*Tom.* The steward dirty slave.  
That us'd to cheat us daily,  
Will still remain a knave,  
And follow some bum-bailey.  
Dirty slave!

*Jack.* Then while we range about,  
Just come perhaps from Guinea,  
The whores, with scarce a clout,  
We'll see ship't for Virginia.  
All turn'd out.

*Both.* That day then jolly buck,  
We'll set the taps a flowing,  
And drink "rest and great luck,"  
To Pitt, Hawke, and Boscawen.  
Jolly Buck!

*The*



*The celebrated Dutch and German DIALOGUE, between Mynheer Eupharson and Mynheer Vanlawken.*

**A**S I vas go by de tirteen cantons, dat is de place vere de vas sell de alamote peef, who should pe stand at de doors, but Mynheer *Vanlawken* and Mynheer *Vandyson*. Zo, Mynheer *Vanlawken* vas to say to me, vat is de matter you nefer vas go down to the Veen's head at *Yealsea*, to play de game at de *Dutch* robbers. Zo, I say to him, I never vas go dere, but I vill go some time or anoders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, come now, and pring your vifes along vid you. Zo I say to him, fair, I vas got ne'er a vifes. Zo he say to me den I suppose yon keep a fauker-womans—yes, fair, says I—I vas keep a fauker-womans to be sure, fair. Zo den he zay to me vel, vel, pring your fauker-womans along vid you. Zo I go into *Newkner's-lane*, I fesh mine fauker-womans and away ve vas go to de Veen's-head, at *Yealsea*, yest py his majesty's bon-houfe. Ven ve vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer *Vanlawken*, Mynheer *Vandyson*, and his vifes, and his vife's broders, and Mynheer *Hoofsnicken*, and his fauders and moders. Zo Mynheer *Vanlawken* he vas say to me, fair, I vil play vid you at de *Dutch* robbers for any monie. Zo away ve vas go at it, and vile he vas look ofer de vallat de younk fauker-womans, as vas to go py—py got, fair, I vas tipp all nine, four I push down mid de powl and five mid doter hand: —Hey fat de divils ish de matter now? Vat you tipe all nine? says Mynheer *Vanlawken*:—Yes, fair, says I —I vas tip all nine:—by got dat vas not fair says Mynheer *Vanlawken*:—yes fair says I, dat vas very fair. Vell, vell, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*, I cou'd not see, I had not eyes in mine aurse. Zo den he say, he vou'd play anoders game along mid me. Zo I play anoder games—and anoder, and anoder, by got I vas beat him every one. Zo he said he vould play no more games, but vould go into de room behind de bar, and hafe a tankard of de smilt beers and baper of de smoisst tobacco. Zo in de mean vile, my fauker-vomans vas in de bar, along mid de vomans of de houfe, and madam  
Van-

*Vanflawken.* Zo de vomans of de houe, vas say to mine fauker-woman—madam vile you please to come and shit down by me. Zo mine fauker-woman vas shit down by de vomans of de houe, and de vomans of de houe vas shit down by mine fauker-womans. Zo de voman of de houe she say to madam *Vanflawken*, and mine fauker-woman, ladies, vill you have a trop of a trams. Zo by got, they drink five or fix drams a piece, dey vas very soper vomans to be sure. Zo in de mean vile Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas tumble into a great dispute, about vilh vas the greatest mans de El—or of *H-n-r*, or de St——er. Zo as I vas come from *H——r* mineselfs, I zay de E—l—r of *H—v—r* vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer *Vanflawken*, say, pshaw, pshaw, de E——r of *H—n—r*, is no more as a foolish young voman's, dat vas make me mad as de devils. Zo I say by Got he is no more as foolish young boy, so you vas a liar for dat, den he vas come up to me, and gife me a divelish dump of de eye. Zo den I go up to him, and gif him anoder dump. Zo den he came up to me and gife me me a dump of de yeek, den I gife anoder dump of de yeek, away den we go to it, dare vas dump for dump, and plump for plump, till Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas got me down on de floor. Zo as I vas lye down on de floor, vat must I do den, Mynheer vas a great tall gross mans come sau, and I vas a little spare mans come sau. So by Got, a comical thought vas come into mine head, dat I vou'd bite de *Dushman's* nose. Zo by Got I turn about, and I bite his nose troo and troo.—Donder and Blacksen says Mynheer, vat is you pite a mans nose—No fair, said I, I did not pite your nose. By Got, says Mynheer *Vanflawken*, you vas a tammd liar, if you say you was not pite my nose. Zo I say, indeed fair, I did not. Donder and Blacksen you lie you dief, only see now yentlemens, how it vas hanging dingle dangle, one way and de oter by a litel bit of skin. Zo den all de yentlemens say, it vas a damnt shame dat one man shoud pite anoder mans nose. Zo one yentlemans vas come and gife me a dump, and another came and gife me a dump, by Got dey ge me ten hundred thousand dumps, and

and kick me out of de company. Zo as I vas go down stairs, I zay murder ! murder ! Zo who should come up but an *Englishmans*, as I vas know ferry vell. Zo I say to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer *Vanslawken* says, I hafe pite his nose—O G—t d—m his plood says de *Englishman*, tell him he pit his nose his own self, by Got I tought it vas very comical, dat a man shou'd pite his own nose : however I know de *Englishmans* vas very good at de dumps, and de plumps, he vas bete nine or ten *Dushmans* presently ; I vas run in, dere ! dere ! says I, Mynheer *Vanslawken*, you vas a black-guard, you vas a scoundrel and a diefsman, you say I vas pite your nose, by Got fair, you pite your own nose your own selves.—Got tam mine ploods gentlemen, says Mynheer *Vanslawken*, here is a black-guard, here is a scound-el !—Now yentlemens, I vill be jug'd by ye, veder it is possible a mans can pite his own nose his own selves. Zo all de yentlemen say no to be sure—But Mynheer *Hoofsnecken* a very grave wise mans vas shiting by de fire side, drinking his tankard of de smilsh peer and smoaking his pipe of de smoisht tobago. Yentlemiens says he, noding is impossible with Got—if Got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves. Zo den all de yentlemen vas fall aboard de great fat *Dushman*, and give him ten hundred doufand dumps for pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon anoder mans. But in de mean vile, who should come in but Mynheer *Vandondermans*, de comical *Dushmans*, by Got he was a comical mans, so comical, he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he vas come in, O yentlemen, yentlemens, says he, vat is the reason of de damt noise and botterations. Come, come, shit, down, says he, I vill giff you a pit of a Dutch song. Zo den dey all call silence, for Mynheer *Vandondermans* song, and Mynheer *Vandondermans*, he vas begin.

Yonk coop macarmus

My moifnet hav'en con gelt,

Eftsoon ye vel macarma scope ;

Myre gelt is out o' mine sack alofe,

Yonk coop macarmus,

My moifnet hav'en con gelt.

*Hooly*



*Hooly and fairly.* S O N G XXI.

**D**Own in yon meadow a couple did tarry,  
the wife she drank naithing but wine and canary;  
The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly.

*Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

First she drank crommy, and syne she drank garie,  
Since, she has drunken my bonny gray marie,  
That carried me through the dub and the larie.

*Oh! &c.*

She's drunken her stockens, sae has she her shoon,  
And now she has drunken her bonny new gown;  
She's drunken her fark that cover'd her rarely.

*Oh! &c.*

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad nae much care;  
But when she drinks my claiths, I canna well spare,  
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly.

*Oh! &c.*

My funday's coat she has laid it a wad,  
The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head;  
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

*Oh! &c.*

The bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
To her neighbour's wife she's laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff, that I loo'd so dearly.

*Oh! &c.*

I never was for wrangling nor strife,  
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,  
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parely.

*Oh! &c.*

When ther's any money, she maun keep the purse,  
If I seek a babie, she'll scold and she'll curse,  
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

*Oh! &c.*

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down, she drinks till she's fou;  
And when she his fou, she's unco camstrarie.

*Oh! &c.*

When



When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants;  
Has no fear of her neighbours nor mind the house wants;  
Roars some foolish lilt, like *Up your heart Charlie*.

*Oh! &c.*

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
She calls the lasses baith bitches and jads,  
And me my ainsel, an *auld cuckold Charlie*.

*Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooley and and fairly.*

*The humble Beggar.* S O N G XXII.

**I**N Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,  
He had neither house, nor hauld nor hame;  
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,  
And they gae him funkets to rax his wame.

A nievfou o' meal a handfou o' groats,  
A dawd of a bannock, or herring brie,  
Cauld parach, or the lickings o' plates,  
Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,  
In as good order as wallets could be;  
A lang kail gully hang down by his side,  
And a mickle nowt-horn to rowt on had he.

It hapen'd ill, it happen'd warse,  
It hapened somebody saw him die,  
And who, do ye think, was at his late wauk,  
But lads and lasses of high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
And some they played at blind-harrie?  
But, suddenly up started the straked Carle,  
I'll redd you good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gate Kate that fat i' nook;  
Vow kimmer and how do ye?  
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
And ruggit, and tuggit, her cockernonie.

*They*

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard ;  
Even fair fa' the companie !

But when they were gaun to lay him ith' yird,  
The fint a dead, nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,  
He dunted the kist, the boords did flie ;  
And when they were gaun to lay him ith' yird,  
In fell the kist and out lap he.

He cried I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld :  
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he ;  
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,  
And he helped to drink his ain dradgie.

*Andro' and his cutty Gun.* S O N G XXIII.

**B**LYTH, blyth, blyth was she,  
Blyth was she butt and ben ;  
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
She took me in, and set me down,  
And heght to keep me lawing free ;  
But, cunning carling that she was,  
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;  
But wae's my heart my cash was done  
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
And laith I was to pawn my shoon,  
When we had three times toom'd our stoop,  
And the neist chappin new begun,  
In started, to heeze up our hope,  
Young Andro' with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown ;  
Well does the canny kimmer ken,  
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro' with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis fmg,  
 And as I in his oxtar fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kiss I gat,  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun,  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw  
 Was Andro' with his cutty gun.

*The Irish Wedding.* S O N G XXIV.

**T**H E priest of the parish rode his garene Bawn,  
 And married young Phelim to his dear Shevan,  
 There was Padrig and Dermot, and ten score beside,  
 With long flails and pitch-forks to wait on the Bride.

Chorus. *You're welcome heartily, welcome Gramacree,  
 Welcome all of you aye by my troath.*

There was Ellen and Roseen and dear Sheelah Wee,  
 O hone! 'pon my soul she's the *cushlea ma cree*,  
 There was patties and ratties in long legged pan,  
 Sat boyling on Bohraons as fast as they can.

*And you're, &c.*

There was tuff maddhy brishea like gads I may say,  
 And dipt rushes platted burn'd brighter than day,  
 Rare victuals in platters were set in a row,  
 And neat wooden trenchers far whiter than snow.

*And you're, &c.*

There was young cail and nettles mixt with prassaugh-  
 wee,

Made the rarest call cannon that e'er you did see,  
 There was maskans of butter laid on not struans,  
 And good Iskea-baha serv'd up in quahaans.

*And you're, &c.*

Take

Take away the dishes and platters Shaneen,  
 Drink a health to the bride Shudurth a vooorneen,  
 Then the pipers struck up, we danced all in a ring,  
 Each maiden a queen, and each man was a king.

*And you're, &c.*

When we fell a dancing each man gave a pogue,  
 To his sweet-heart that smack'd like the dab of a progue,  
 We danced till we sweated, our butts they did smoak,  
 So strong the poor piper had like to be choak'd.

*And you're, &c.*

When the Bride and Bride-groom they pull'd of  
 their hose,  
 No person cou'd stand for the smell of their toes,  
 When the Bride and Bride-groom were put into bed,  
 She pulled off her shift to put under her head.

*And you're, &c.*

We kiss'd and we parted, each man took his leave,  
 The poor tired Bride-groom look'd wonderful grave,  
 So we all returned home cotented and gay,  
 To our plows and our milk-pails 'till next holiday.

*You're welcome all of you welcome heartily,  
 Welcome gramacree aye by my troath.*

### *The DRUNKEN COBLER's Ramble.*

**S**O, safe arrived at last; thanks to a strong brain, and  
 a good understanding;—yes pox on the dogs!  
 they thought to have mastered me, by plying this  
 leathern throat of mine, with as much liquor, as though I  
 had been an Alderman at a city feast;—but honest  
 Crispin of Cripplegate bit 'em and came away with his  
 budget full, and as sober as ever I'd wish to be. Betty?  
 Betty? bring me a pot of half and half, but be sure you  
 don't mix it. Let's see, what have we got here?—  
 confound the backs of these chairs! they're always be-  
 hind.—hum—What a d—n'd candle's this, one can  
 hardly extinguish the Newcastle Courant, from the Cum-



berland Chronicle :—hah ! (*reading*) ‘ Saturday and  
 ‘ Sunday’s posts.—It is said that Doctor Banks and Mr.  
 ‘ Sal-a-mander, will by command of her Majesty, un-  
 ‘ dertake a voyage round’—hum—‘ the head drefs of the  
 ‘ present month ;’ ah ! ‘ and orders are received at the  
 ‘ victualling office accordingly, for a supply of thirty-  
 ‘ six months provisions.’—hum.—‘ We hear from Car-  
 ‘ liffe, that as a great parsonage was going in his Cha-  
 ‘ riot to Windsor,—he fell a sleep with the candle burn-  
 ‘ ing in his hand, and set fire to the bed-cloaths ;’ Ay,  
 ‘ that might happen through the carelessness of the  
 driver. So, ‘ Whitehaven—Yesterday arrived here from  
 ‘ Philadelphia, with dispatches on board—the most vio-  
 ‘ lent storm of thunder and lightning ever remembered :’  
 Pshaw ! that’s nothing but a bam upon the ministry.  
 “ Yesterday morning about three o’clock this afternoon,  
 “ a fire broke out in an empty house, and entirely con-  
 “ sumated all the furniture ; an elderly middle ag’d wo-  
 “ man coming by at the same time, fell into a cinder  
 “ cieve and was drowned. Saturday morning about  
 “ four o’clock in the afternoon, a woman was commit-  
 “ ted to Bridewell by Mr. John Wilding Esq. for bar-  
 “ barously scraping her bastard child to death with  
 “ oyster shells ;” first murder of the kind I ever heard of.  
 “ Foreign news, Piccadilly, August the 34th, yester-  
 “ day a woman was safely delivered of a fine boy, with  
 “ a wooden leg.” Oh ! this is all d—n’d lies, this can  
 never be true.—(*Lights the pipe, &c.*) I went to see a  
 friend of mine t’other day, he’s a coachman in a gentle-  
 man’s family, and he asked me to go to the play with  
 him :—Play says I, why what play is it ? “ Why,” says  
 he, “ ’tis King Hamlet and the prince of Dunkirk ;”  
 King Hamlet and the prince of Dunkirk says I, that  
 can never be ; for I have got all the Roman Emperors  
 lock’d up in my closet, and I am sure there is none of  
 their names begins with an H, unless it is Titus Vashpa-  
 sion.—so presently the Cook and the Coachman got  
 quarreling, about who had travelled farthest ; and in the  
 midst of the scuffle, the Cook tumbled the Coachman  
 into the dripping pan ; now says the Coachman I may  
 swear

swear I have travelled farthest ; for I have travelled into Grease ; indeed so he had for he was d—n'd greasy.

I have three as fine children as a man would wish to stick a knife into ; There's my son Tommy, he is a fine scholar ; he writes two exceeding fine hands, one he cannot read himself, and the other nobody can read for him.—Now there is my daughter Polly she lives with an old Parson ; she was so d—n'd cunning t'other day, as to mend the Parsons black stockings with white worsted ; so that the poor Parson was forced to hop to the church like a magpye.—Why Betty ! Betty ! this son of a whore of a maid goes up stairs forty times a day, and never comes down again.—But its all one to Crispin,—let the world go as it will, I can divert myself with an old song.

Tho' a Cöbler is call'd but a low occupation,  
The practice of cobling is come into fashion,  
From me up to those who wou'd cobble the nation.

Some say that old England wants heel-piecing, true,  
Our Country is trod upon like an old shoe,  
And may heel-pieces want, aye, and head-pieces too.

One, vamping our old constitution pretends,  
And turn and translate us to serve self and friends,  
All this is but botching to serve their own ends.

Each roof in this Island with liberty rings,  
The good of their country each party-man sings,  
The sense of that phrase is—my country's good things.

If I, but how shou'd I, the state have a hand in !  
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,  
And then we shou'd come to a right understanding.

Against want the cunning man wisely provides,  
A storm shunning shepherd beneath a bush hides,  
So as the times change we are sure to change sides.

With my awl in my hand I'il old England defend,  
Giving room to my betters who've much room to mend,  
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those that are heedless whate'er may mishap,  
 Their hearts are as hard as the stone in my lap,  
 They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was my  
 strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,  
 Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,  
 It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my last I am come, and that shall not last long,  
 So that is the last of a poor cobbler's song,  
 May they now be right who till now have been wrong.

*Old England turn'd New.* S O N G XXVI.

**Y**OU talk of New England, I truly believe  
 Old England is changed, and doth us deceive ;  
 I'll ask you a question or two by your leave.

Pray is not Old England grown new fir ?

Pray is not Old England grown new ?

We have new fashioned beards aye and new fashioned  
 locks

And new fashioned hats, for your new pated blocks ;  
 With more new diseases besides the french pox.

Then is not old England, &c.

New houses are built, and the old ones pull'd down,  
 Until the new houses sell all the old ground ;

And the buildings stand just like a horse in the pound.

So is not old England, &c.

New fashions in bed, and new fashions at table ;  
 Old servants discharg'd, and the new not so able ;  
 Nay all good old custom is now but a fable.

And is not old England, &c.

New trickings, new goings, new measures, new paces,  
 New heads for the men, and for women new faces ;  
 And twenty new tricks, to set of their old cases.

And is not old England, &c.

New



New tricks in the law, new tricks in the rolls,  
 New bodies they have, and they look for new souls,  
 When the money is paid for building old paul's.  
 And is not old England, &c.

Then folks talk no longer of old England,  
 New England is where old England did stand :  
 New furnish'd, new fashion'd, new woman'd, newmann'd.  
 And is not old England, &c.

*The Plain Truth.* S O N G XXVII.

**W**E may boldly assert what no mortal denies,  
 We are not all rich, we're not all of a size,  
 In power not equal, nor equally wise.  
 Which nobody can deny.

We can't expect sense from all those who can speak,  
 Those are not all wise who know Latin and Greek,  
 Nor they're not all pious who preach once a week.  
 This nobody can deny.

'Tis not ev'ry positive Coxcomb that's right,  
 'Tis not ev'ry Captain Cockade that will fight,  
 'Tis not ev'ry wife we dare trust out of fight.  
 This nobody can deny.

Gay cloathing oft' covers a belly unfed,  
 A tye wig oft' covers a weak empty head,  
 A cloak often covers—ay all that is bad.  
 This nobody can deny.

He must be a soul who loves whet after whet,  
 He must be a cuckold that loves a coquet,  
 And he vies with the nation that's always in debt.  
 This nobody can deny.

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,  
 To his coat on the left, my Lord's honour's confin'd ;  
 And many brave Lords wear their honour behind.  
 This nobody can deny.

Both



Both fidler and bawd live on dupe's recreation,  
 Both statesmen and centinel live on the nation,  
 Tom turdman and Doctor, live both by purgation.  
 This nobody can deny.

---

*The* MAYOR of GOTHAM.

Tune *Jove in his Chair.* SONG XXVIII. \*

**S**EE in his chair,  
 Wife Gotham's May'r,  
 With his nods  
 Men and Dogs  
 Keeps in awe;  
 If he wink  
 Kennels stink,  
 If he speak  
 Pigs squeak,  
 So well his Beadles know.  
 Lord of the streets,  
 Each vagabond he meets,  
 To Goal  
 Without bail,  
 Quick must go;  
 Should Carew,  
 Or the Jew,  
 Dare to mew—  
 If he knew,  
 In a string  
 They would swing,  
 By the Law.  
 Cow'd Citizens  
 Like cocks in pens,  
 Darn't tread their hens  
 Or Crow.

---

Tune *Oh London is a fine Town.* SONG XXIX. \*

**O**H! Gotham is a sad town,  
 A dull and stupid City;

Where

Where 'tis a crime to smile at wit,  
 And sinful to be witty.  
 Should Garrick hither deign to come,  
 Or Cox, with his Museum;  
 In doghole dark, no other place,  
 The May'r would chuse to see 'em.

Oh Gotham is a sad Town,  
 A dull vexatious Place;  
 Where real fools are in esteem,  
 And sham ones in disgrace.  
 Your sprightly beaux or men of wit,  
 Their number is but small;  
 For those poor twelve that should be wise,  
 Are boobies one and all.

*The Tar's Conquest.* S O N G XXX.

**A** jolly Jack tar, but a little while since,  
 As drunk as beggar, as bold as a prince,  
 Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,  
 To pass without calling, so went roaring in.

Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came by,  
 With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;  
 From the mast head a sailor, Jack leapt from his place,  
 And grasping his cudgel gave orders for chace.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchman were met,  
 Resolving soup maigre and frogs to forget;  
 Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,  
 To be dress'd and serv'd up in a true english taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord Jack quickly appears,  
 And made the room echo with three british cheers;  
 Then sat himself down, without any debate,  
 And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's plate.

Derry down, &c.

No

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,  
Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace,  
In spite of their whispers, the stout english thief,  
First grappled the pudding then boarded the beef.  
Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the frenchmen's surprize,  
They shrunk up their shoulders, and star'd with their  
eyes,  
From one went a hah ! from another a hem !  
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.  
Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,  
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,  
But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check ;  
Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the deck.  
Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge, all the frenchmen unite,  
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;  
Of quarters, says Jack, I would not have you think ;  
So strike you soup bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.  
Derry down &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,  
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the Tar ;  
I've got him says he, but he scarce could say more,  
'Ere he found his dull pate, where his heels were before.  
Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,  
And lay on his broadsides, so fast and so thick ;——  
He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four  
Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.  
Derry down, &c.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,  
Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,  
Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,  
With humble entreaty to bury their slain.  
Derry down, &c.

To



To which he consented, but order'd that they  
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay ;  
 So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,  
 Still whooping and crying, down down with the french,  
 Derry down, &c.

*St. George for England.* S O N G XXXI.

**K**ING *Arthur's* sword, both broad and sharp, 'ycliped  
 Calibourn,

Would cut a flint more easily than penknife cuts a corn :  
 As case-knife does a capon carve, so it would carve a rock,  
 And split a man at single slash, from noddle down to nock,  
 He was the cream of Brecknock, and the flower of  
 the welsh ; [plaguy squelch.

But George he did the dragon fell, and gave him a  
 St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France,  
 Sing honi soit qui mal y pence.

*Tamerlane*, with tartarian bow the Turkish squadron  
 flew, [made of yew ;

And brought the pagan crescent down, with half-moon  
 Much turbans, and much pagan pates, he made to tumble  
 in dust ;

And heads of Saracens he fixt on spears, as on a sign post,  
 In turkey leather scabbard, he did sheath his blade so  
 trenchant, [ev'ry inch on't.

But George he swing'd the dragon's tail, and cut off  
 St. George he was, &c.

The Amazon *Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,  
 She fear'd her breasts with iron hot, and bang'd her foes  
 with cold ; [swagger'd,

Her eye darts light'ning fit to blast the proudest he that  
 And melt the rapier of his soul, in its corporeal scabbard :  
 She kept the chastness of a nun, in armour as in cloister ;  
 But George undid the dragon, just as you'd undo an oyster.

St. George he was, &c.

Full



Full fatal to the Romans was the Carthaginian *Hannibal*, him I mean who did them give a dev'lish thump at Cannæ ;

Who baffled by the massy rock, took vinegar for relief,  
Like plowmen, when they hew their way thro' stubborn  
rump of beef ;

The tawny surface of his phiz, did serve instead of vizzard ;  
But George he made the dragon have a grumbling in  
his gizzard.

St. George he was, &c.

*Pendragon* never tergivers'd, but was for adverse drubbing,  
Nor ever turn'd his back to ought, but to a post for  
scrubbing :

[to ire ;  
Itch, and welsh blood, did make him hot, and very prone  
Wasting'd with brimstone like a match, and wou'd as  
soon take fire :

He wounded, and in their own blood, did anabaptise  
pagans ;

But George he made the dragon an example to all  
dragons.

St. George he was, &c.

Brave *Warwick Guy* at dinner time, challeng'd a  
giant savage,  
And straightway kill'd th' unwieldy lout, brimful of  
wrath and cabbage :

He fought Dun Cow, whose mighty heels would kick  
into a swoon ;

Cow heels oft times keep up your corps, but these would  
beat ye down ;

He rear'd up her vast crook'd rib, instead of arch tri-  
umphal ;

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt, which made him  
on his bum fall.

St. George he was, &c.

From man, or churn, great *Heracles* knew to get him  
lasting fame.

He'd baste a giant till the blood, and milk till butter  
came ;

Often

Often he fought with huge battoon, and oftentimes he  
 boxed ; [fresh hog'shead ;  
 Tapp'd a fresh monster once a month, as vint'ner does  
 To stiff Antæus he gave a hug, such as folks give in  
 Cornwall ; [door nail.  
 But George he knock'd the dragon dead, as dead as any  
 St. George he was, &c.

The *Gemini* sprung of an egg, were put into a cradle ;  
 Their brains with knocks, and bottled ale, were often-  
 times full addle ;  
 When Jupiter bethought 'em fit to make a heav'nly sign,  
 The lads just like their armour, were scow'r'd and hung  
 up to shine ; [and tinder ;  
 Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks, the sons of Jove  
 But George he cut the dragon up, as't had been duck  
 or winder.

St. George he was, &c.

By boar-spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name ;  
 And out of haunch of basted swine, he hew'd eternal fame ;  
 This beast the hero's trowsers ript, by rage that was  
 resitless, [Bristles:  
 And wrath, instead of Cobler's wax, did stiffen up his  
 His shade was sent to shades below, in stygian mud to  
 wallow ; [Dragon follow.  
 And eke the stout St. George eftsoon, he made the  
 St. George he was, &c.

*King Stephen's serving men.* SONG XXXII.

**I**N days when good king Stephen reign'd,  
 And men they wore long sleeves,  
 Our sov'reign had three serving men,  
 And they were eke three thieves.

The one he was an Englishman,  
 Another was a Scot,  
 The third he was a Welchman fir ;  
 Three jolly rogues God wot.

E

The

The Englishman he lik'd good chear,  
 The Scotchman was a goose-cap;  
 While Taif eat leeks and toasted cheese,  
 Till his mouth smelt like a mouse-trap.

Sawney got drunk with Ufquebaugh,  
 The Englishman with stale;  
 But a mouse jump'd down the Welchman's throat,  
 And they pull'd her out by the tail.

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* S O N G XXXIII.

**I**N Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,  
 An husband, as I heard it tauld,  
 Wha weel could tippie out a cann,  
 And nowther luvit hunger nor cauld;  
 Till anes it fell, upon a day,  
 He yokit pleugh upon the plain,  
 And short the storm wad let him stay;  
 Sair blew the day, with wind and rain.

He lows'd the pleugh at the land's end,  
 And drave his owfen hame at e'en;  
 When he came in, he blinkit ben,  
 And saw his wife baith dry and clean:  
 Says he, this year proves cauld and bad,  
 And ye fit warm, na troubles see,—  
 The morn ye fall gang wi' the lad,  
 And syne ye'll see what drinkers dree.

Goodman quo' she, content am I,  
 To tak' the pleugh my day about,  
 Sae ye rule weel the kaves and kye,  
 And a' the house, baith in and out.  
 Neist morn, she yokit too, betime,  
 And gat a gad-staff in her hand;  
 Up the guidman raise, after syne,  
 And saw the wife had done command.

He

He drave the gailings forth to feed,  
 Their was but sevenfum of them aw.  
 And by there comes the greedy gleed,  
 And lick't up five, — left him but twa;  
 Then out he ran, with aw his main,  
 When that he heard the gailings cry;  
 But than, or he wan in again,  
 The kaves brake louse, and suckt the kye.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,  
 The man ran wi' a rung to redd,  
 Then by came an ill-willy roan,  
 And brogit his buttock, till he bled.  
 Syne up he tuke a rock of tow,  
 And he sat down, to fey the spinning;  
 He loutit down o'er near the low —  
 Quo' he, this wark has ill beginning.

The fire up through the lum did flow,  
 The foot took fire, it flied him than;  
 Some lumps did fa' and burn his pow,  
 I wat he was a dirty man:  
 Yet he gat water in a pan,  
 Wherewith he flocken'd out the fire;  
 To swoop the house, he syne began;  
 To had 'aw right was his desire.

Ben to the kirn then did he flour,  
 And jumbliit at it till he swat;  
 When he had rumblit a full lang hour,  
 The sorrow crap of thick he gat:  
 Although no butter he could get,  
 Yet he was bent to warm the kirn;  
 And syne, he het the milk fae het,  
 That ilka spark of itwad yearn.

Then ben there cam the greedy sow,  
 I trow, he cund her little thank,  
 For in she shot her mickle mou,  
 And ay she winkit, and ay she drank:  
 He tuke the kirn-staff by the shank,  
 And thought to reach the sow a rout;



The twa left gaislings gat a clank,  
That straicht dang baith their harns out.

Then he gied to tak up the bairns,  
Thought to have fund them fair and clean ;

The first that he gat in his arms,  
Was aw bedritt'n to the een :

He fand it smell sae sappily,  
To touch the lave he did not grien ;  
The de'el cut off their hands, quo he,  
That cramm'd your kites sae strute yestreen.

He trail'd the foul sheets down the gate ;  
Thought to ha' wash'd them on a stane ;

The burn was risen, great o' speat,  
Awa frae him the sheets ha' tane :

Then up he gat, on a know-head,  
On her to cry, on her to shout ;  
She heard him, and she heard him not,  
But stoutly steer'd the stots about.

She draive the day, unto the night,  
Then lows'd the pleugh, and syne cam hame ;

She fand aw wrang that foud been right ;  
I trow the man thought mickle shame :

Quo' he, my office I forlake,  
For aw the hale days of my life ;  
Troth I wad put a house to wrack,  
Had I been twenty days guidwife.

### Mr. EASTCOURT and the BISHOP.

IN the days of the late Queen *Ann*, there was a Bishop of *Ossory*, who used, when in town, to lodge at a relation's who was a member of a club held at the Bumper tavern, in *Covent-garden*, then kept by Mr. *Eastcourt*. It hapen'd on a time when his Lordship was in town, that it was his friend's turn to be chairman of the club. He was unwilling to disoblige his Lordship, by leaving him alone, yet could not think of disoblig-

ing

ing his bon companions, and appear'd a little embarrassed; which his Lordship observing, says to him cousin, you appear to be under some uneasiness of mind, which I imagine is occasioned on my account; and I am afraid you often stay at home out of complaisance to me, when you could be more joyously engaged with your friends, over a bottle: now if the case is as I imagine, e'en in God's name, go and enjoy yourself with your friends, whilst I stay at home; make a supper of a dozen and half of eggs, drink five or six bottles of port, and go soberly to bed; for though I by my spiritual function am secluded from society, yet am I far from being an enemy to social mirth.

*Cousin.* My Lord, since your Lordship has been so good as to break the ice, I'll venture to inform your Lordship, that I am this evening appointed chairman of a club held at Mr. *Eastcourt's*. Mr. *Eastcourt*? says his Lordship, I've heard he is a merry man.

*Cousin.* Yes, my Lord, I assure your Lordship he is; and as your Lordship has declared yourself no enemy to social mirth, if your Lordship will honour us with your company, I'll answer nothing shall be offered that can offend the nicest ear.

*My Lord.* Say you so cousin? Then I'll attend—*Jonathan*, bring the coach to the door, and do you hear, bring my white-headed cane, and fur gloves; I'm going to Mr. *Eastcourt's*. The coach being brought to the door, my Lord and his cousin stepped in, and were drove to the tavern, where they were politely received by Mr. *Eastcourt*, who introduced his Lordship to the company. They were so highly pleas'd with his Lordship's company, that at nine o'clock when *Jonathan* acquainted his Lordship that the coach was at the door, they desired his Lordship's attention, while Mr *Eastcourt* sung a song concerning gun-powder treason.

*My Lord.* A song concerning gun-powder treason! it must be a good one, I will attend.

Mr. *Eastcourt* begun as follows:

It was on the fourth of *November*,

*My Lord.* How? do you say, good *Mr Eastcourt*, it was on the fourth of *November*? Give me leave to tell you, that I believe you are a little out in your chronology for if I'm not mistaken, that damnable plot was to have been executed on another day.

*Mr. E.* If your Lordship will honour me with a moment's patience, I'll clear that point entirely to your Lordship's satisfaction.

*My Lord.* Then don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*.

*Mr. E.* It was on the fourth of *November*,

The *Papists* had on a drift, a ;  
It was their design, for to undermine  
And to blow us all up on the fifth, a.

*My Lord.* Now, *Mr. Eastcourt*, you've made the case clear; and give me leave to tell you, your song is both historical and chronological: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*.

*Mr. E.* The King he went to the Parliament-house,  
With all his noble Peers, a,

*My Lord.* Ah! *Mr Eastcourt*, and a noble fight it was to see the King and all his noble Peers go to the Parliament-house; O! 'twas a glorious fight: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*.

*Mr. E.* The King he went to the Parliament-house,  
With all his noble Peers, a ;

But had he known, where he was to've been blown,  
Why, he would not have gone for his ears, a.

*My Lord.* No, to be sure, *Mr. Eastcourt*, any body that is acquainted with King *James's* great wisdom and profound sagacity will believe, that his Majesty would not have gone to the Parliament-house if he had known of the damnable plot that was hatching against him: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*

*Mr.*



*Mr. E.* I think, says the King, that I smell and a plot,  
For the King was an excellent smeller.

*My Lord.* How do you say, *Mr. Eastcourt*? the King was an excellent smeller; give me leave to tell you, I never heard that mention'd by any of our historians: if you please, I'll take a little memorandum of it; for—the King—was—an—excellent—sm—e; no, I lie—f—m—e—ll—ler; ah, three l's does it, for the King was an excellent smeller: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*.

*Mr. E.* I think, says the King that I smell and a plot,  
For the King was an excellent smeller;  
And then cry'd he louder, I think I smell powder,  
And so they went into the cellar.

*My Lord.* There was a condescension for you, *Mr. Eastcourt*, for the King and all his noble Peers to go down to the cellar; O 'twas a glorious condescension: but don't let me interrupt you, good *Mr. Eastcourt*.

*Mr. E.* And when they came the cellar into,  
Among the dangers amid, a,  
They found there a train, which had not laid in vain,  
Had they not come as they did, a.

*My Lord.* No, to be sure, *Mr. Eastcourt*, the hatchers and contrivers of that damnable plot did not do it without a manifest design against his Majesty's person and government. Give me leave to thank you for your song, and to assure you, it is philosophical, historical and chronological, and I heartily wish you a good night.

His Lordship then took his leave, and left the company, highly diverted with his humour.

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*A Sailors description of a Hunting.*

**G**OING to see my father the other day, he ax'd me  
to take a voyage a hunting with him;—so, when  
the



the swabber rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of, that they told me was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast upon any tack, as a Folkestone cutter; so I got up aloft, and clapt myself athwart ship, this'n; and made as much way as the best on um, and to the windward of a Gravel-pit, we spied a hare at anchor; so she weigh'd and bore away, and just as I had overhauled her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone; the back stay broke, she pitch'd me over the forecastle, came keel upwards, and unshipp'd my shoulder; and damme if ever I set sail on a land privateering again.

*The barring o' the Door.* S O N G XXXVI.

**I**T fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was than,  
When our goodwife gat puddings to make,  
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind fae cauld, blew south and north,  
It blew unto the floor;  
Quo' our guidman, to our guidwife,  
Gae out and bar the door.

My hand is in the pudding pat,  
Guidman, as ye may see;  
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,  
Its na be barr'd for me.

They made a paction, 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That the first word whae'er soud speak,  
Soud rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
Wha neither could find house nor ha',  
Nor coal, nor candle light.

Now

Now whether is this a rich man's house?  
 Or whether is this a poor?  
 But the de'il a whimper cou'd they get,  
 For the barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,  
 And then they ate the black;  
 Tho' meikle thought the wife t'herfell,  
 Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,  
 Here—man, tak you my knife;  
 Do ye tak off the auld man's beard,  
 And I'll kifs the guidwife.

But there's no water in this house,  
 And what will we do than?  
 What ails ye at the pudding brie,  
 That boils into the pan.

Oh up then started our guidman,  
 And an angry man was he,  
 Will ye kifs my wife, before my e'en?  
 And scaud me wi' pudding brie?

Then up and started our guidwife,  
 Gie'd three skips on the floor;  
 Guidman, ye've spak the foremost word!  
 Get up and bar the door.

*The trial of SUSAN GRIMES, for stealing a Silver-watch,  
 the Property of JAMES FITZGERALD.*

**J**ames Fitzgerald. On the 25th of last February instant I wash attending upon tish court, at an alehous hard by, for I wash after having some busineth here as a solishitor; and about eleven o'clock at midnight, by my shoul I was got pretty drunk, and wash going very soberly along the *Old-Bailey*, and tare I met te prishoner upon te bar, as she wash going before me. I wash after asking her which way she was walking, and she made a laugh

a laugh upon my faulsh, and shaid *Newton's-Lane*. Arra Joy now, shaid I, you should always have shomebody with ye when you go sho far alone, for fear you shou'd come to no harm. She shaid, She would be after taking me along with her, if I would give her any thing. Why fait now my dear shoul, shaid I, you shall never fear but I will give you something or other, if I have got nothing myself. Sho we agreed and went together, but, not having any design to be concerned with her, I paid her landlady a shilling for a bed.

*Court.* If yon had no mind to be concerned, why did you go home with her?

*Fitzgerald.* It ish my way to make love upon a woman in the streets and go home with her, when I design to lie alone.

*Court.* A very odd way.

*Fitzgerald.* Tat ish very true indeed, but it ish my common practish. — Sho when I had paid for te bed itself, te preeshoner was after making me sit upon te bed with her, and sho tumble together, but I wash after sitting in the chair; and then she was after coming to sit in my lap; but I would not let her sit there, and sho she sit beshide me; and then I was hoping she would be eashy: But for all that, she would not let me sit at quiet; for she was after being conslern'd with my breeches itself, and got my watch out of my pocket, whether I would or no, and I pull'd, and she pull'd, and sho at last for fear she should get it from me, I let go my hold, and went for a constable, and he carried us to the watch-house, where he took the watch upon her.

*Court.* (To the *Prosecutor*.) How come you that pretend to be a solicitor, to make such a mistake, as to indict this woman for stealing your watch privately, and without your knowledge, when, by your own evidence, it appears that she took it violently, and with your knowledge?

*Fitzgerald.* Why fait now she had a private deshign upon my watch, for she took hold of the shain, when I thought she would be after taking hold of shomething elsh.

The jury acquitted the prifoner.

The



*The Countryman's Ramble.* SONG XXXVIII.

**A** Dzooks ! che went the 'other Day, to London town ;  
 In Smithfield such gazing, such thrusting, and  
 squeezing, was never known :  
 A zitty of wood, some folks do call it Bartledom vair ;  
 But ches zure, nought but kings and queens do live there.

In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet, each was drest ;  
 A Lord in his zattin, was busily prating, among the rest ;  
 But one in blue jacket came, which zome do *Andrew* call ;  
 Adsheart ! talk'd wound'ly wittily, to 'um all.

At last cutzooks ! he made zutch sport, I laugh'd  
 aloud, [the crowd ;  
 The rogue being fluster'd, he vlung un a custard, amidst  
 The volk vell a laughing at me, then the vezen zaid,  
 Bezure *Ralph*, give it to Doll the diary maid.

I swallow'd th' affront, but staid no longer there :  
 I thrust and scrambled till vurther I rambled into the vair,  
 Where bagpipes, kettle drums, and vidlers, were all at  
 work ;  
 And the cook zung, here's your delicate pig and pork.

I look'd me round, to zee the wonders of the vair,  
 Where lads and lasses, with pudding bag a—ses, zo nim-  
 -ble were :  
 Heels over head, az round's a wheel, they turn'd about ;  
 Old Nick, zure, was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundy pleas'd I up and down the vair did  
 range, [strange :  
 To see the vine varies play all their vagaries, I vow't was  
 I ask'd them aloud, what country little volk they were, —  
 A cross brat answer'd me, che were cuckold-shire.

I thrust and shov'd along, as well as e'er I could ;  
 At last did I grovel, into a dark hovel where drink was  
 sold ;

They



They brought me cans at a penny a piece, adfheart !  
I'm zure, twelve ne'er would fill a country quart.

Ches went to draw's purfe, to pay them for their beer;  
The devil a penny was left un's money, che'll vow and  
swear : [doors;  
They doft my hat vor a groat ; then turn'd me out of  
Adfwounds ! *Ralph Cofter* ne'er zaw zuch rogues and  
whores.

*Rag Fair.* S O N G. XXXIX.

**L**AST week in Lent I came to'town,  
Having a leifure hour,  
And went to lee his Majesty's crown,  
And the lions in the Tower :  
But by the way, I chane'd to stray,  
To a lane full of fecond-hand taylors ;  
Being ftopt with furprife, at the noife and cries,  
Of a hundred different dealers.

D'ye want a coat, or a velt young man ?  
To drefs in this good Eaſter ;  
Here's breeches, fellow 'em if you can ;  
You fhall have 'em for a teſter,  
Here's a plain banyan, for a barber's man ;  
And fuftian frocks for bakers ;  
Cheap left off cloaths, for Spitalfield beaux ;  
And black for undertakers.

Here's ruffled ſhirts, and cambrick ſtocks,  
For young men to go clean in ;  
And here's nice tucker'd Holland ſmocks,  
With choice of child-bed linen :  
Likewiſe clean ſheeting, for folks to lie ſweet in ;  
Girls a nice dainty Dicket ! [pleaſe,  
With a clean pair of ſleeves ; you may waſh when you  
And tack to a foul ſmicket.

Here's

Here's stockings for young women too,  
 Not darn'd above the quarters ;  
 With clocks of silk, both red and blue,  
 All flourish'd to the garters ;  
 Here's hose for men, or boys from ten,  
 With silk for those that strut it ;  
 You may have them whole, with a round sole,  
 Or neatly darn'd and footed.

Come customers who buys my shoes ?  
 Or pumps scarce worse for wearing ?  
 I had 'em a bargain from the Mews,  
 Of a woman that goes a chairing ;  
 Five groats a pair, search all the fair,  
 And try if you can match them ;  
 The shops are so nice, they'll have their price,  
 Although they clout and patch them.

Here's choice of perriwigs, who will buy ?  
 I sell as cheap as any ;  
 You're welcome firs to come and try ;  
 Besides, I shave for a penny :  
 Do you flaxen lack ? or a good coal black ?  
 With buckles strong as wire ;  
 Those left off greys, I can safely praise,  
 And war'nt them to the buyer.

Who buys my felt or caroline ?  
 There's none can sell 'em cheaper ;  
 For sundays, here's a beaver fine,  
 Bought of a broken draper :  
 You may have 'em large, at a small charge,  
 For quaker or for curate ;  
 Lac'd hats for those, who are quarter-deck beaux,  
 Ne'er turn'd but once I'll assure it.

All smoaking hot, a groat a pound,  
 My plain and sweet plumb pudding ;  
 The flour's the best in the market found,  
 And all th' ingredients good in :

F

I make

I make it neat, and give good weight;  
 My pound is sixteen ounces—  
 Yet, by the bye, she tells you a lye,  
 Altho' she brags and bounces.

Here's pancakes in cook's dripping fry'd,  
 I'll sell them four a penny;  
 They're crisp and brown, as has been try'd,  
 This day by a good many:  
 My sausages, and black puddings please;—  
 I speak it without vapour;  
 For a penny a piece, you may have what's nice,  
 And I'm sure you can't dine cheaper.

Here's household bread for families large,  
 And stale bread from the city:  
 Come buy all you that have a charge,  
 Of me, that can't outwit ye:  
 To he that buys, I'll vouch the size,  
 As my Lord Mayor would have it;  
 I hate words many, I'll 'hate you a penny,  
 So either take or leave it.

Here's joints of mutton from Leadenhall,  
 And beef from Honey-lane market;  
 I always keep what's prime at stall—  
 (Thus cunning butchers clerk it)  
 A prince may eat my stall kept meat,  
 Tho' I lose in each pound a farthing;  
 But pray take care his steelyard's fair,  
 Or you're surely bit in the bargain.

Here's stinking pork, and veal stink calf,  
 On trays at Gully-hole felling;  
 But I would rather eat, by half,  
 A dinner in my own dwelling:  
 To sell such meat for folks to eat,  
 Is enough to breed an infection;  
 If these men were down at our good town,  
 They'd be sent to the house of Correction.

Here



Here is the wonderful purging pills,  
 Of Quacks and vain pretenders ;  
 Which all the inward poison kills,  
 Such nauseous foodingenders :  
 Such salves for corns, powders for worms,  
 As ne'er before had trial ;  
 Good folks, who prize the sight of your eye,  
 Come buy my little vial.

In watch house fast, I next did view,  
 A strolling black ey'd Susan,  
 Who only took a guinea or two,  
 From a sailor that had been boozing :  
 This brazen whore to the justice swore,  
 In her examination,  
 That the money in full she had from a cull,  
 To please his inclination.

Pick-pockets too mix in the throng,  
 Some scarce got from their nurses ;  
 Good people as you pass along,  
 I pray take care of your purses,  
 And handkerchiefs ; for these young thie-  
 Ne'er hope for absolution,  
 But proceed in sin, till turn'd off with a g:  
 At a Tyburn execution.

Then here and there, you find a stall,  
 Set forth by young beginners ;  
 The houses too are rented all,  
 By publicans and sinners :  
 Step in fir, here is the Alderman's beer,  
 With a good Newcastle fire ;  
 I'll make you a pot of the best gin-hot,  
 That a young man can desire.

Some were smoking, some at cards,  
 And some were with chaps dealing ;  
 Some were civil, and some blackguards,—  
 All people have their failing :



I paid my score, and came out of door,  
 Maintaining this opinion,  
 That no prince of state, besides George the great,  
 Has such a fair in his Dominion.

*The humours of the Coal-works.* SONG XL.

**H**AVE ye at the coal pit been,  
 The battle did ye see, man?  
 How *Jemmy Wigham* o' the Craig,  
 He scratch'd aw *Will Gaunt's* eye, man.  
 First they clos'd, and then to blows,  
 He did intend to rive *Gaunt's* jaws,  
 But *Gaunt* gave him a bloody nose;  
 Had ye been there, 'twould made you stare,  
 To see them tear and curse and swear,  
 At fighting for the coals, man.

*Te ey dum dum, &c.*

When the battle it was o'er,  
 And *Gaunt* the day had won, man,  
*Jemmy* walk'd to *Fallowfield*,  
 To tell them aw the fun, man;  
 But *Gaunt* swore if he went away,  
 He'd lead the coals that very day;  
 Sae *Jemmy* he was forc'd to stay,  
 With sad lament, and discontent,  
 Still as he went, he did repent;  
 And grain'd to be outdone, man.

*Te ey dum, &c.*

But when the auld bay nag was dead,  
 Then *Jemmy's* heart turn'd sad, man;  
 D--I rive my e'en auld *Wigham* cries  
 Our *Jemmy* will gang mad, man;  
 Some other way me muist contrive,  
 If ever we intend to thrive;  
 We'll yoke the pet, the lass will drive,  
 And with a stick she'll whang the pet,  
 The way's not wet, nor weather het,  
 She'll ey get thrice a day man.

*Te ey dum, &c.*

But

But when the Nanny-pet was yok'd,  
 She'd neither heck or gee, man;  
 And Tib laid on till her arms did work,  
 She knew na what to de, man;  
 Auld Wigham then he jump't about,  
 And gave her ey the tother clout,  
 D--l rive thy een keep aff her snout;  
 Thou little, filthy, clarty sow,  
 Thou'll kill the pet, and spoil the ewe,  
 And ding her nose a-gee lass.  
*Te ey dum, &c.*

But then the winter it was bad,  
 The roads were wet and deep, man;  
 His gallows were low and lean,  
 They coud na haud their feet, man;  
 Eight times a day, was o'er lang  
 For sic like beasts as them to gang,  
 But the grey nag prov'd stout and strang;  
 He stood the whips, and bood the pricks,  
 And wagg'd his lips, and shak'd his hips,  
 And dragg'd them thro' the dirt man.  
*Te ey dum, &c.*

Now in good time to make an end,  
 Of aw that has been said, man,  
 There is not one that I'll offend,  
 But Femmy o' the Craig, man;  
 He stamps about as he were mad,  
 And follows Femmy Trumble's lad,  
 He lays on him with whip or gaud.  
 He winna jear, but stamp and stare,  
 And curse and swear, half a year,  
 If he but sing the sang, man.  
*Te ey dum dum, &c.*

---

*Bartholomew Fair.* S O N G X L I.

**W** H I L E gentle-folks strut in their silver and  
 fattins,  
 We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens;

Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,  
 As they at their op'ras, or outlandish lingo ;  
 Calling out, bravo, ankeoro, and caró.  
 Tho' I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds  
 driving,  
 Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving ;  
 Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shrieking  
 Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls  
 squeaking,  
 Come my rare round and sound, here's a choice of fine  
 ware o,  
 Though all was not sound sold at Bartlemew fair o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing of  
 postures,  
 With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters ;  
 With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squalling ;  
 The tap-house-guests roaring, and mouth-peices  
 bawling.  
 Pimps, pawn-brokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,  
 Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and  
 taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun powder plot, fir,  
 Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot, fir,  
 Fine fanfages fry'd, and the black on the wire ;  
 The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.  
 Here's the up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chair o,  
 Tho' there's more ups-and-downs than at Bartlemew  
 fair o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,  
 The chaile without horses, and queen of Hungary ;  
 Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come  
 who rides, fir ?  
 Wine, beer ale, and cakes, and fine eating besides, fir,  
 The fam'd learn'd dog that can tell all his letters,  
 And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This



This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay  
 things ;  
 Our passions like children, are tempted by play-things ;  
 By sound and by show, by trash and by trumpery,  
 The fal-lals, of fashion, and frenchify'd frumpery.  
 What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o ?  
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair, o.

*The dumb Wife cur'd.* S O N G XLII.

**T**HERE was a bonny blade, had marry'd a coun-  
 try maid,  
 And safely conducted her home, home, home ;  
 She was neat in every part ; she pleas'd to the heart,  
 But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day and as brisk as the May,  
 And as round and as plump as a plumb, plumb, plumb ;  
 But still the silly swain, could do nothing but complain,  
 Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could sew and  
 she could make,  
 She could sweep clean the house, with a broom,  
 broom, broom :  
 She could wash and she could wring or do any kind of  
 thing  
 But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went for to give himself content,  
 And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum :  
 Oh ! 'tis the easiest part, that belongs unto my art,  
 To make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.  
 Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut her chatter-  
 ing string,  
 And at liberty set her tongue, tongue, tongue,  
 Oh her tongue began to walk, which made her loud to  
 talk,  
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her



Her faculty she tries and she fill'd the house with noise;  
 And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum;  
 She bred a deal of strife, made him weary of his life,  
 He'd give any kind of thing she were dumb, dumb,  
 dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, and thus he vents his woes,  
 Oh doctor 'tis all a hum, hum, hum:  
 For my wife is turn'd a scold and her tongue she will  
 not hold,  
 I'd give any kind of thing she were dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak,  
 It was a thing easily done, done, done;  
 But 'tis past the art of man let him do what'er he can,  
 To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,  
 tongue.

*Song of Similies. XLIII.*

**M**y passion is as mustard strong,  
 I fit all sober sad;  
 Drunk as a piper all day long,  
 Or as a march hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;  
 I drink, yet can forget her,  
 For tho' as drunk as david's fow  
 I love her still the better.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
 And eye her o'er and o'er;  
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,  
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,  
 And soft as silk my skin,  
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
 But as a goat now thin.

Hard

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone ;

She laughs to see me pale ;

And merry as a grig is grown,

Or brisk as bottled ale.

Ah ! me, as thick as hops or hail,

The fine men croud about her,

But soon as dead as a door nail

Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears :

O ! were we join'd together,

My heart would soon be free from cares,

And lighter than a feather.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,

Her pretty hand invites :

Sharp as a needle are her words,

Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body louse she trips,

Clean as a penny drest ;

Sweet as a rose her face and lips,

Rround as a globe her breast.

If I and Molly could agree,

Let who will take Peru ;

Great as an Emp'ror I should be,

And rich as any Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,

I'm dull as any post ;

Let us like burrs together stick,

As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,

And wish me better sped,

Flat as a flounder when I lie

And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,

And sigh perhaps and wish,

When I'm as rotten as a pear,

And mute as any fish.

The

*The whimsical Lover.* S O N G XLIV.

**I** Love you you for your squinting eyes,  
They'll breed no jealousy;  
When you perhaps on others look,  
They'll think you look on me.

I love you for your sparrow-mouth,  
For in an am'rous close,  
There's room on either side to kiss,  
And ne'er offend the nose.

I love you for your pudding waist;  
If you a taylor lack,  
We need not send to France for him,  
We'll fit you with a sack.

I love you for your copper nose,  
The feature's ne'er the worse;  
I find the metal in the face,  
You wanted in the purse.

I love you for your rotten teeth,  
A fine new fancy'd grace,  
You wear black patches in the mouth,  
'Tis common on the face.

I love you for your blubber lips,  
In them I thrift propose,  
Fit dripping pans they're for your eyes,  
And save-alls for your nose.

*A love Song, in low Life.* XLV.

**B**Y the side of a green stagnant pool,  
Brick-dust Nan she sat scratching her head,  
Black matted locks frizzled her skull,  
As bristles the hedge-hog bespread;  
While the wind tofs'd her tatters abroad,  
Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd;  
A link boy to her, through the mud,  
Bare footed, flew over the field.



As vermin on vermin delight,  
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,  
 So beggars and bunters unite,  
 And swine-like on dirt make a feast;  
 To a Hottentot offals have charms,  
 With garbage their bosoms they deck;  
 She sluttishly open'd her arms,  
 He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,  
 No towels these breasts ever teaze,  
 T'other fist grip'd her stays-wanting wait,  
 Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease:  
 Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore;  
 Then his lower lip, charg'd to the brim;  
 He scoul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,  
 And squinting, she leer'd upon him.

" Oh, my love, thof I cannot well jaw,"  
 This pleyer at play-house began,  
 " Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,  
 " As to kifs is the lips of my Nan:"  
 O! my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,  
 And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs  
*In a dust-hole I'd cuddle with thee,*  
*Aye blast me! though bit by the bugs.*

Full as black as themselves, now the sky  
 To the south of the hemisphere lour'd  
 To finish love's feast in the dry,  
 To a stable they hastily scour'd;  
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,  
 And cobwebs their canopy grace,  
 Undaunted on litter they snor'd,  
 Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.



*The Lass with a masculine Air.* SONG XLVI. \*

**W**HILE some, pretty sonnets indite,  
 In praise of the soft yielding fair,  
 No subject so much doth invite,  
 As the *Lass with a masculine air.*

Let others by dint of their charms,  
 Around 'em throw death and despair;  
 All this, by the strength of her arms,  
 Doth the *Lass with a masculine air.*

Your lovers when ever they meet,  
 Will, kneeling, there passion declare:  
 So all must be laid at the feet,  
 Of the *Lass with a masculine air.*

Let others o'er Picquet and Tea,  
 Consume all the time they can spare;—  
 Trap ball and a Luncheon for me,  
 Cries the *Lass with a masculine air.*

Diana must own herself beat,  
 In hunting the fox or the hare;  
 None leaps o'er a ditch or a gate,  
 Like the *Lass with a masculine air.*

If wedlock this maid ever catch,  
 Her spousy had need have a care,  
 For troth, he will meet with his match,  
 In the *Lass with a masculine air.*

*The drunken Vicar of Bray.* SONG XLVII.

**I**N Charles the second's merry days,  
 For wanton frolics noted,  
 A lover of cabals I was,  
 With wine, like bacchus, bloated;  
 I preached unto my crouded pews,  
 Wine was by Gods command fir,

And

And damn'd was he, who did refuse  
To drink while he could stand fir.

*And this is law, I will maintain,  
For ever and for ay fir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I'll drink a gallon a day fir.*

When *James* the sot assum'd the throne,  
He strove to stand alone fir,  
But quickly got so drunk, that down  
He tumbled from the throne fir :  
One morning crop-sick, pale, and queer,  
By sitting up with gay men,  
He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe,  
Deny the cup to Laymen.

*And this is law, &c.*

Then *Will* the tippling Dutchman, sav'd  
Our liberties from sinking ;  
We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd  
The privilege of drinking :  
He drank your Holland's gin 'tis said,  
And held predestination ;  
Fool,—not to know, the tippling trade.  
Admits no trepidation.

*And this is law, &c.*

When brandy *Nan* became our queen,  
'Twas all a drunken story,  
I sat and drank from morn, till e'en,  
And so was thought a tory :  
Brimful of wine, all sober folks  
We damn'd, and moderation ;  
Till for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France,  
Our dearest reputation.

*And this is law, &c.*

King *George* the first then fill'd the throne,  
And took the resolution,  
To drink all sorts of liquors known,  
To save the constitution ;

He drank success in rare old rum,  
Unto the state and church fir,  
Till, with a dose of Brunswick mum,  
He dropt from off the perch fir.

*And this is law, &c.*

King George the *second* then arose ;  
A wise and valiant soul fir,  
He lov'd his people, beat his foes,  
And push'd about the bowl fir :  
He drank his fill, to Chatham Will,  
To Heroes, for he chose 'em ;  
With us true whigs, he drank until  
He slept in Abraham's bosom.

*And this is law, &c.*

His *present Majesty* then came,  
Whom, heaven long preserve fir ;  
He gloried in a Briton's name,  
And swore he'd never swerve fir :  
Tho' evil counsellors may think  
His love from us to sever ;  
Yet let us loyal Britons, drink  
King George the third for ever.

*And this is law, I will maintain,*

*Until my dying day fir,*

*I'll be, whatever king should reign,*

*The drunken Vicar of Bray fir.*

*The Vicar and Moses.* SONG. XLVIII.

**T**HERE was once it was said,—but it's out of my  
head :—

And more so ; yet true is my tale,  
That a tun-bellied vicar, bepimpled with liquor,  
Could stick to no text like good ale.

*Tol lol de rol lol de rol lol,*

He once went to dose,—for, under the rose,  
This parson was then non se ipse :  
Non se ipse, d'ye say ? what's that to your lay ?  
In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

*Toll lol de rol, &c.*

The



The clerk he came in, with a band-bobbing chin,  
As solemn and stupid as may be ;  
The vicar he gap'd, the clerk humm'd and scrap'd ;  
Crying, " please sir to bury a baby."

*Toll lol de rol, &c.*

Our author supposes, the clerk's name was Moses ;  
He look'd at his master so rosy ;  
Who wink'd with one eye, with his wig all awry,  
And hiccup'd out, *how is it Mosy ?*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

" A child fir is carried, by you to be buried,"  
*Bury me Mosy ? no that won't do ;*  
" Lord fir," says the clerk, " you are all in the dark,  
" 'Tis a child to be buried, not you."

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

*Well prythee don't hurry ; the infant I'll bury.*

" But, dear fir, the corps cannot stay."

*Hob ! can't it man ?—why ? for once we will try  
If a corps, Mosy, can run away.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

Moses warmly reply'd, " Sir, the parish will chide

" For keeping them out, in cold weather."

*Ah ! Moses, says he, go tell 'em from me,*

*I shall bury them, warm altogether.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

" But fir, it rains hard : pray have some regard."—

*Regard Moses ? that makes me stay ;*

*For no corps, young or old, in the rain will catch cold,*

*But 'isaith Moses, you and I may.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

Moses begg'd he'd begone, saying, " Sir, the rain's  
done :

" Arise, and I'll lend you my hand."

*It's hard, quoth the vicar, to leave thus my liquor ;*

*And walk, when I'm sure I can't stand.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

At length, tho' so troubled, to the church-yard he  
hobbled;

Lamenting the length of the way:

*Ab! Moses, quoth he, were I bishop, d'ye see,*

*I neither need walk, preach, or pray.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

Then he open'd the book, as if in it he'd look,

But o'er the page only he squinted;

*Crying Moses, I'm vex'd; I can't find the text,*

*This book is so cursedly printed.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

*Woman of man born:—that's wrong, the leaf's torn.—*

*Oh! man that is born of a woman!*

*Cut down like a flower, is destroy'd in an hour:*

*You see Moses, dying is common.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

Then neighbours stand forth, put this child in the earth:

Dust to dust, sexton, dust it away;

*For, Moses I trust, we all should be dust,*

*If we were not to moisten our clay.*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

*'So one bottle more, as I told you before:*

*'Ay, the graves they are mortal receptacles.*

*'I can't read it right.—Oh, hold me the light,*

*'And help me to look for my spectacles?'*

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

So one pot and then. The clerk cry'd "Amen,

"Believe me, 'tis terrible weather."

Thus the child was interr'd, without praying a word;

And away they both stagger'd together.

*Tol lol de rol lol de rol lol.*

*Ally and Davie. S O N G. XLIX.*

**D**E A R Ally, I love thee, I hope there's no harm  
in that;

You are so witty so pretty so charming, that

When

When e'er I see thee my heart it goes pitty pat ;  
 And I grow lean and dry who once was sleek and fat :  
 Save me, save me, dear Ally, save me, for I will hang  
 myself if you won't have me.

I'm grown a mere sloven who once was a flirting fop,  
 And my coal black hair, O ! you'd take it for a dirty  
 mop,  
 My face it is parched like an over done mutton chop,  
 Which won't of gravy afford you one single drop :  
 Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy : so thin and dry O !  
 looks your poor Davie.

When first I was ask'd to take tea with my Ally dear,  
 I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,  
 I sent for the barber, and cry'd shave me fir d'ye hear,  
 I'll give you six-pence to drink it in ale or beer,  
 Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me ; and make  
 me spruce and fine before you leave me.

Oh ! then to the place of appointment I hurried me,  
 Where your bright eyes so surprisingly worried me,  
 From that very hour I thought of no other she,  
 And I most humbly do crave you my bride to be,  
 Crave you, crave you, oh ! how I crave you ; I most hum-  
 bly do crave you my bride to be.

Oh ! then will you have me, you dear little knave you,  
 I will your husband be and never leave you,  
 My surname is Drupe and my christian name Davie,  
 And when we're married we'll go to Glannavy,  
 Navy, Navy, go to Glannavy, who'll be so happy as  
 Ally and Davie.

*Tom and Sall. S O N G. L. \**

**A**S Tom and Sall, in am'rous chat,  
 Within a shady arbour fat,  
 Where Jessamine was wove in,  
 Where Jessamine was wove in.

They kiss'd and toy'd, and this and that :

*'Twas vastly loving*

*'Twas vastly loving.*

Says he thou sweetner of my life,

To lay aside all further strife,

I like thee more than Betty :

And then he begg'd she'd be his wife :

*'Twas vastly, pretty.*

But Sarah, fir'd at Betty's name,

Told Thomas how it was a shame

To quit his former jewel :

She quite abash'd his tim'rous flame :

*'Twas vastly cruel.*

Ungrateful Sally, Thomas cry'd,

And will you never be my bride,

For all my faithful loving ?

And then he wish'd e'er born he'd dy'd :

*'Twas vastly moving.*

But she regardless of his smart,

Exclaim'd with true coquetish art,

I'm not for you, at all, fool !

These words had well nigh broke his heart :

*'Twas vastly doleful.*

With that a sharp edg'd knife he drew,

His bursting heart to sever thro',

And swore he was not joking ;

Then bid the cruel fair adieu :

*'Twas vastly shocking.*

Deep fear now shone in Sally's eye ;

Says she, as you're resolv'd to die,

One kiss—and then—dear honey :

Then stole the knife so very sly,

*'Twas vastly funny.*

Why wilt thou, Thomas, die for me ?

Thou know'st I would not die for thee ;

Murder besides is finning :

This said, she clasp'd him eagerly :

*'Twas vastly winning.*

What



What do I see ? exclaim'd the swain,  
 Am I then quit of all my pain,  
 For love, the most endearing ?  
 'Tis so ! he then leap'd up amain :  
*'Twas vastly chearing.*

To marry me wilt thou content ?  
 Why a—y the cry'd, I am content ;  
 Time flies, then let us seize on't :  
 Tom for a pair of Licence went :  
*'Twas vastly pleasant.*

*A technical bibbical Ballad. S O N G. LI.*

**N**OW we're free from college rules, and systems out  
 of season ;  
 From lumber of the lying schools, and syllogistic reason ;  
 Never more we'll have defin'd, if matter thinks, or  
 thinks not ; [not.  
 All the matter we shall mind, is he who drinks or drinks  
 'Tis metaphysical, to trace the mind or soul abstracted,  
 Or prove infinity of space, by cause on cause effected :  
 Better souls we can't become, by immaterial thinking !  
 And as to space, we want no room, but room enough  
 to drink in.

*Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus*, are learned words, and  
 rare too ;  
 Those, our tutors may discuss ; and these that please,  
 may hear too : [hind fir ;  
 A *plenum* in our wine we shew, with *plus* and *plus* be-  
 And when our purse is *minus* low, a *vacuum* then we  
 find fir.

' Gravity, all must allow, agrees not with our calling ;  
 ' The very name we disavow, when most in dread of  
 falling : [nodes fir,  
 ' As drunk we reel across the floor, we're in descending  
 ' And when we've had six bottles more, we're down at  
 antipodes fir.'

Newton

Newton talk'd of lights and shades, and diff'rent co-  
 lours knew fir; [fir :  
 Don't let us perplex our heads; we will but study two  
 White and red, our glasses boast; true humour's rare-  
 faction, [attraction.  
 And after him we'll drink our toast,—the centre of  
 On this thesis we'll declaim, with *stratum super stratum* :  
 There's magic in the mighty name; 'tis nature's *postu-*  
*latum* : [em,  
 Wine in nature's next to love, then wisely let us blend  
 And thus physically prove, *nunc tempus est bibendum*.

---

*The Beer-drinking Britons.* S O N G. LII.

**Y**E true honest Britons who love your own land,  
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,  
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,  
 Come join honest Britons in chorus with me.  
*Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,  
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;  
 Your wine tippling dram sipping fellows retreat,  
 But your beer drinking Britons can never be beat.*

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale.  
 They drink of the squeezing of half ripen'd fruit;  
 But we who have hop grounds to mellow our ale,  
 Are rosy and plump and have freedom to boot.

*Let us sing our own treasures, &c.*

Should the French dare t' invade us, thus arm'd with  
 our poles;  
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn jaws  
 ring;  
 For your beef eating, beer drinking Britons are souls,  
 Who will shed their last drop for their country and  
 king.

*Let us sing our own treasures, &c.*

*The Limerick Buck hunt.* S O N G LIII.

(Tune Laury Grogan,)

**B**Y your leave Laury Grogan,  
 Enough has been spoken,  
 It's time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet ;  
 Come listen to mine fir,  
 Much truer than thine, fir,  
 For these very eyes were upon it, upon it :  
 It is of a buck slain  
 This very campaign,  
 To let him live longer, were pity, were pity ;  
 For head and for branches,  
 For fat and for haunches,  
 Exceeded a mayor of a city, a city.  
 A council assembled,  
 (Who'd think but he trembled)  
 Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted,  
 Each his whip and cap on,  
 And spurs made at Ripon,  
 The number full twenty, well counted, well counted ;  
 But in legs he confiding,  
 All efforts deriding,  
 He thought himself safe as in bed fir, in bed fir,  
 With a bounce, off he goes,  
 And tofs'd up his nose ;  
 But ringwood cry'd, lord help your head, fir, your head,  
 fir.  
 Off scores we went bounding,  
 Sweet horns were a founding,  
 Each youth fill'd the grove with a whoop and a holloo ;  
 Dubourg were he there,  
 Such sweet music to hear,  
 Would leave his Cremona and follow, and follow,  
 Knockdiscan, Knockainy,  
 And hills twice as many ;  
 We scamper'd o'er stone walls, o'er hedges o'er ditches:  
 He skimm'd o'er the grounds,  
 But to baffle our hounds,  
 Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches.  
 Four

Four hours he held out,  
 Most surprisingly stout,  
 'Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted ;  
 His throat being cut up  
 And poor culprit put up,  
 To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted ;  
 A place most enchanting,  
 Where nothing was wanting,  
 That poor hungry huntsmen could wish for, could wish  
 for,  
 Of delicate fare,  
 (Tho numbers were there)  
 Yet every man was a dish for, a dish for.  
 We fell too with fury,  
 Like a long famish'd jury,  
 Nor fray'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner ;  
 The butler a sweating,  
 The knives all a whetting.  
 The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.  
 The bumper went round,  
 With a musical sound,  
 Clink, clink, like sweet bells went the glasses, the glasses ;  
 We dispatch'd Queen and King,  
 And each other fine thing,  
 To bumper the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.  
 There was sweet Sally Curry,  
 And Singleton Cherry,  
 Miss Croker, Miss Bligh, and Miss Pritty, Miss Pritty,  
 With lovely Miss Pearce,  
 That subject of verse,  
 Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.  
 With numberless more,  
 From fifteen to a score,  
 O had you but seen them together, together ;  
 Such charms you'd discover,  
 You'd pity the Louvre,  
 And count it as light as a feather, a feather.  
 The man of the house,  
 And his beautiful spouse,



May they live to give claret and venifon, venifon ;  
 And may honest Ned,  
 There's no more to be said,  
 Ne'er want the beggar's old benifon, benifon :  
 Long prosper that county,  
 The store house of bounty,  
 Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry ;  
 For jovial as we are  
 We puff away all care,  
 To poor busy Robin and Fleury, and Fleury.

---

*The Irish Schoolmaster's Method of Spelling.*

**C**OME hither Terry?—arrah why don't ye come  
 when I bid you man?—see here, spell me this  
 word *Constantinople*,—why don't you speak?—C, o, n,  
*nah hashen* a Con ; s, t, a, n, *flan*, *nah hashen* a *flan*,  
*agas* a *flan*, *agas* a con, *agas* Con-*flan* ; t, i, ti, *nah*  
*hashen* a ti, *agas* a ti, *agas* a *flan*, *agas* a con, *agas*  
 Con-*flan*-ti ; n, o, no, *nah hashen* a no, *agas* a no,  
*agas* a ti, *agas* a *flan*, *agas* a con, *agas* Con-*flan*-ti-  
 no ; p, l, e, pil, *nah hashen* a pil, *agas* a pil, *agas* a no,  
*agas* a ti, *agas* a *flan*, *agas* a con, *agas* Con-*flan*-ti-  
 no-ple :—Arrah man go your way, and mind better  
 next time.

---

*The Sailor's Litany.* S O N G. LV.

**F**ROM parching summers, and boisterous winters ;  
 From wounds by grenadoes, and bruises by splin-  
 ters ;

From the sophistications of brewers and vint'ners,

*May we be delivered.*

From a messmate that growls, and is always upbraiding ;  
 From the bugs, and the bed, a green sh--k--r has  
 laid in.

From the wrath of a dry disappointed old maiden,

*May we be delivered.*

From

From scurvies, and yaws, and all outlandish hardships;  
From bilboes, and bolts, and confinement in guard-ships;  
From the new petty captains, contriv'd by their lord-  
ships,

*May we be delivered.*

From laws constru'd wrong, and a judge without can-  
dour;  
From a foe's open force, and a friend's private slander;  
From the guard-house, and hell, and a gouty com-  
mander,

*May we be delivered.*

From a rogue or a wh--e that tobacco, or slops sells;  
From an agent's, and all other rascally shops else;  
From springing our yards, and from splitting our top-  
sails,

*May we be delivered*

From an Officer that s always in a d---d stickle;  
From first being flogg'd, and then put into pickle;  
From a beast of a cook, that would poison old Nichol,

*May we be delivered.*

From meat that will bear neither boiling or roasting;  
From leaks when at sea, and from shoals in our coasting;  
From a midshipman's feet, and the hands of a boatswain,

*May we be delivered,*

From beef never put into brine till it stunk,  
Or salted too much, and as solid as junk;  
From being seiz'd up to the shrouds when we're drunk,

*May we be delivered.*

From rusty fat pork that will make a man spew;  
From a gin drinking weuch and a wife that's a shrew;  
From a doctor, a lawyer, a bawd, and a jew,

*May we be delivered.*

From stinking salt butter, and hard suffolk cheese;  
From rope yarns, and rags, and old chews in our pease;  
From the French, and the lice, the mosquitoes and fleas,

*May we be delivered*

From

From bread that is musty, and beer that is sow'r'd;  
 From an obstinate fore that can never be cur'd;  
 From the wiles of the purser, the d---l, and steward,  
*May we be delivered.*

*My Daddy left me gear enough.* S O N G. LVL

**M**Y Daddy left me gear enough,  
 A coulter and an auld beam-plough;  
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,  
 A fishing-wand, with huik and line:  
 With twa auld stools and a dirt-house,  
 A jerkinet, scarce worth a louse;  
 An auld pat, that wants a lug,  
 A spurtle and a sowed mug.

A hempen-heckle and a mell,  
 A tar-horn and a weather's bell;  
 A muck-fork and an auld peet-creel,  
 The spaiks of our auld spinning-wheel;  
 A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,  
 With our auld brunt and broken ladle;  
 A whang-bit and a snifle-bit:  
 Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A sailing-staff, a timmer speet,  
 An auld kirk, with a hole in it;  
 Yearn windles, and a crazy reel,  
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel;  
 A whistle and a toup horn-spoon,  
 With an auld pair of clouted shoon;  
 A timmer spade and a gleg-shear,  
 A bonnet, for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,  
 The pillion of auld carr-saddle;  
 A gullie-knife and a horse-wand,  
 A mitten good, for the left-hand;  
 With an auld broken pan of brass,  
 And an auld fark that wants the a—e;



An auld band, and a hooding-how:  
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a' well now.  
 Oft have I borne ye on my back,  
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack;  
 And it was a' for want of gear,  
 That gart me take mels *John's* grey mare:  
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now?  
 For ye ha'e naigs enough to plough;  
 And hose and shoons fit for your feet;  
 Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with my fel I did advise,  
 My daddy's gear for to comprize;  
 Some neighbours I ca'd in, to see  
 What gear my daddy left to me.  
 They sat three quarters of a year,  
 Comprizing of my daddy's gear;  
 And, when they had gien a' their votes,  
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds *Scots*.

*Hallow Fair.* S O N G. LVII.

**T**HERE's mony braw Jockeys and Jennies,  
 Come weel busked into our fair,  
 Wi' ribbons at their cockernomies,  
 And fouth o' good flour o' their hair,  
 Maggie she was sae weel busked,  
 That Willie was ty'd to his bride;  
 The pownie was ne'er better whisked,  
 Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

But Maggie was wonderous jealous,  
 To see Willie busked sae braw;  
 And Sawney he sat at the alehouse,  
 And hard at the liquor did caw;  
 There was Geordy that weel loo'd his lassie,  
 He took the pint stowp in his arms,  
 And hugg'd it, and said, troth they're saucy  
 That loo's na a gude father's bairn.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

There



There was Watty the muirland laddie,  
 That rides on the bonny grey cowl,  
 With sword by his side, like a cadie,  
 To drive in the sheep and the nowt;  
 His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
 It scarcely came down to mid thigh,  
 With hair powder'd, hat, and a feather,  
 And housing, at crupper and tee.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

But Bruckie play'd boo to bawlie,  
 And aff scour'd the cowl, like the win';  
 Poor Wattie he fell on the cauley,  
 And birs'd aw the banes in his skin;  
 His pistols fell out o' the hullets,  
 And were aw bedaubed wi' dirt,  
 The folks they come round him in clusters,  
 And laughing, cry'd lad was ye hurt.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

But cowl wad let naeboddy steer him,  
 He ay was sae wanton and skeegh;  
 The packman's stands he overturn'd them,  
 And gar't aw the Jocks stand a-beegh;  
 Wi' sneering behind and before him,  
 For sic is the metal of brutes,  
 Poor Wattie, and waes me for him,  
 Was fain to gang hame on his coots.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

Now it was late in the ev'ning,  
 And bughting time was drawing near,  
 The lasses had stanch'd their greening,  
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer:  
 There was Lillie, and Cicely, and Sibbie,  
 And Tib, on the spindle cou'd spin,  
 Stood glow'ring at signs and glass winnocks,  
 But deil a ane bad 'em come in.

*Sing farrel, &c.*

Guid guide's! saw ye ever the like o't?  
 See, yonder's a bonny black swan;

It glow'rs as 'twad fain be at us,  
 What's yon that it hads in it's hand?  
 Awa, daft gowks, cried Wattie,  
 They're aw but a rickle o' sticks;  
 See there is a thing like our Baw,ie,  
 And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.  
*Sing farrel, &c.*

Quo' Maggie, come gie us our fairing?  
 And Wattie right sleely cou'd tell,  
 I think thou're the flow'r o' the claughing,  
 In troth now I'll gie you mysell:  
 • Then strait they gied to the change houses,  
 • Syne ca'd for a stoup and a reel;  
 • But Wattie had got sic tumble,  
 • The devil a foot cou'd he speel.  
*Sing farrel, &c.*

*The Rebel Exercise of the lang Gun. SONG. LVIII.*

**T**AKE care on yer sell Sir now,  
 Had him up Sir.  
 Had him down the spune side.  
 Had him up now.  
 Open you kittle fir.  
 Clean you kittle wi' the ba' of your spune thumb.  
 Handle your deust box.  
 Cast the black saut into yer kittle fir.  
 Blaw off your louse deust mon,  
 Had yer lang gun down to yer cogue side.  
 Handle yer deuste box mon.  
 Tak' his bonnet in yer teeth.  
 Poo his hinder end awa mon.  
 Cast yer black saut into her wame fir.  
 Cast a cogle intul her wame.  
 Tak' the lint frae yer bonnet.  
 Stap it in her mou.  
 Grip yer lang wand.  
 Lug him out.

Had

Had him up fir.  
 Stick it in her mou.  
 Wod it down, the deil's name mon.  
 Lug out yer lang wand fir, out o' that.  
 Your lang wand intul it's ane house now.  
 Had up yer lang gun fir.  
 Band yer goose craig, and had him out.  
 Sat him to yer shoulder.  
 Let flee in the deil's name mon.  
 Had up yer lang gun, and had him down again, to the  
     cogue side a' the gither.  
 Your spune hand to yer mickle whinyard.  
 Lug out yer mickle whinyard.  
 Stap yer mickle whinyard intul the mou o' yer lang-  
     gun.  
 Had up yer lang gun; had him up at me fir.  
 Down wi yer lang gun.  
 To the spune hand, down wi yer langgun.  
 Still to the spune hand; down wi her again fir.  
 To the spune hand yet mon, down wi yer lang gun.  
 Now at me,—down wi her again.  
 Set yer face where yer aurse stands, and be d—n'd t' ye.  
 Now at me, down wi him again.  
 Now to the cogue hand, down wi yer lang gun.  
 To John M'Cleg's house man, down wi yer lang gun.  
 To John M'Cleg's peat stack, down wi yer lang gun.  
 Now at me, down wi him again fir.  
*Ha' ye forgot man what I tell'd ye*  
 Put yer face where yer aurse stands, and be d—n'd t' ye.  
 Now at me;—had him up, and had him down to the  
     cogue side a' the gither.  
 Yor spune hand to yer muckle whinyard fir.  
 Lug out yer muckle whinyard,  
 Your muckle whinyard intul his house now.  
 Tak yer lang gun to yer spune foot fir.  
 Down wi't to God's cauld ground man.  
 Let gae yer lang gun mon.  
 Up a together.  
 To the spune hand about firs.



Gang yer way in the deel's name na'  
Now rin a' in snarl again— bonny lads.

*Blaw up the muckle pipe M'Carthy.*

*The Serenade.* S O N G. LIX.

**M**OPSA thou ugly dirty drab,  
All cover'd o'er with mange and scab;  
Whose hair hangs down in curious flakes,  
All curl'd and crisp'd like crawling snakes:  
'The breath of whose perfumed locks  
Might choke the devil with a pox.  
Look down you fu lsome dowdy, see  
Our new invented harmony.

*Let the gridir'n and cat-calls, and salt-box resound,  
And the scream of old iron her senses confound.*

Her forehead next is to be found,  
Resembling much the new plow'd ground;  
Furrow'd like flairs, whose windings lead  
Unto the chimney of her head;  
'The next thing that my muse desires,  
Is the two mill-pits of her eyes;  
Mill-pits whose depth no plumb can sound,  
For there the God of love was drown'd.

*Let the gridir'n, &c.*

Help, furies, you that cannot flatter,  
I know her nose affordeth matter;  
For on her nose there hangs I wot,  
A curious pearl of chrystal snout.  
And then her blubber lips are such,  
'Tis almost pain of death to touch;  
I'd wish the Devil so much bliss,  
Those daily to be doom'd to kiss,

*Let the gridir'n, and cat-calls, and salt-box resound,  
And the scream of old iron her senses confound*

*By Fair or by Foul.* S O N G. LX. \*

(Tune: by Hook or by Crook.)

**A** Twelvemonth ago, when I liv'd wi' my father,  
By delving and ditching I earned my bread;  
I rose



I rose with the sun, for no mortal was gladder,  
 And soundly I slept when I went to my bed :  
 But weary, at length, of the spade and the shool,  
 But weary, &c.

I wrangled, I jangled,  
 I caper'd, and vapour'd,  
 And would be at London, *by fair or by foul.*

I pack'd up myself, and my cloaths, in the waggon,  
 For I was too proud to be trudging a foot ;  
 And thrice forty shillings I then had to brag on,  
 Beside a new watch, 'at cost thirty, to boot :  
 But I wish on the road we had drown'd in a pool,  
 But I wish, &c.

For dashing, and clashing,  
 We rumbled, and tumbled,  
 And got up to London, *by fair or by foul.*

Who there should I meet ? but Sir Thomas's Jarvis,  
 The self and same parson I'd long'd for to see ;  
 So, what do ye think ?—he advis'd me to service,  
 And I was Sir Thomas's ostler to be :

The place I accepted, as grave as an owl,  
 The place, &c.

Thinks I, aw' munt'ry ;  
 So I got it, ad' rot it !

To manage my bus'ness, *by fair or by foul.*

A while at the first, I was all in amazement,  
 But London, I found was a comical place ;

For the lads and the lasses, in midst of my gazement,

Would pull off my nab, and cry clown, to my face ;

Nay, shoe-black, and scullion, would call me a cull,

Nay, shoe-black, &c.

I pin'd, and I whin'd,

And I coax'd 'em, and box'd 'em,

But could not live quiet, *by fair or by foul.*

Iv'e serv'd wi' Sir Thomas a twelvemonth or longer,—

Ye lads in the country, take heed what I say ;

No luncheons of dumplin, to quiet your hunger,

No toying with maids, to pass winter away :—

My nights are all weary, my days they are dull,  
My nights, &c.

So adieu noisy crew,

For it's will you, or nill you,

I'll back to my delving, *by fair or by foul.*

*The Parson and Beer Barrel. S O N G. LXL*

**A** Parson who had the remarkable foible  
Of minding the bottle much more than the bible,  
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplext,  
In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

*Derry down down, &c.*

Perch'd up in his pulpit one Sunday, he cried,  
Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;  
And in your distresses, your troubles, and crosses,  
Remember the patience of Job in his losses,

*Derry down, &c.*

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,  
By way of a present,—no matter from where,  
Suffice it to know, it was toothsome and good,  
And he lov'd it as well as he lov'd his own blood,

*Derry down, &c.*

While he the church-service in haste rambl'd o'er,  
The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door;  
And by the strong scent of the beer-barrel led,  
Had knock'd out the spiggot, or cock from it's head.

*Derry down, &c.*

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,  
The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;  
Nor from their diversion, or merriment ceas'd,  
Till ev'ry hog there, was as drunk as a beast.

*Derry down, &c.*

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,  
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,

To

To be a partaker of sunday's good cheer,  
And taste his delightful october-brew'd beer.

*Derry down, &c.*

The dinner was ready, and all was laid snug ;  
Here, wife, says the parson, go fetch us a mug ;  
But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,  
When—yonder said she, are the hogs in the cellar !

*Derry down, &c.*

She run, and returning, with sorrowful face,  
In suitable phrases related the case ;  
He rav'd like a madman, about in the room,  
And then beat his wife, and the hogs, with the broom.

*Derry down, &c.*

Was ever poor fellow so pester'd as I ?  
Quoth he, the slut makes all the house like a sty,  
How came you to lock your d—n'd hogs in the kitchen ?  
Is that a fit place to put cattle, you b—h in ;

*Derry down, &c.*

Lord ! husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,  
About a poor, beggarly, barrel of beer ;  
You should in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,  
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

*Derry down, &c.*

A pox upon Job ! cried the priest, in a rage,  
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age ;  
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife ;  
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

*Derry down, &c.*

Now neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,  
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin ;  
With goodness and wisdom, your theory back'd is,  
But you're, ten to one, knave and fool in your practice.

*Derry down, &c.*



*The Bath Ghost.* S O N G. LXII.

**I**N the days of our fires, strange sights and wild fires  
 Affrighted the girls and the boys ;  
 But of late old fir Nick has found a new trick,  
 And only appears in a noise.

This whilom besel, as a thousand can tell,  
 At a quaker's, whose spirit within  
 Was put to the rout, by a spirit without,  
 That made a most horrible din.

Being sorely afraid, he call'd to his aid  
 All sorts of good people, to save him,  
 Who readily went, with a pious intent,  
 For fear lest the Devil should have him.

The Peers, and the commons, submit to the summons,  
 For sake of so worthy an host ;  
 Much company came, all brought by the fame  
 Of this terrible noise of a ghost.

Secure by their charms from danger and harms,  
 The ladies came thither likewise ;  
 But how could the sprite believe it was night ?  
 Whilst they made it day with their eyes.

How blest is our isle, where such graces smile ;  
 What nation can boast so much merit ?  
 Where beauties so bright, in the dead of the night,  
 Defy both the flesh and the spirit.

Thus strengthen'd, my host did vapour and boast,  
 And bounce, like a stout, valiant jailor ;  
 In his own wise conceit, was wholly as great,  
 If no greater, than Fox, or the Nailor.

But dreadful, alas ! when midnight was past,  
 When by constant experience 'tis found,  
 And children can tell, before they can spell,  
 That ghosts, like the watch take their round ;

Then, a noise from afar, like a drumming to war,  
 Made every visage look pale :  
 The blood from each part, flew swift to the heart,  
 And the spirits found vent at the tail.

Tho'

Tho' shocking the smell, yet it happen'd full well;  
 For it kept all the ladies from fainting;  
 But to shew us each face, what a pity it was  
 Hogarth was not there with his painting.

Thus fairly, I think, we account for the stink;  
 But what the strange drumming should be?  
 Oh! hard to believe it, who'd ever conceive it?  
 'Twas Simon's great dog and a flea!

*Love sick Shenkin.* S O N G. LXIII.

**O**F a noble race was Shenkin,  
 Of the line of Owen Tudor;  
 But her renown is fled and gone,  
 Since cruel love pursu'd hur.  
 Fair Winny's eyes, bright shining,  
 And lilly breasts alluring,  
 Poor Shenkin's heart, with fatal dart,  
 Have wounded, past all curing.  
 Hur was the prettiest fellow  
 At stool-ball, or at cricket;  
 At hunting, race, or foot-ball chase,  
 Cot's-plut how hur could kick it.  
 But now all joys are flying,  
 All pale and wan hur cheeks too;  
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes  
 Hur herrings and hur leeks too.  
 No more shall sweet metheglin  
 Be drank at good Montgomery;  
 And if love's fore lasts six days more,  
 Adieu! cream-cheese and flummery.

*The Reprisals.* S O N G. LXIV. \*

(Tune: Come rouse Brother Sportsmen.)

**C**OME rouse brother tars! hark, the seamen all cry;  
 We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die;

The

The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud roar,  
Will chide the dull landsmen, for ling'ring on shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,  
Directs all our thunders, and fills every sail;  
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,  
And make us all rich, with the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the  
fair,

'Tis George that demands all the heart you can spare;  
Then tell 'em that love must to glory give place;  
Soon beauty shall welcome the conqu'rors embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield;  
Here glory awaits you, on ocean's wide field;  
We've an excellent chace; nobler game we've in view,—  
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in fight,  
Let's halte to bear down, and prepare for the fight;  
But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the blow;  
They, failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like sons of old England, once more we resume  
The humbling their flags, to our high riding broom:  
Thy fleets, haughty Louis! have gi'en us our cue,  
And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals, long due.

*The false Wife.* S O N G. LXV.

**O**UR guidman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;  
And then he saw a saddle horse  
Where nae horse sould be:  
Oh how came this horse here?  
How can this be?  
How came this horse here  
Without the leave o' me?

A horse



A horse ! quo' she ; ay, a horse quo' he.—

Ye auld blind dotard carle,

Blind mat' ye be,

'Tis nothing but a bonny milk cow

My minny sent me.

A cow ! quo' he ; ay, a cow quo' she.—

Far hae I ridden, and far hae I ga'en,

But a saddle on a cow's back saw I never nane.

Our guidman came hame at een,

And hame came he ;

And he spied a pair o' jack boots

Where nae boots sould be :

What's this now guidwife ?

What's this I see ?

How came thir boots here

Without the leave o' me ?

Boots ! quo' she ; ay-boots quo' he.—

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat' ye see ;

It's but a pair of water stoups

The cooper sent me.

Stoups ! quo' she ; ay stoups quo' she.—

Weel, far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen,

But filler spurs on water stoups, saw I ne'er nane.

Our guidman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he ;

And then he saw a braw hat

Where na hat sould be :

What's this now guidwife ?

What's this I see ?

How came this hat here

Without the leave o' me ?

A hat ! quo' she ; ay, a hat, quo' he.

Shame fa' your blinkan e'en,

And ill mat' ye see ;

It's but a braw new chamber pot

My minnie sent me.

A pot ! quo' he ; ay, a pot, quo she.  
Weel, far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen,  
But chamber pots wi' gold lace saw I never nane.

Our guidman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he ;  
And there he spied a powder'd wig  
Where nae wig foud be :  
What's this now guidwife ?  
What's this I see ?

How came this wig here  
Without the leave o' me ?  
A wig ! quo' she ; ay, a wig, quo' he.——  
Shame fa, your dizzy pow,  
And warse mat ye see ;

It's nothing but a clocken hen  
My minnie sent me.  
A hen ! quo he ; ay, a hen, quo she.  
Weel, far hae I ridden, and far hae I gane,  
But powder on a clocken hen saw I never nane

Our guidman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he ;  
There he spied a muckle coat  
Where nae coat foud be :  
Oh ! how came this coat here ?  
How can this be ?

How came this muckle coat  
Without the leave o' me ?  
A coat ! quo she ;—ay, a coat, quo he.  
Ye auld blind cuckold carle,  
Blind mat ye be ;

It's but a pair o' blankets  
The webster sent me.  
Blankets ! quo' he ;—ay, blankets, quo' she,  
Heigh ! far hae I ridden, and far hae I gane,  
But buttons upo' blankets, saw I never nane.——

Our guidman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he ;

And

And there he spied a sturdy man  
 Where nae man foud be :  
 Wha brought this man here ?  
 How can this be ?  
 How came this chiel here  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A man ! quo' she ;—ay, a man, quo' he.  
 Poor blind body,  
 And blinder mat ye be ;  
 Its but a new milking maid  
 The laird sent me.  
 A maid ! quo' he ;—ay, maid, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden, and far hae I gane,  
 But maidens wi' lang beards never saw I nane.

---

*The Love Siege.* S O N G. LXVI.

**W**HEN first I laid siege to my Chloris,  
 Cannon oaths I brought down,  
 To batter the town ;  
 And I storm'd her with amorous stories.  
 Billet-doux, like small shot did so ply her ;  
 And sometimes, a song  
 Went whistling along,  
 But still I was never the nigher.  
 At length, she sent word by a trumpet,  
 If I liked that life,  
 She would be my wife,  
 But she would not be any man's strumpet.  
 I told her that Mars could not marry ;  
 And swore by my scars,  
 Got in combat and wars,  
 That I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.  
 At length, she granted the favour,  
 Without the sad curse,  
 For better, for worse ;  
 And lav'd the dull parson the labour.



*The House of hur Father.* S O N G. LXVII.

**A**T Llântavre, Got ples her, a place of renown,  
Hur was brought up, and porn, 'twas a prafe  
gallant town ;

Hur father, Got ples her, did keep a goot house,  
Where never was lack of goot putting and sowlse.

*Oh the house of hur father, hur father's goot house,  
Where never was lack of goot putting and sowlse,  
Prafse barra-mennin and goot barra-chowse ;  
And was it not, look you, a plentiful bouse.*

Hur father, Got ples hur, was prafe gallant man,  
A sheentleman, look you—and Morgan her name ;  
Great wonders hur did in the wars of the place,  
Which caus'd many scars on hur worship's goot face.

*Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

So great was hur might, hur strength and hur power,  
For hur sprung from the loins of great Owen Glendour,  
Hur slew many shiants, reliev'd many maids,  
A knight of great valour—but a cobbler by trade.

*Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

Of dunnocks and goats hur had got store and plenty ;  
Of leeks a great garden, with cabbages dainty :  
An old woodcock's bill for a pipe—with goot liquor,  
To comfort hur nose when hur sat in hur wicker.

*Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

Now hur father was tead—oh peace to hur relique,  
Hur was tead of the wind in hur guts and the colic,  
Hur house, goots and chattles hur left to her son,  
Who was look'd at by all as a triving young man.

*Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

But the first of great March, on St. Taffid's great day,  
As thorough Llântavre hur took her best way,  
With hur leek in hur hat, to show hur was going,  
With Shenkin and Morgan, and Watkin and Owen.

*Oh the house of hur father, &c.*

Now as hur was passing the folks all among,  
Sweet Winnefred's face hur beheld in a throng ;

St. Da-

St. David ! how great was poor Hughy's surprise !  
When hur felt the sharp nettles that shot from hur eyes.

*Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones,  
Which makes hur sit sopping with sighings and groans,  
Making her moans, sighings and groans,  
Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones.*

The very first shaft hur receiv'd from her quiver,  
Went thorough her breastbone, and stuck in hur liver,  
Hur plood boil'd and puppled and glow'd in a trice,  
But Winnefred's, look you, was frozen as ice.

*Oh the marfelous eyes, &c.*

By Chesu hur swore hur wou'd pluck up a courage,  
Hur went to hur and swore hur was good as leek  
porrage,

But hur gimlet hur cock'd with an eye of disdain,  
Which pierc'd hur heart thorough and thorough again.

*Oh the marfelous eyes, &c.*

Cot splutter hur swore, for hur was in a passion,  
Hur would hate all such jades as the plagues of a nation.  
But the slut was so cruel hur spit in hur face,  
A sign hur was lack of good preeding and grace.

*Oh, the damnable eyes of Miss Winnefred Shones :*

So now hur will pack up her alls and be going,  
And leave off such pripples and praples as loving,  
Farewel to Llantavre of fairest renown,  
Hur'll seek hur goot fortune in London fine town,

*Then adieu to the house, oh, hur father's fine house,  
Where never was lack of goot putting and sowse,  
Prafe barra-minnin, and goot parra-chowse ;  
Oh, was it not look you—a plentiful house.*

*The general Hunt. S O N G. LXVIII.*

**T**O horse, ye jolly sportsman,  
And greet the new born day:

Incessant, lo, thro' nature's field,  
Each creature hunts his prey.

And a hunting, &c.

Dame nature teaches Reynard craft  
T' o'er-reach the feather'd flocks;  
And we pursue the chiding dogs,  
While they run down the fox.

And a hunting, &c.

Mankind hunt one another;  
Your great men hunt the small;  
Some hunt for heaven, and some for hell;  
Old Satan hunts us all.

And a hunting, &c.

Some fain wou'd hunt for honour,  
A game that's hard to find;  
The needy hunt for charity,  
And may go hunt the wind.

And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow  
The nation's desp'rate case,  
While all their stir and bustle's made  
In hunting out a place.

And a hunting, &c.

Full cry the Tories hunt the Whigs,  
Who in their turn pursue;  
And running one another down,  
Run down their country too.

And a hunting, &c.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,  
Your title to maintain;  
He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,  
Then hunt it back again.

And a hunting, &c.

The toper daily hunts his pot,  
Both care and sense to drown:  
Whilst gamblers hunt another's purse  
And lose sight of their own.

And a hunting, &c.



The lasses hunt their lovers,  
 Each lover hunts his lass;  
 The fop in chace of his dear face,  
 Hunts out his looking glass.

And a hunting, &c.

O'er hill and dale with hound and horn,  
 Let's hunt boys while 'tis light;  
 Then joyous we'll o'er flowing bowls  
 Revive the chace at night-

And a hunting, &c.

*The Fox Hunt.* S O N G. LXIX.

**H**ARK hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,  
 Which to pay your attention I'm sure cannot fail,  
 'Tis of lads and of horses and dogs that ne'er tire,  
 O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and brier:  
 A pack of such hounds, and a sett of such men,  
 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever we meet with again;  
 Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters been there,  
 'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, forty and four,  
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,  
 At five in the morning by most of the clocks,  
 We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox,  
 The Laughlinstown Landlord the bold Owen Bray,  
 And Jonny Adair sure was with us that day,  
 Joe Debil, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,  
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour and more,  
 When Wanton set up a most tunable roar,  
 Hark! Wanton, cries Joe, and the rest were not slack,  
 For Wanton's no trifle esteem'd by the pack,  
 Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,  
 And the rest of the pack join'd the musical din,  
 Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,  
 And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,  
 When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way,  
 As strong from Kilegar as tho' he could fear none,  
 Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilterman :  
 To Carrick mines thence, and to Cherry-wood then,  
 Steep Shank-hill he climb'd and to Bally-man-glen ;  
 Bray Commons he cross'd, leap'd lord Anglesey's wall,  
 And seem'd to say little I value you all.

He ran Bursh's grove, up to Carbery Burn's,  
 Joe Debil, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns ;  
 The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,  
 Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out :  
 To Malpas high hills was the next way he flew,  
 At Dalkey stone common we had him in view,  
 He drove on by Bullock through Shrub Glanogery,  
 And so on on to Mount town, where Lawry grew weary.

Thro' Roches town wood like an arrow he pass'd,  
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;  
 There he gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,  
 And said in his heart, sure none durst follow me ;  
 But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds  
 Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds,  
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,  
 Five couple of Tartars were close at his Brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,  
 But 'ere he could reach to the top of the clift,  
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,  
 Being waylaid and kill'd by the rest of the pack ;  
 At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,  
 Save Lawry, who riding a Garran was flung :  
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chace,  
 That held us full five hours and ten minutes space,

We returned to Kilruddery's plentiful board,  
 Where dwells hospitality, truth and my lord,  
 We talk'd of the chace, and we toasted the health,  
 Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth :  
 Qwen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Preston, why so,  
 'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, then to him we'll go ;

Said

Said Preston, I halloo'd get on tho' you fall,  
Or I'll leap o'er you, your blind Gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,  
For party affairs we resign'd to the court ;  
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night.  
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight ;  
Then till the next meeting bid farewell each Brother,  
So some they went one way, and some went another,  
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,  
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

*War with Leviathan.* S O N G. LXX.

**W**HY stay you at home now the season is come,  
Jolly lads let us liquor our throats :  
Our interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,  
Then all hands, let us fit out our boats ;  
Let each man prepare of tackling his share,  
By neglect a good voy'ge may be lost ;  
Come I say, let's away,  
Make no stay, nor delay,  
For the winter brings whales on the coast.  
Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the head,  
And Sam in the stern bravely stands,  
As ragged a crew (if you give them their due)  
As e'er did take oars in their hands  
Such heroes as these will with blood stain the seas  
When they join with their resolute mates,  
Who with might, void of fright,  
With delight, boldly fight  
Mighty whales, as if they were but sprats.  
Come coil up the warp, see the hatchet be sharp,  
And make ready the irons and launce ;  
Each man ship his oar and leave nothing on shore,  
That is needful the voy'ge to advance ;  
See the buoy be made tight, and the drug fitted right,

So



So that nothing be wanted anon :  
 Never doubt, but look out,  
 Round about ; there's a spout,  
 Come away, boys, let's launch if we can.

The surf runs so high, 'twill be down by and bye,  
 Take a flatch to go off ; now 'twill do :  
 Huzza ! launch amain, for the sea grows again,  
 Pull up briskly a stroke, boys or two,  
 Ha, well row'd ! 'tis enough, we are clear of the surf,  
 Ev'ry hand heave out water a-pace,  
 There's the whale, that's her back  
 That looks black, There's her wake,  
 Pull away, boys, and let's give her chace.

Ha ! well row'd, jolly trouts, put away, there she spouts,  
 And we gain on her briskly I find,  
 W'are much about her ground, let's take a dram round,  
 And her rising before let us mind ;  
 She is here just a-head, stand up Tom, pull up Ned ;  
 We are fast, back a-stern what ye may.  
 Hold on, lad ; I'm afraid  
 She's a jade she's so mad ;  
 She's a scrag, for your lives cut away.

It is but in vain to despond or complain,  
 Tho' we've met with misfortunes already,  
 'Tis courage must do, for the proverb you know,—  
 Faint heart never won a fair lady.  
 Come, this is no disgrace, pull up lads, t'other chace  
 Our mates will be fast without doubt ;  
 So, what ehear ? we are near,  
 She is there no she's here,  
 Just a-stern ; jolly hearts, pull about.

Pull briskly, for there she's risen very fair,  
 Back a-stern, it is up to the strap :  
 Well done Tom, bravely throw'd, chearly lads bravely  
 row'd,  
 'Tis not always we meet with mishap ;  
 Veer out warp, let her run, she will quickly have done :  
 Well

Well done mate, 'twas a brave second stroke.  
 Now she jirks, who can work,  
 Veer out warp, she tow's sharp,  
 Hang the blacksmith, our lance is broke.  
 Pull in head, haul in warp, for she tows not so sharp,  
 But's beginning to flounce and to strike ;  
 Fit a lance, let us try, if we can by and by,  
 Give her one gentle touch to the quick.  
 Bravely throw'd, jolly lad ; she's not nigh so mad  
 As she was, t'other lance may do good ;  
 Well done Tom, that was home  
 To her womb, makes her foam,  
 She's sick at the heart, she spouts blood.  
 The bus'ness is done, launch no more, let's alone,  
 'Tis her flurry, she's dead as a herring ;  
 Let's take her in tow, and all hands stoutly row,  
 And mate Sam prithee mind well thy steering ;  
 The wind smartly blows, and the sea bigger grows,  
 Every man put his strength to his oar :  
 Leave to prate, now 'tis late :  
 Well row'd mate, hey for Kate,  
 She's aground, cut away, let's ashore.  
 Come turn up the boats, let's put on our coats,  
 And to Ben's, there's a cheruping cup :  
 Let's comfort our hearts, ev'ry man his two quarts,  
 And to-morrow all hands to cut up.  
 Betimes leave your wives, bring your hooks and your  
 knives,  
 And let none lie a-bed like a lubber ;  
 But begin, with the sun,  
 To have done before noon,  
 That the carts may come down for the blubber.

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*Commodore Gale.* S O N G. LXXI.

(*Tune : Grannywale.*)

**C**OME boys, and before the old vessel unmoors,  
 Let's tofs off a cann to the doxies on shore ;  
 'Tis

'Tis pity to let the good liquor grow stale,  
We'll knock round the wash then, says *Commodore Gale*.

*So mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale ;*

*So mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale :*

'Tis a pity to let the good liquor grow stale,

*We'll knock round the wash then, says Commodore Gale.*

Confusion to watching and trudging the deck,  
We can but at worst, have a damnable check ;  
Sit still then, and let all the officers rail ;  
We'll ride out the breeze, says *Commodore Gale*.  
*So drink and replenish, &c.*

The liquor's not theirs, it is is very well known,  
We bought it,—and so—d—n their eyes—'tis our  
own ;

I'll bouze it about, till I spue like a whale ;  
Here's to peace, and their downfal, says *Commodore Gale*.  
*Drink, and replenish, &c.*

If they were ashore, and to tip me their jaw,  
My truncheon could soon make them stand in more awe,  
I'd thresh 'em as farmers, do corn with a flail,  
Till they cried out peccavi; O *Commodore Gale*.  
*I'd thresh 'em and smash 'em, &c,*

But thus while he swaggers, and blusters, and roars,  
And brags of his bruising, and toasts all his wh—rs,  
His noddle and stomach, begin both to fail,—  
Here's go and turn in— says old *Commodore Gale*.  
*Let's knock off and sleep, &c.*

Then he stagger'd to bed, and top heavy with bub,  
He pifs'd in his hammock instead of the tub ;  
Then dreamt he was swampt, in a boat under sail,  
And bale her, ho! bale her, cries *Commodore Gale*,  
*Hoa ! scoop her and bale her, &c.*

Learn hence when you're drinking, ye bucks of the  
main,

To ne'er overballast your stomach or brain :  
So with this good moral we'll stopper the tale,  
And drink reformation to *Commodore Gale*.

*Sing drink and remember, &c.*

*Jack*



*Jack Tar's Song.* S O N G LXXII

**C**OME buuffle, buuffle, drink about,  
And let us merry be,  
Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,  
And then all hands to Sea.

*And a sailing we will go.*

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,  
The minuet to tread,  
But we go better when we've brought  
The fore tack to cat head.

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,  
And swiftly rides the race,  
But swifter far we shape our course,  
When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,  
His pack the huntsman cheers;  
As loud we hollow when we send,  
A broadside to Mounseers.

The What's-their-names, at uproar squall,  
With music fine and soft,  
But better sounds our Boatswain's call,  
All hands, all hands aloft!

With gold and silver streamers fine  
The ladies rigging shew,  
But English ships more grander shine,  
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at Sea we spend on Shore,  
With Sweethearts, or our Wives,  
And then, my Boys, hoist sail for more,  
Thus pass the Sailors lives.

*And a sailing we will go*

## S O N G LXXIII.

*Signior Catguttina's Lamentation. A Burletta.*

## R E C I T A T I V O.

**V**ERE is mine lose, mine pretty Dammoſeina,  
 Dat ſhe no come to make mine ſhirt look cleaner?  
 Vat is the reaſon ſhe no come before,  
 To mend my preeches, viſh ſo much are tore?

## A I R.

*(To the tune of, Deareſt creature of all nature.)*

Dammoſeina  
 Neat and clean a,  
 O my loſely beauteous laſs,  
 Put ſome ſtitches  
 In mine preeches,  
 Or de folks—vill ſee mine a—ſe.  
 Put ſome ſtitches  
 In mine preeches,  
 Or de folks—vill ſee mine a—ſe.  
 Or de folks, &c.

Bring ſome ſoap to waſh and ſcower,  
 And ſome ſtarch, or elſe ſome flour;  
 Haſte, O haſte, mine loſly fair,  
 Vile I curl and pinch mine air.

Dammoſeina neat, &amp;c.

Vid mine fidel I'll delight ye,  
 Muſic charms will ſure invite ye,  
 Come O come, mine Dammoſeina,  
 To your faithful *Catguttina*.

Oh! O——!

Dammoſeina neat, &amp;c.

## R E C I T A T I V O.

Vas ever man before in ſuch a plight:  
 Vat muſt I do? to-night is op'ra night—  
 But hark!—I hear her knocking at de door,  
 Come in you little, pretty, faucy ore.

ITA-

ITALIAN AIR. *She.*

Eh! Seignor vat you call a me?

If you say such vorts encore,

I vill so cuff and maul ye,

I'll teach you call me ore,

I'll teach you call me ore,

I'll teach you, &c.

I heard you say so just as I

Vas coming at de door,

Vas coming at de door.

RECITATIVO: *He.*

By gar mine angels I was but in jest,

For ven I call you ore—I lose you best.

## ITALIAN AIR.

Come den mine Dammoscina,

Here take mine rosel'd shirt,

And vash it nice and clean a,

For ah! 'tis black as dirt;

Den make mine breeches whole and tight,

And I will—kifs you for't.

And I will —kifs you for't.

*The* HAND-BELL CRIES *of* SCOTLAND.*The Cries of the Fairs of Annan.*

**O** YES, and weel I wat that's anes, and Oyes, and weel I wat that's twice, and Oyes, and that's Oyes anes, twice, thrice. This is to gie notice, if there be ony limmer loons, kistrels or carles, land loupers or dub skelpers, or gae by the great swingours, or cut purses by the hie geat side, or ony that fall be kent to disturb this said Fair of Annan, whae'er helps me to them fall be well rewarded for their pains: or if there be ony that's kent to swingle swangle a sheep's head to a tyke's tail, when the Provost and the Bailies o' the town was gawn to the peat-moss wi' their peat-speads.



o'er their shouthers and the tykes ran about and about and slyped a' the skin aff their shins; whae'er helps me to them, shall be well rewarded. But as for the limmer loons, kistrals and carles, the land loupers or dub skelpers, or gae by the geat swingours, or cut purses by the hie geat side, they fall hae their lug nail'd to the Trone thrice wi' a twall-penny nail, or a nail at twall a penny; fae blest the king and the mucklest man o' the town, Andrew Johnston.

*The Cries of Lochwinnoch.*

**O** YES, Oyes, Oyes, and well I wat that's three times Oyes. A' you that wants your bauks and stanes justed, come to bailie Barbar's bauks and stanes and get them justed.

*The Cries of Cursterpin.*

**O** YES, Oyes, Oyes. A' brethren an' sisters, I let ye to wit, thatthar wis a twa-year-auld lad-little-ane tint, 'at wis t'er e'en. It's a' scabbit i' the how hole o' the neck o't, an' a cauler kail-blade an' brunt butter at it, 'at is t'er e'en. It his a muckle maun blue pouch hingen at 'e car-sidie o't fu o' mullens an' chuckie-stanes, an' a Spinnel an' a Thorle, an' its Deddie's nain Jockteleg in't at his t' e'en. It's a' black aneth e nails wi' houkin o' the yird, 'at is't e'en. The car sleeve o't's a' bubbles wi' snytin o' the neeze o't 'at is't e'en. It his it's Deddies gravat ty'd roun' e' cragie o't an' hingen down 'e backie o't, 'at his 't e'en. The back o' the haun o't's a' brunt, it got it i' the Smiddie ae day, a't did it e'en.

Whae'er can fin' this twa-year-auld lad-little-ane, may come to Mungo Johnston's, Town Smith in Cursterpin, an' fall hae for safer, quall bear scons an' a ride on our nain auld beast to bear 'im hame, an' nae mae words about it 'at will t'er na.

## A PROCLAMATION.

**A** Hee Haw and a Haa Haw : Mind ye this weel.  
 Ony body that's scatchit in my Lord's ground, houk-  
 ing peats or delving hether, for by this, fall be hangit  
 three times by the neck dead, dead, dead, and the se-  
 cond time fall be war nor aw the tither.

*Tullochgorum.* S O N G LXXV.

**C**OME gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,

And lay your disputes all aside,  
 What nonsense is't for folks to chide,

For what's been done before them :

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Whig and Tory all agree,

To drop their Whig-Meg-morum;

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,

And cheerfu' sing along wi' me,

The reel of Tullochgorum.

©! Tullochgorum's my delight,

It makes us a' in ane unite,

And ony sump that keeps a spite,

In conscience I abhor him.

For blithe and cheary we'll be a',

Blithe and cheary, blithe and cheary

Blithe and cheary, we'll be a',

And make a happy quorum.

For blithe and cheary we'll be a',

As lang as we hac breath to draw,

And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

What needs there be so great a phrase,

Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,

Lwad na gi' our ain Srathspey's,

For half a hundred score o'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They'e douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum ;

They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste.

Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress,  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,  
 And fullen sots themselves distress,

Wi' keeping up decorum :

Sall we sae sour and sulky fit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Sall we sae sour and sulky fit,

Like auld philosophorums ;

Sall we sae sour and sulky fit,  
 Wi' neither sense nor mirth nor wit,  
 And never try to shake a fit,

To the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings ay attend,  
 Each honest hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's good watch o'er him .

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o'em.

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,

And may he never want a groat,

That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the sour and frumpish fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And discontent devour him.



May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say waes me for him.  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Wi' a the ills that come frae France,  
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance,  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

## S O N G LXXVI. \*

*La Pele se moque du Fourgon : or, The Pot calls the  
 Kettle black a—se : A new Song, and a true Song ;  
 to the Tune “ Which Nobody can deny.”*

**B**Y gar, you proud Englife, tak care vat you do,  
 Cease, cessez your joke on the mince parles vous ;  
 Vor dat I could speak a' have bid you adieu.

*La Pele se moque du Fourgon.*

Vör why you make mock of de people of France ?  
 Ven you do profess a' de French complaisance ;  
 De semblance, de manner, de drefs, and de dance.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Pray vat is become of dat mighty Jean Bull,  
 De terrible Englishmans, vid de tick scull ?  
 'Tis now *Monsieur Anglois* de maladif fool.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Tho' de rum and de wiskey, de claret, de sack,  
 Is good for de stomach, and good for de back,  
 You drink de Burgundy, Champaine, Frontinac.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Dat we have soup maigre, all Europe agree,  
 But de Englife soup maigre, by gar, is call Tea ;  
 Vich make pifs a-de breeches, and knock a de knee.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Vere.

Vere now is dat boast of your old English chear,  
De comical song, on your beef and strong beer?  
Begar 'tis exchange for the airs of Monsieur.

*La Pele se, &c.*

A while we permitted you call us de Dog,  
But France did soon prove de most notable rogue,  
He steal your roast Beef, and he give you de Frog.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Wid his own Contre servant, my Lord take de pet;  
And de poor Gentilhomme, dat no Frenchman can get,  
Call ugly John Footman "le joli Valet."

*La Pele se, &c.*

De people of France are de slave, as you say;  
Begar, den deir monarque dey fear and obey,  
Vich is more dan your subshects do in 'Merica.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Ah! dormez vous Anglois? vor why you not ron?  
Quit de fine chicken glove, and learn shoulder de gun,  
Or begar you are trash, by Monsieur Washington.

*La Pele se, &c.*

Adieu, and believe I adviser you right,  
Widout Monsieur Loin for de army to bite,  
We beat you, by gar, de next time dat we fight!

*Ah! La Pele se moque du Fourgon, Fourgon,*

*La Pele se moque du Fourgon.*

*The Gear and the Brag'rie o't.* SONG LXXVII.

**S**HAME light on this World's pelf!  
When I see how little o't I've got to myself;  
I'm wae when I look on my thread bare coat;  
Oh! shame fa' the Gear and the Brag'rie o't.

For Jenny was the las that mucked the byre,  
But now she's clad in her filken attire;

And

And Jenny was the lass that wore the plaid coat.  
*Oh! shame sa' the Gear and the Brag'rie o't.*

And Jocky was the lād that gaed at the plough,  
 But now he's gotten gowd and gear enough;  
 Yet I have seen the day when he was na' worth a groat.  
*Oh! shame sa' the Gear and the Brag'rie o't.*

' Auld Hab Murray, that's now dead and gane,  
 ' Was aft right glad to cleave a marrow bane;  
 ' But Hab's fine Son has a right dainty throat.'  
*Oh! shame sa' the Gear and the Brag'rie o't.*

But all this shall never dauntin me,  
 So lang's I keep my fancy free;  
 As lang as I've a penny to pay for my Pot,  
*May the De'el tak the Gear and the Brag'rie o't.*

*Phelim's resolution.* LXXVIII.

**S**AYS Phelim, in Ireland no longer I'll stay,  
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,  
 I will go to England and pass for a Lord,  
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword,  
*Sing Ballinamone ora, an English lady for me.*

A I travel along how the people will stare,  
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,  
 I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,  
 But lest I be weary, I'll go in ten days.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,  
 I'll lodge at St. James's or else at Bear-key,  
 I'll fence at assemblies, play at cards at a ball,  
 And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.

Each day I will walk all around cross the park,  
 Each moon-shiny night, about noon when 'tis dark,  
 With my coat laced over the beaux to alarm,  
 And my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.

Each



Each night at the play in the box I will shine,  
And tell some rich widow she is more divine  
Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the goddess of May,  
And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

I'll drink her good health when I dine every morn,  
And give her a fine silver cup made of horn,  
I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,  
And send her two letters by post at one time.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,  
When she combs her hands and washes her head,  
With my eyes very modest I'll stare in her face,  
And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,  
Next morning betimes at noon about four,  
To church I will carry my beautiful bride,  
On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

And when we are married the drums they shall ring,  
The bells they shall beat and the fiddler shall sing,  
To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straitway,  
In the winter when they are a making of hay.

My Aunt Mac-Máhon I'll invite to the feast,  
Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be drest,  
Arrack punch made of whisky in bumpers shall flow,  
And all my relations shall come to the show.

*Tom and his Master.*      S O N G    LXXIX. \*

*In imitation of William and Margaret.*

**T**WAS on a Monday afternoon,  
When all were hard at work,  
Into the shop Tom's master came,  
As fierce as any Turk.

His

His face was like the cherry red,  
 When from the tree new ta'en;  
 And dreadful was his uprais'd hand,  
 That shook the threatening cane.

So shall the palest face appear,  
 When passion fills the veins,  
 And such the look of ev'ry one,  
 Who gives to rage the reigns.

Young Tom had been a handsome youth,  
 When in his harmless days,  
 And for his matchless honesty,  
 Got ev'ry neighbour's praise.

But nightly rambling had in time,  
 His blissful state annoy'd;  
 And raking to a sad excess,  
 Had all his health destroy'd.

Come strip, the furious master cry'd,  
 Receive thy due reward;  
 Those back and sides shall now repay,  
 The work thy hands hath marr'd.

'Tis now the time, with such as thou,  
 That reason holds her seat,  
 For now the Saturday's debauch,  
 Is laid at Sunday's feet.

Bethink thee, villain, of the loss,  
 My trade sustains by thee;  
 I must and will have rich amends,  
 E're thou and I agree.

How couldst thou say thy work was good,  
 And yet all good forsake?  
 How couldst thou by indenture vow,  
 And yet thy promise break?

How

How could'st thou make a vow so fair,  
Which thou ne'er meant to keep?

Nay dry thy face, and mind thy work;  
'Twill do no good to weep.

How could'st thou say vile hypocrite!  
Thou lov'd'st not drinking ale?  
And why did I, in evil hour,  
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

Thy face hath lost its wonted glow,  
In drunken beastly red;  
Sunk are those eyes, with sad excess,  
And all thy virtue fled.

The wicked thy companions are,  
Who God nor Devil fear,  
Indulging riot ev'ry night,  
Until the morn appear.

But hark! the Catchpoles warn me hence,  
For safety I must flee,  
Bethink thee wretch, how I'm reduc'd,  
And all by such as thee.

So saying, he the cane apply'd,  
To Thomas' sides and back;  
Pale Thomas shook, while ev'ry limb,  
Was heaten blue and black.

The master hy'd him to his room,  
He durst no longer stay;  
There lock'd himself secure and safe,  
Till Duns were gone away.

Tom silently reflected on't,  
And sighing, wept full sore;  
Then wip'd his face, turn'd to his work,  
And idled never more.

The



*The Mouſe's Neſt.* S O N G LXXX.

**F**INE ladies have ſtrange paſſions,  
 For dreſs, and for new faſhions;  
 To pleaſe their inclinations,  
 They ſtudy night and day:  
 But one above the reſt fir,  
 (Ill tell you all the jeſt fir)  
 Has bred a mouſe's neſt fir!  
 'Tis true, as I heard ſay.

This Lady's hair had fell off,  
 By ſome miſhap they tell of;  
 She thought herſelf not well off,  
 For Maſter Puff ſent ſhe:  
 Pray quickly make a head dreſs,  
 It muſt not be a bit leſs,  
 Than wears the famous Counteſs,  
 Or any Quality.

The Tonſor ſet about it,  
 (She could not do without it)  
 And all his ſhop he routed,  
 To find ſufficient ſtuff;  
 An old wig in a cheſt fir,  
 Which held a mouſe's neſt fir,  
 He cramm'd in with the reſt fir,  
 And out ſets Maſter Puff.

He carried ſtraight the treaſure:  
 She ey'd it o'er with pleaſure,  
 And prais'd it beyond meaſure,  
 Then fix'd it on her ſkull;  
 It ſat ſo cloſe and clever,  
 She look'd more ſweet than ever,  
 And ſaid that lady never  
 Had ſuch a head of wool.

It ſurely muſt cauſe laughter,  
 And mirth at the diſaſter,

To hear that some time after,  
 The mouse was brought to bed ;  
 The young ones up and down fir,  
 Bit, scratch'd, and claw'd her crown fir,  
 Which made her rave and frown fir,  
 And tear her woolly head.

The more she scratch'd and tore fir,  
 The mice they bit the more fir,  
 This made her stamp and rear fir,  
 And off she threw her wig :  
 Six mice, which did so maul her,  
 She found within the caul fir,  
 And while they squeak'd, she squall'd fir,  
 Which was the Barber's rig.

“ Old wigs, horse hair, and clouts fir,  
 “ In heaps were all pull'd out fir,  
 “ And strew'd the floor about fir,  
 “ With half a Barber's shop ;  
 “ Now were such trash forborn fir,  
 “ And heads well stuff'd with corn fir,  
 “ Each year they might be shorn fir,  
 “ And yield a plenteous crop.”

“ 'Tis surely great vexation,  
 “ To see the brute creation,  
 “ Possess so high a station,  
 “ Amongst the rich and great :  
 “ But since 'tis women's nature,  
 “ To nourish thus, live creatures,  
 “ Ostrich, or Alligator,  
 “ May rule o'er church and state.

*The Saturday Night's Revel.* SONG LXXXI.

'T WAS last *Saturday* night,  
 I chanc'd to invite

Some

Some friends of mine, good lack such a sight  
 Of maidens so bright,  
 To make merry when master had put out the light :  
 As I told you before,  
 There was *Joan* and three or four more,  
 Knocked fast at the door,  
 While loud I did snore,  
 And bid me get up for a son of a whore.  
 Now *Ciccle* got wot,  
 So drunken was got,  
 Like a pot-belly'd wench that we miss'd not,  
 At the punch basin.

Then we went all to the back-side the hall,  
 Every one, fir,  
 Then we did dance,  
 And prance,  
 And egad, we'd all manner of fun, fir,  
 There we'd *March* beer enough, with cakes and such stuff,  
 Made our bellies to puff, whilst *Roger* the gruff ;  
 Because *Nell* wou'd not baffle, was in a sad huff.  
 Of thimble beguil'd, she sipper'd and siml'd,  
 And tho' she seem'd toil'd,  
 And her jacket was soil'd ;  
 Yet she took it, dear me, so wond'rous mild.

Then each lad took his las round the waist,  
 And did leap her,  
 We all set ourselves down on the ground,  
 And we hunted the slipper,  
 Whilst *Jerry*, the groom,  
 The wag of the room,  
 Put the light out :  
 The wenches did scream,  
 Which wak'd from his dream,  
 My master before it was quite out.

With a hey-day, what the plague's here?  
 You rogue with your geer,



And your kitchen trade here,  
 Devouring my meat, and guzzling my beer :  
 Then in came the curate, with stomach obdurate,  
 Here's victuals I'm sure on't,  
 I'd been here much sooner had I been aware on't :  
 Lord how he did peck,  
 The de'il break his his neck,  
 For a mongrel ;  
 Then he tip'd me the beek,  
 For a bottle of sack,  
 Burst his tumbrel.  
 He my mistress did wake,  
 Some pleasure to take,  
 For master's sweet sake ;  
 She pat on his cheek and call'd him a rake.

My master did laugh,  
 To see him eat and quaff, like a glutton,  
 For he eat up five fowls, ten tarts,  
 And a whole shoulder of mutton.  
 My master was pleas'd, good humour increas'd,  
 I laugh'd till I sneez'd, ev'ry one got as drunk as a beast.  
 We all went to bed, there's no more to be said,  
 Of what follow'd,  
 But I ne'er shall forget how we guttled and eat,  
 Whoop'd and hollow'd.  
 We broke all about,  
 Both within and without ;—  
 Scarce a bowl whole :  
 Whilst above all the rest,  
 Was the priest, a good jest,  
 Caught kissing the cook,  
 In the coal-hole.

---

*What a charming Thing's a Battle!* SONG LXXXII:

**W**HAT a charming thing's a battle,  
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;  
 Crack,

Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,  
 Every heart with joy elating.  
 With what pleasure are we 'spying,  
 From the front and from the rear,  
 Round us in the smoaky air,  
 Heads and limbs and bullets flying!  
 Then the groans of soldiers dying;  
 Just like sparrows as it were,  
 At each pop  
 Hundreds drop,  
 While the muskets prittle prattle :—  
 Kill'd and wounded  
 Lie confounded :  
 What a charming thing's a battle !  
 But the pleasant joke of all,  
 Is when to close attack we fall;  
 Like mad bulls each other butting,  
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;—  
 Horse and foot  
 All go to't  
 Kill's the word both men and cattle :—  
 Then to plunder,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 What a charming thing's a battle !—

---

*The Turnimspike: S O N G LXXXIII.*

**H** E R fell pe highland sientleman,  
 Pe auld as pothwell prig man,  
 And many alteration seen,  
 Among te lawland whig man.  
 First when her to the lawlands came,  
 Nain fell was triving cows man,  
 Tere was nae laws apout him's narle,  
 Apout te preeks or trews man.  
 Nain fell did wear te philipeg,  
 The plaid prikt on her shoulder;

The gude claymore hung by her pelt;  
The pistol charg'd wi' powder.

Every thing in te highlands now,  
Pe turn't to alteration;  
Te sodger twal at our door cheek,  
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,  
And laws pring on de cadger;  
Nain sell wad durk him for hur deed,  
But och! she fears te sodger.

Another law came after tat;  
Me never saw te like man,  
They make a lang road on te crund,  
And ca' him Turnimspike man,

And vow she pe a ponny road,  
Like Louden corn rigs man;  
Twa carts may gang on top o' her,  
And no preak other's legs man.

They charge a penny ilka hors,  
In trot they'll be nae sheaper,  
For nought put gang upon te crund,  
And tan she gets a paper.

They tak' te horstan pe te head,  
And there dey make her stand, man;  
I tell them, tat I seen the day,  
They had na sic command man.

Nae doubts main sell mun traw his purs,  
And gie them what him's like man;  
I'll see a shudgement on his head,  
Tat filthy Turnimspike! man.

But I'll awa' to Highland hills,  
Where ne'er a ane fall turn her;  
And na come near your Turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to burn her.



*The Charmer.* SONG LXXXIV.

**L**ET him, fond of fibbing, invoke whom he chuses,  
 Fine golden lock'd Phœbus, or misses the muses;  
 Or some name in the classical kingdom of letters,  
 Poets often are apt to make free with their betters.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

But I scorn to say aught, save the the thing that is true,  
 No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;  
 She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,  
 She has charms—for the tooth-ach, and eke for the ague.

Her lips, she has two, and her teeth they are white,  
 And what she puts into her mouth she can bite;  
 Black and all black her eyes are, and sprightly they spark;  
 Yet they're shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her waist is so—*so*—I'll not waste words about it,  
 Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;  
 Her breasts are so pair'd, two such breasts when you see,  
 You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,  
 'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing;  
 The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,  
 Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what she have carry'd,  
 And equally pair'd as if happily marry'd;  
 Yet wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,  
 By her spouse thus they're serv'd, when he throws them  
 aside.

Not too short, nor too tall, but I'll venture to say,  
 She's a very good size in the middling way;  
 She's, ay, that she is, she is all—but I'm wrong,  
 Her all I can't say, 'cause I've sung all my song.

*The Blacksmith.* S O N G LXXXV.

**O**F all the trades that ever I see,  
 There's none to a *Blacksmith* compared may be ;  
 With so many several tools works he,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

The first that ever a Thunderbolt made,  
 Was a *Cyclops*, of the *Blacksmith's* trade,  
 As in a learned Author is said.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

The fairest goddess that's in the skies,  
 To marry with *Vulcan* did advise ;  
 And he was a *Blacksmith* grave and wife.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

The common Proverb, as it is read,  
 Without the *Blacksmith* cannot be said ;—  
 That a man must hit the right nail on the head.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Another one must not be forgot.  
 Which falls unto the *Blacksmith's* Lot,  
 That you must strike while the *Iron's* hot,  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Though Lawyers do travel both near and far,  
 And by long pleading a cause may mar,  
 Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the Bar.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Tho' your scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,  
 By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill,  
 Yet your *Blacksmith* may forge what he will.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Tho' your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,  
 And laugh at their Creditors and their Catchpoles,  
 Yet your *Blacksmith* can fetch them over the Coals.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

There's

There's never a slut, if filth o'er smutch her,  
But owes to the *Blacksmith* for her lecher,  
Cause without a pair of tongs, no man e'er would touch;  
*Which nobody, &c.*

If any poor Taylor have got the itch,  
The *Blacksmith's* water as black as pitch,  
Will make his hands go clean through fitch.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Your roaring blade, who ev'ry one quells;  
Fights, domineers, swaggers, and blusters, and raills,  
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his nails.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

Now to know the *Blacksmith* if you desire,  
You must not scorn, but rank him higher,  
For what he gets, is got out of the fire.  
*Which nobody, &c.*

To end my song, whoe'er is in doubt,  
And cannot well bring these matters about,  
The *Blacksmith* can readily hammer it out.  
*Which nobody can deny.*

## A METHODIST SERMON.

**B**RETHREN! Brethren! Brethern! The word brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all breathe there—in.—If you want rousing I'll rouse you: I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the Devil about like a whirl-a-gig.—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall: even so, from the top of my voice, will I bawl, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your souls, and make carraway comfits of your consciences.—Do you know how many taylors makes a man?—Why nine—Nine taylors make a man.—And how many make



make half a man?—Why four journeymen and a 'prentice.——Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to misfortune the fashion-maker; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves——My great bowels, and my sma—ll guts groan for you.—I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—Give me a dram--Give me a dram--Do give a me dram —A dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you, what reformation, and what abomination mean; Which the worldly wicked have mixed together, like potatoes and butter-milk, and therewith made a sinful stir-about.——Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and Abomination— is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub——Have you carried your consciences to the scowerer's? Have you bought any Fuller's earth at my shop to take the stains out?—You say, yes: you have! you have! you have!——But I say no: you lye! you lye! you lye! ——I am no velvet mouth preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves?—You are full of filth; you must be boil'd down in our Tabernacle, to make portable soup for the saints to sup a ladle-full of; and the scum, and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over; and that is called the kitchen stuff of your consciences, that serves to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the Devil's ditch; and the Devil's gap.—The Devil's ditch that's among the jockeys at New-market; and the Devil's gap, that's among the other jockeys, the Lawyers, at Lincoln's-inn-field's.——And then there is the Devil among the Taylors, and the devil among the Players! the players, they play the Devil to play.——The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation.——Tragedy is the blank verse of Beelzebub;—Comedy is his hasty-pudding; and Pantomime is the Devil's country dance —And yet, you pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes, but you won't pay me; no, no, till Beelzebub's bum-bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I'll pay your garnish; but I won't, No; you shall lay on the common side of the world, like a toad

in a hole, that is baked for the devil's dinner.—Do  
put some money in the plate—Put some money in the  
plate—and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away,  
even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back; and  
you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the  
barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of  
the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,  
Or I, your preacher cannot eat:  
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye,  
How much this preaching scow'rs the belly:  
How pinching to the human tripe  
Is pity's belly-ach and gripe:  
But that Religion (lovely maid)  
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

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S O N G LXXXVII. \*

*Sung at a Procession of WEAVERS and FLAX-DRESSERS,  
on the KING's Birth-day, June 4th, 1777.*

**Y**E sons of the Shuttle, for once give me leave,  
And a song apropos I shall here interweave;  
But surely no mortal has reason to carp,  
Where friendship's the woof, and where loyalty's warp.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

What man but is chearful! what heart but's in tune!  
While cannons proclaim 'tis the fourth day of June;  
A day, that in future our poets shall sing,  
Gave honour to Trade, and gave birth to a King.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Our trade, our industry, what man dare impeach?  
Or where's the wise head that our duty can teach?  
Since the days of queen Kate, we've made ev'ry heart  
glad;  
And ne'er a day's pass'd, but the naked we've clad.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Since life's thorny paths are as crook'd as our *shuttle*,  
 With all due discretion we manage the bottle :  
 And tho' many crosses some people might vex,  
 We're taught to give thanks for our numberless *Checks*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

The Niggard, who worships at Plutus's shrine,  
 Thinks all men are beggars, when stript of their coin ;  
 But to such narrow souls, by the way, let me note,  
 A man's never poor *till he's stript of his Coat*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Of equal import to the fame of our isle,  
 Is the soldier's keen fight, and mechanic's hard toil ;  
 The practice of *slaying* is common to both,  
 But the one destroys Frenchmen; the other kills sloth.  
*Derry down, &c.*

The foes of old England endeavour in vain,  
 To injure commerce, 'tother side of the main ;  
 For Britain yields *Flax*, and our ladies and beaux,  
 Can humble themselves—just to humble their foes.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Long flourish our arms, and long flourish our *Arts* ;  
 May we still have hands, while our soldiers have hearts ;  
 May GEORGE long maintain, by the sword and the loom,  
 His courage abroad and his grandeur at home.  
*Derry down, &c.*

*Stick a Pin there.* S. O. N. G. LXXXVIII.

**W**HEN tutor'd by Mother, she oftentimes said,  
 There's money bid for thee girl, hold up thy  
 head :  
 She laid out my work with a housewifely care,  
 And making a mark, bid me *Stick a Pin there*.  
*Stick a Pin there, &c.*

The humour so pleas'd me, however absurd,  
 That in spite of my teeth, it became a cant word.  
 And



And once when the Parson had ended his pray'r,  
I could not help calling out *stick a Pin there.*

*Stick a Pin there, &c.*

He came to my mother and loudly complain'd ;  
His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign ;  
And before he could clap his fat bum in a chair,  
I slyly sloop'd down, and did *stick a Pin there.*

*Stick a Pin there, &c.*

I met my dear Jack in a field of new hay,  
He kiss'd me, and teaz'd me with amorous play ;  
A green gown to give me, he swore it was fair,—  
Hold firrah ! said I, would you *stick a Pin there.*

*Stick a Pin there, &c.*

He often attempted to rifle my charms,  
As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms ;  
But sooner or later, he'll baffle my care ;  
For Jack is the lad that shall *stick a Pin there.*

*Stick a Pin there, &c.*

### S O N G LXXXIX.

*The disappointed Travellers of Frome, or the three Pro-  
fessions in Tribulation.*

**A** Lawyer, Physician, and rev'rend Divine,  
Were invited abroad in the country to dine ;  
The weather was pleasant, the season was May,  
All nature around them look'd smiling and gay.

*Derry down, &c.*

O'er-joy'd with the jaunt,—they said to themselves,  
Let Coke, Shaw, and Sherlock, now sleep on the shelves ;  
Farewell to Concordance, dull statutes, and Mead ;  
While we feast abroad, let the pale student read,

*Derry down, &c.*

Thus forward they trudg'd it, amus'd with chit chat,  
The rebels, Don Carlos,—the Dutch, and all that ;

M

Much

Much pleas'd with the prospect this time of the year,  
But more, with the thoughts of approaching good cheer.

*Derry down, &c.*

As their walk now grew less, their hunger wax'd more,  
They think of full dishes, and bowls running o'er;  
Anticipate all the delights of the feast,  
And smell fancy'd fumes, half a furlong at least.

*Derry down, &c.*

Imagine they see a large table well spread,  
Here smok'd the fat beef, — and there lay a calf's head;  
The gammon and fowls, rang'd in order close by, —  
A lease hold; would wind up the whole with a pie.

*Derry down, &c.*

But men of a round corporation will tell ye,  
Chimerical banquets will not fill the belly;  
That love is platonic, some sages declare,  
But diet platonic — what mortal can bear!

*Derry down, &c.*

Now the house, their wish'd haven appear'd to the view,  
One adjust'd his wig, and another his shoe;  
But the Parson, much wont to contemplate on high,  
Looking up; could no smoke in the chimney descry,

*Derry down, &c.*

The complaisant Lawyer first knock'd at the door,  
Is your master at home pray? — and look'd so demure  
Lord! Sir why my master a journey is gone,  
And win't be whoam, — nay — I can't tell ye when.

*Derry down, &c.*

Enceas of old, look'd not more like a ghost,  
When searching old Hium, Creusa was lost;  
Nor half famish'd Trojans were so much agast,  
When the harpies devour'd their rural repast.

*Derry down, &c.*

The Parson declar'd with a sorrowful face,  
To fly from engagements shew'd great want of grace:

For

For first—revelation and reason allow,  
That a promise obliges, as much as a vow.

*Derry down, &c.*

It appears next from *Abakkuk*, chapter the first,  
That denounces a breach of performance accurst;  
And thirdly—the fathers, from old martyr Justin,  
Condemn breach of trust, down to Jerome and Austin.

*Derry down, &c.*

And fourthly—hold, cries Habeas Corpus, we did not  
come hither

To join both in fasting and preaching together:—  
When lawyers are hungry 'tis a merciless sign;  
Poor criminals hang, for fat Judges to dine.

*Derry down, &c.*

He could prove from the statutes, and Wingate and  
Skinner,  
That eloping from home, and demurring a dinner,  
By defrauding the subject, of natural food,  
Was actual man-slaughter still understood:

*Derry down, &c.*

And by Magna Charta's authentic commanding,  
This was robbery plain, any wise,—notwithstanding,  
But the Doctor declar'd it was no time for frolic;  
And that fasting did oftentimes occasion the cholic.

*Derry down, &c.*

Then he quoted Hippocrates, Galen and Wynne,  
That when food is all out, the wind will rush in,  
Tho' Descartes would never a vacuum allow,  
He thought his inside could demonstrate it now.

*Derry down, &c.*

He shew'd that when passions are rais'd like a tide,  
Disappointed at once, they too soon would subside;  
As the string of a fiddle, or screw of a jack,  
When wound up too high, of a sudden will crack.

*Derry down, &c.*



Thus having bewail'd their misfortunes, alone,  
 (Dire hunger will sharpen men's wits like a hone)  
 They deem'd it most requisite, not to relate,  
 To their neighbours at home, their tandalis'd fate.

*Derry down, &c.*

For should it be known, 'twould encrease their chagrin,  
 To be jeer'd at like Burton, and Bastwick, and Prynne;  
 And by consequence, very much add to their load,  
 To be flouted at home, and be famish'd abroad.

*Derry down, &c.*

But by Gown and Cassock, Diploma and Seal,  
 They vow'd full revenge for the loss of their meal.  
 Thus vex'd at their fortune, and bilk'd of their feast,  
 Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawyer, Doctor and  
 Priest.

*Derry down, &c.*

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*Gillicrankie.* SONG XC.

**C**LAVERS and his Highlandmen  
 Came down upo' the raw, man,  
 Who being stout gae many a clout;  
 The lads began to claw then:  
 With sword and targe into their hand,  
 Wi' which they were na' flaw, man,  
 With mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,  
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush and bank, o'er ditch, and flank,  
 She flang amang them a' man:  
 The butter-box gat many knocks,  
 Their riggings paid for a' then:  
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,  
 Which to their grief they saw, man,  
 With clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa' then.

*Hur*

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,  
 And slang amang them a' man ;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa' then :  
 The durk sae dour, made their last hour,  
 And prov'd their final fa' man :  
 They thought the devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solmn league and covenant  
 Came whiggung up the hills, man,  
 'Thought highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bills, then ;  
 In Willie's name, they thought nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a' man,  
 But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cried *furich*-whigs awa' then.

Sir Evan Du, with his men true,  
 Came linkan up the brink, man ;  
 The hogan Dutch, they feared such.  
 They bred a horrid stink then :  
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,  
 Came in amang them a' man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,  
 All fled and ran awa' then.

*Ohon-a-ri ! ohon-a-ri !*  
 Why should she lose king Shames, man,  
*Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,*  
 She shall break a' her banes then :  
 With *furichiniss*, an' stay a while,  
 And speak a word or twa' man ;  
 She's gie a straik, out o'er the neck,  
 Before ye win awa' then.

Oh fy for shame, ye're three for ane ;  
 Her nain sell's won the day, man !  
 King Shames' red coats shall be hung up,  
 Because they ran awa' then :

Had bent their brows, like highland trews,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd fav'd their King, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie'd ran awa, then.

*Jockey and Maggy's Wedding, or the wonderful Works of  
 our John.*

**H**AD' a wee sirs, an I'll tell ye the whole history o' Jockey and Maggie's wedding, wat weel I was there, and remember't as weel as 'twas but yestreen.— The wooing being o'er and the day being set, Jockey's mither kill'd the black bull horn'd yeal ewe, that lost her lamb the last year; three hens and a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples; five pecks o' maut masket in the meikle kirn; a pint of trykel to mak it thicker and sweeter for the mouth; an' five pints o' whisky, wherina was garlick and spice for raising o' the wind, an' clearing o' their water. The friends an' good neighbours went a wi' John, to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, and was married by the minister; the two companies join'd together an' came hame in a croud; every change house they came by, providence stopt their proceedings, with full stoups, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy; Jockey seeing so many wishing weel to his health, coupt up what he gat for to augement it an' gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt up him, and proved detrimental to the same. So hame they came to the dinner, where his mother presented to them, a piping hot haggies, made of the crish of the black bull horn'd ewe, boild in the meikle bag, mixt with beern meal and onions, spice and mint; this haggies being supt warm, the foaming swats, and spice in the liquor, set John's belly a hissing like a working fat, and he playing a het fit to the fidler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca', that he lost a' but the girt bits, he sythed na' through his teeth; his



his mither cried to spence him, an' bed him wi' the bride; his breeks being fill'd, they washed both his hips, and laid him in his bed, pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were both his e'en; ah, crys his mither, a dismal day indeed, his brithel and his burial may both be on ae day: Some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi' a needle, till he began to rouse himself up and rap out broken words.

Mither! mither! whar am I now? Whar are ye now my bairn, says his mither, ye're, beddet, an' I'll bring the bride to ye. Beddet! an' is my bridal done ells? Ay said she, here's the bride to ly down wi' ye. Na, na, said he, I'll no ly wi' that unco woman indeed, if it binna heads an' thraws, the way I lay with my mither: O sic dinna afront ye'resel—The bride faus a crying; O mither! mither! was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man of manners an' better mettle, poorthing Meg, thou's cau'd thy hogs to a bonny market!

A bonny market! says his mither, a shame fa' you and her baith; he's worthy of her tho' she were better nor she is, or ever will be. His friends and her friends being in a mixt multitude, some took his part, and some took her's; there a battle began in a clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult which ended in blood; they struck so hard that pots, stoups, and trunchers were flying like bombs and granads: The bowls and tangs, were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed wi' a great mu' of peats, so this disturbet their treading. The hamsheughs were very great, uncle Rabby came in to rade them, and a sturdy auld fellow he was,---stood stievely wi' a staff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them sindry, flinging ane east and anither west, until they stood a' round about like as many breathless, forsaughten cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him: Jocky's mither was driven o'er a kist, and brogget a' her hse on a round heckle; up she gets and rias to tell Maggy's mither wi' the laddle, swearing she was the mither o' a' the mischief that happened; uncle Rabby ran in between them; he having a great lang nose like a trumpet,

trumpet, the racklessy came o'er his labster neb, a drive wi' the laddle, until the blood sprang out, an' ran down his auld gray beard, an' hang like smuffy bubbles at it; O! then he gead wude and looked as waefu' like as he had been a tod lowrie com d frae worrying lambs wi' his bloody mou.' Sae he gets an auld flail, and rives awa' the supple, then drives them a' to the door; I trow nane wan out then wi' chirten and chappen; down came the clay hallen and the hen bauk, with *Rab Reid* the fiddler, who crap up beside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride, when she got on her coat, clapped *Rabby's* shoulder and bade him spare their lives, there is blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she, an' that my beard can witness, quoth he; so they all came in obedience to uncle *Rabby*, for his supple made their pows baith fast and fair that night; but daft *Maggy Simson*, far by the fire and picked banes a' the time o' the battle; indeed quoth she, I think ye're a' fools but mysel, for I came here to get a gude supper, and ither fouk hae gotten their skin well paid.

By this time, up got *John* the bridegroom, that was *Jockey* before he was married, but could nae get his breeks up, yet wi' a horse nail he tacked his fark-tail between his legs, that nane might see what every body shou'd hide, and ramingly he cries, settle ye or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and fasten your heads wi' my auld supple.

Poor *Rab Reid* the fiddler took a sudden blast: Some said he was maw turn'd wi' the fa, for he bocked up the barley, an' then gard the ale gae like a rainbow frae him, as brown as wort-brose.

The hurley burley being ended, an' naething but fair words an' shakeing o' hands, which was a sure sign of an agreement, they began to cou' their cutted hags and wash their sairs, a' but *Jockey's* mither, who cries out, a black end on ye and ye're wedding baith, for I have gotten a hundred holes dung in my arse, wi' the round heckle teeth: *Jockey* answers, a' een had ye wi' them then mither, ye'll een be the better laird. Up gets  
uncle

uncle *Rabby*, and auld *Sandy* the *Souter* of *Seggy-hole*, to put every thing in right good order; they prappet up the bed wi' a rake and a rippling kame; the bearers being broken, they made a solid bottom o' peats, laid on the cafe-bed and bowfters, were *Jockey* and *Maggie* was beddet the second time. 'An' while the twalome did 'their ain wulls at the auld sport, *Sandy* the *Souter* of ' *Seggy-hole*, to hie aw' disturbances, gat into the muckle ' chair, gae a prod at the ingle, an' efter garring them ' aw' shake hands o'er again, teuk twa' three hawks to ' clear his voice, an' sang them a right gude Scots sang ' o' his ain makin, whilk fairly sided the house for that ' night; an' if ye'll gie me leave I'll try't mysell.'

## THE SANG. \*

Wully Wulson, John Johnston, twa' gowks I trow!  
Sail'd out frae Kircaldy i' the cut lugg'd fow,

Their luggage was cabbage and neeps, man.

It was on ae' moon-light night ye maun ken,  
The taen stood but, and the tither stood ben,

Their boot's ain shadow they seed, man.

Quo' Wully Wulson 'at stood ae the head,  
What ship goes there, what lade, where speed?

An' wha's yer Master and Mate, man?

Quo' Johny Johnston 'at stood at the the tail,  
The cut lugg'd fow;—frae Kircaldy we sail,

—Wi' a lading of cabbage and neeps, man.

Wully Wulson's the Captain, John Johnston the Mate,  
An' now yer answer'd fir, gang your gate;—

But tell us first wha are ye man?

Faith an troth we're just the same,

Master, an Mate, an luggage, and name,

An frae Kircaldy tee, man.

'Now the rest o' the sang I hae forgotten, but ye's  
' hae't foraw' that:—What, says John Johnston,—sic a  
thing



' thing I never ken'd!—Twa' Wully Wulsons, twa'  
 ' John Johnstons, twa' cabbages, twa' beeps, an twa'  
 ' cut lugged swine; aw' frae the town of Kirtcaldy with-  
 ' out kenning it here! Whow! but an yence day light  
 ' war' come, the deevil rive my fark but I'll ken wha's  
 ' wha, and whilk's whilk.'

*The Dublin Riot.* S O N G XCII.

**A** RRA dear brother Aimwin come shitt down by me  
 And tell us what news from great Dublin city—a  
 Did you hear of the news in Fraunsh Flanders or Spain  
 Or fither our armies will march there again—ah—Mail  
 lagrow!

Did you hear of de news in Franch, Flanders or Spain,  
 Or fither our armies will march dere again,

*Mail lagrow agar la shkem whack! ah*

Arrah dear brother Warrah to tell you fincate,  
 De dephill a man of our army's to spare—a,  
 For de damn Dublin bullies with blood in deir eyes,  
 Do keep all our foldiers in great exercise—ah Maillagrow.  
*For de damn'd Dublin bullies. &c.*

Be me shoul if you were where I wash toder night,  
 Dephil phire me 'twould whrighten you out of your  
 shite—a  
 Man I went to de castle upon de king's day,  
 And dere look'd about me but nothing did shay,—ah  
 Mail lagrow.

*Man I went to the Castle, &c.*

Dere wash sholdiers wid muskets in every plaush,  
 And men, wid whine cloaths flocking to see his grace—a  
 Me-shelf did stand dere, ay from morning till night,  
 And den dey like dephile begun fer to flight,—ah—  
 Mail lagrow.

*Me-shelf did stand dere &c.*

Dere

Dere was sholdiers wid broad swords and pikes on deir handsh,

And shervants wid battoons and lights dey call flams—a

I don't know phat 'dephil did make dem fall out,

But fait I am shure dey each other did clout—ah Mail lagrow.

*I don't know phat dephil, &c.*

Dere wash some said de sholdiers got drunk wid de wine,

And some dey call shervants dat went wery whine—a,

Did begun for to quarrel about coashes and chairs,

And den fell a trashing and tumbling by pairs—ah—

Mail lagrow.

*Did begun for to quarrel, &c.*

Shome was shent to Newgate and shome to de Provosts,

Of shervants dat struck dese dam-namuable blows—a

But he was a vicked dephil widout no remorse,

Dat sent one soldier home but one check to his—ah

Mail lagrow,

*But he wash a vicked dephil, &c.*

Oh but now my dear friendsh be devised by me.

You'll find it more better than de lawyersh to pheet—a.

Ash it wash de liquor dat wash de chief cause,

Go drink and be friendsh and lay by all your laws—ah

Mail lagrow.

*Ash it wash liquor dat wash de chief cause.*

*Go drink and be friendsh and lay by all your laws.*

*Agas maill lagrow, agas la skem whack! ah.*

Larry Grogan. S O N G. XCIII.

**Y**E rakes that are jolly and hate melancholy,

Who through the wide world are a jogging;

In the land of good ale did you never hear tell,

Of that frolicksome lad Larry Grogan.

We'll send for sweet Larry, be merry be merry;

Hah, there is his bagpipe a humming;

Zounds

Zounds boys join in chorus, hey! all the world for us,  
I knew the dear Joy was a coming.

Now peace with your singing, we'll make a round ring, and  
Young Larry shall play in the middle;

Now for it my ranter, one tune of your chanter,  
Shall beat the harp, hautboy or fiddle.

Your pipes Larry Grogan all other ones flogging,  
Tune up in a measure so frisky,

To hear Lanstrum pone what heart can be stony  
While'er we've a bumper of whisky.

Come Larry play over the march of the rovers,

The rakes and the drunkards and troopers;

Lads rather than quarrel we'll stave a whole barrel,

So damn it more work for the coopers.

Come drink about plumpers, lads fill up your bumpers,

And landlady bring us a twitcher;

But hearkee—no roguing,—you know Larry Grogan,

Can find out the hole in a pitcher.

Come drink about Larry, let's laugh and be merry,

This world it is nothing but sorrow;

To day let us caper and sweal out life's taper,—

It may be extinguish'd to morrow.

Yet if death do approach us, he never dare broach us;

The rascal had better be civil;

We'd call him a liar, put's dart in the fire,

And shove his dry bones to the Devil.

Amongst other crotchets we'll play up to Hatchet's,

And drink a whole hog'shead at Hammond's

From thence to Moll Wheelers we'll visit the females.

And tofs of a cag to Doll Cummins.

We'll touzle the tatters of each mother's daughter,—

What says my young worthy sweet Larry?

Come lads never fear us, we'll rant it like heroes,

But mind we are never to marry.

Now faith Larry Grogan, with never a brogue on,

I'll skipt to thy music with pleasure;

So



So down with the glasses, and haul in our lasses;  
 In dancing we'll stick to nomeasure.  
 Well broke Larry Grogan, 'tis time to be jogging,  
 We reel with a motion so weary;  
 For piping and dancing for singing and prancing,  
 Who e'er so a blade like young Larry.

*The Nurse's Song.* S O N G XCIV.

**H** EY! my kitten, my kitten,  
 Hey! my kitten, a deary;  
 Such a sweet pet as this  
 Is neither far nor neary:  
 Here we go up, up, up;  
 Here we go down, down, downy;  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;  
 See, see, sic a downy;  
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,  
 And hey for London towny.  
 This pig went to the market;  
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;  
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,  
 And hear thy own dol doufy.

Where was a jewel and petty?  
 Where was a sugar and spicy?  
 Hush a baba in a cradle,  
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.  
 Did-a papa torment it?  
 Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?  
 Hush a baba in a bosie;  
 Take ous own sucky: did-e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;  
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,

N

Now

Now the sweet posset comes up ;  
 Who said my child was pifs'd all ?  
 Come water my chickens, come clock.  
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;  
 Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him :  
 Who was it vexed my baby ?

Where was a laugh and a crawl ?  
 Where was, a gigling-honey ?  
 Goody, good child shall be fed ;  
 But naughty child shall get nony.  
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,  
 Here is a child that wont fear ye.  
 Come pissy, pissy, my jewel,  
 And ik, ik aw, my deary.

*A New Roast Beef, to the old Tune.* SONG. XCV.

**N**OW Old England's flag is commander in chief,  
 With Monsieur our Monarch turns o'er a new leaf,  
 Down, down with French Dishes, up, up with roast beef.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

In flat-bottoms, sily, those schemers were coasting,  
 They threaten'd invasion, but spite of their boasting,  
 No ribs of roast beef had they, but a rib roasting.

While good English beef, and good English brown-  
 beer,  
 Please our tastes, and each day on our tables appear,  
 What more can we hope for, or what can we fear.

The Spaniards once strove, by the strength of their  
 guns,  
 To make us keep lent, and to turn our girls nuns,  
 But we still roast our beef, for we basted the dons.

At Minorca indeed, tho' I speak it with grief,  
 Our garrison fainted for want of relief,  
 They grew out of hopes as they grew out of beef.

But.

But at Minden well fed, why we there fac'd about,  
Right and left, van and rear, foot and horse, put to rout;  
They wou'd be in our beef—but, avast, they were out.

To plunder our cupboards France sent the Brek fleet,  
We a belly-full gave them without any meat,  
They then sold their plates cause they'd nothing to eat.

We came, saw, and conquer'd the French lilies droop,  
Louisbourg, Montreal, Martinique, Guadaloupe,  
Their towns we tofs'd up, just as they swallow soup.

By the strength of our beef, we our bulwarks maintain,  
As liberty's first born, and lord of the main;  
And those deeds are witness'd by France and by Spain.

All Knights, by their titles, in heraldy shine,  
Nay, writers romantic have stil'd some divine,  
But what are their sirs to old England's *sur-loin*.

Let us honour this dish, 'tis in dignity chief,  
For garnish will give it the noblest relief:  
Here's LIBERTY,—LOYALTY,—ART,—and ROAST  
BEEF.

*O the roast beef, &c.*

### *Intelligence Extraordinary.*

**L**AST night died, at his apartments, in Old-Bond-street, after an illness of six-days, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, the Lap-dog of a lady of distinction. On Saturday last he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot-boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday, Dr. Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found e-



ven from this celebrated remedy ; on Tuesday he was exceedingly collicive, upon which some laxatives were administred, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully ; on Thursday he was considerably better; and seemed in a fair way of recovery ; but yesterday he relapsed, and expired as above mentioned; The foot-boy was carried before justice F——, who committed him till the coroner's inquest should determine whether the lad was guilty of murder or *manslaughter*.

*The Brutes.* S O N G XCVII. \*

C O M E cease all your pother about this or that;  
 All discord and envy let pass:  
 The Tatler who talks of he cannot tell what,  
 May justly be reckon'd an *Ass*, an *Ass*,  
 May justly be reckon'd an *Ass*.

The Beau who befrizzes and tortures his hair,  
 To heighten his delicate shape;  
 (While ever grimace is the end of his care)  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an *Ape*.

The cynical Churl who would fain be thought wise,  
 And doth constantly cavil and growl,  
 (Tho' this may be wisdom in some people's eyes)  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an *Owl*.

The Glutton who, greedy, for ever would stuff  
 On all the fine dishes in vogue,  
 Who never content, would have more than enough,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd a *Hog*.

The Clown who tho' clumsy, would active be thought,  
 Or wonderous clever appear,  
 As the fable can shew,---put him into a Boat,  
 And he'll prove nothing else but a *Bear*.

The Merchant who ventures o'er Afric' to roam,  
 In hazardous search after luck,—  
 Ne'er knows that his lady hath gallants at home,  
 Who dub the poor Cuckold a *Buck*.

The innocent Fool, who believes he's secure,  
 In the middle of danger to sleep,  
 Who dreads no deceit from the Foxes in pow'r,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd a *Sheep*.

The Gossip brim full of an ill natur'd tale,  
 Runs over with aukward abuse ;—  
 Whilst this cackling humour doth ever prevail,  
 She deserves to be reckon'd a *Goose*.

The Rogue who in plund'ring and filching repleat,  
 Th' unwarry draws into a gulf,  
 Who lives but to murder, to rob, and to cheat,  
 May justly be reckon'd a *Wolf*.

But he whom good sense and good nature inspire,  
 To do all the good that he can,  
 While Justice and Virtue are all his desire,  
 May justly be reckon'd a *Man*, a *Man*,  
 May justly be reckon'd a *Man*.

*Watty and Madge.* S O N G XCVIII.

'T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,  
 When all began to guant,  
 That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,  
 And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon ham  
 That lang in reek had hung,  
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand  
 That held his hazel rung.

So wad the softest face appear  
 Of the maist dressy spark,

And such the hands that lords wad hae,  
Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush  
Beneath his bonnet blew;  
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,  
His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,  
Gate rumbling thro' his kyte,  
And nothing now but solid gear  
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,  
To his lov'd Madge he ran,  
Sunk down into the chimney-nook  
With visage four and wan,

Get up, he cries, my crisby love,  
Support my sinking faul  
With something that is fit to chew,  
Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,  
When the best cures for grief  
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,  
And a good-junt of beef.

O Watty, Watty, Madge replies,  
I but o'er justly trow'd  
Your love was thowless, and that ye  
For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, Watty on that night,  
When all were fast asleep,  
How ye kifs d me frae cheek to cheek,  
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,  
And comfort of your sight?  
How cou'd you roose my dimpled hands  
Now all my dimples slight?

Why



Why did you promise me a snood,  
To bind my locks sae brown ?  
Why did you me fine garters heght,  
Yet let my hose fa' down ?

O faithless Watty, think how aft  
I ment your fark and hose !  
For you how many bannocks stown,  
How many cogues of brose !

But hark !—the kail-bell rings, and I  
Maun gae link aff the pot ;  
Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,  
To steugh you guts, ye sot.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,  
Fat Madge return'd again;  
Blyth Watty raife and rax'd himsell,  
And sidg'd he was sae fain.

He hy'd him to the savory bench,  
Where a warm haggies stood,  
And gart his gooly through the bag  
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,  
Of this delicious fare ;  
Synce claw'd it aff most cleverly,  
Till he could eat nae mair.

*The Bleezing Fires are Bonny.* SONG XCIX. \*

**O**UR Thomas is a blacksmith douse,  
His temper ne'er was muddy ;  
He has a breath like spanish juice,—  
A feace as hard's his study :  
He's able shoulder'd, middle fize,  
And louches in his walking ;  
Like fizzing sparks are his twea eyes,  
Whene'er to me he's talking.

Last neet I sat on his shop hearth,  
 Whore yarking fires were glowing,  
 While he, top full of luive and mirth,  
 Stude by,—the bellows blowing:  
 He laugh'd, and talk'd, and swore by jing,  
 He lik d me best of onny;  
 Which makes me oft' delight to sing,  
*The bleezing fires are bonny.*

Let lasses of a prouder kind,  
 Refuse their sweetheart's kisses,  
 But o' my song, I have no mind  
 To be like haughty misses:  
 Then marry let him kiss and hug;  
 Right welcome is my Tommy,  
 To grime my face frae lug to lug,  
*Whore bleezing fires are bonny.*

*The Wants of the Tea.* S O N G C. \*

'T WAS morning; so brightly the fire was glowing,  
 And sweet sung the kettle, right sweetly to me;  
 On a rush bottom'd chair, with the bellows a blowing,  
 Unhappy I sat when I thought on my tea:  
 Pour forth charming tea, pour on, thou sweet river,  
 Thy clear yellow streams shall be dear to me ever;  
 For there once I smelt the delicious flavour  
 Of Lisbon, the pride and the sweet'ner of tea.

But now I'm depriv'd of this heart easing treasure;  
 Oh! were each proud rebel hung up on a tree!  
 For should they prevail, I'd no more have the pleasure  
 Of dear happy sugar, to sweeten my tea:  
 'Tis lost to poor I, now its three-pence a quarter,  
 The dearest and sweetest that Merchants can barter,  
 And left me, to—hang myself up in my garter,  
 The hungriest maiden that sips at her tea.

But time and brave Howe may perhaps make it cheaper,  
 Blest peace may restore us the life of Bohea;

When

When it can be had, I'll no more be a weeper,  
 But freely indulge in the comforts of tea :  
 My tea then shall flow, all its china displaying,  
 And from the white spout shall the streamlets be straying,  
 Whilst I with my tea-spoon am carelessly playing,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of my tea.

*Moderation and Alteration.* S O N G C I.

**H**ERE's an old song made by an ancient pate,  
 Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good estate ;  
 And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful rate,  
 With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.  
 Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation !

With a good lady, whose anger a good word alluages,  
 Who never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,  
 or pages ;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,  
 And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coat and  
 badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,  
 And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him by his  
 looks,  
 An old butchery-hatch worn off the old hooks,  
 And a good old kitchen that maintains half a dozen  
 good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes and bows,  
 And old swords and bucklers, which had born many  
 hard blows ;

An old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,  
 And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper nose.

Moderation, &c.

With



With a good old custom when christmas is come,  
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;  
And have good cheer enough in every old room,  
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise man  
dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsmen, a falconer, and a pack of hounds,  
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;  
For he like a wise man kept himself within bounds,  
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thousand  
pounds,

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to be of the same bountiful  
mind;

But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,  
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of  
his land,

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond;  
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command;  
And drinking at taverns 'till he could neither sit or stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,  
And never knew what belonged to housekeeping or care,  
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton  
air,

[tail hair.

And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and cow  
Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,  
And anew fashion'd sort of a chaplain who swears faster  
than he prays;

Also a new buttery-hatch than opens but once in five  
or six days,

And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kickshaws  
and toys,

Alteration, &c.

With

With a new hall built just were the old one stood,  
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal or wood;  
It was hung round with pictures which did the poor  
little good,  
The subject whereof were all profane and lewd.  
Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when christmas is come,  
In a postchaise for London we must be gone,  
And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with  
a stone,  
Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,  
In order to attend my Lord's Levee in the morn;  
In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,  
The young gallant consumes health, wealth and days.  
Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,  
For which many of his father's good old manors were  
fold,  
Which is the reason most men do hold,  
That open-house keeping is now a-days grown so very  
cold.  
Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

*The Welsh Bargain.* S O N G C I E

**T**WO Welchmen, partners in a cow,  
Resolv'd to sell her dear:  
They laid their heads together, how  
To do't at Ludlow fair.

*Fal de ral, de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,  
de rol, de rol, de dol, dol da.*

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,  
When on they drove the beast:  
And having got about half way,  
They laid them down to rest.

The

The cow, a creature of no breeding,  
The place with grafs being stor'd,  
Fed by, and while she was a feediug,  
Let fall a mighty t——d,

*Roger*, quoth *Hugh*, I'll tell thee what,  
Two words and I have done :  
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,  
The cow is all thy own.

'Tis done quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,  
And to't he went apace ;  
He was so eager set, 'tis said,  
That he forgot his grace.

He labour'd with his wooden spoon,  
And up he slopp'd the stuff ;  
'Till by the time that half was done,  
He fell he had enough.

He felt, but scorning to look back,  
Would seem still to want more ;  
And then he made a fresh attack,  
As vigorous as before.

But stopping short a-while, he cry'd,  
How fares it, neighbour *Hugh* ?  
I hope by this thou'rt satisfy'd,  
Who's master of the cow.

Ay ay quoth *Hugh* the devil choke thee,  
For nothing else will do't ;  
I'm satisfied that thou hast broke me,  
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth *Roger*, that were fine !  
Why what have I been doing ?  
Yet I will tell thee friend of mine,  
I will not seek thy ruin.

My heart now turns against such gains,  
I know thou'rt piteous poor ;  
Eat thou thou the half that still remains,  
So 'tis as 'twas before.

God's



God's blessing on thy heart, quoth *Hugh*,  
That proffer none can gainfay;  
With that he readily fell to,  
And eat his share of tanfey.

And now, quoth *Hugh*, there is no doubt  
Of either side much winner;  
So had we been quoth *Hugh*, without  
This d—n'd confounded dinner.

*Thus Princes war with equal rage,  
Through sacred thirst of Power;  
This gains a battle, that a siege,  
So 'tis as 'twas before.*

*The Scotch Blessing.*

**L**ORD be about this house, and within this house,  
and twa miles on every side o' this house: Keep a'  
Witches and Warlocks and lang nebbit things frae a-  
bout this house, especially thae 'at gaes thro' the hether  
and thro' the hether. Gude Lord bless the *Scots Greys*,  
for they're gude fauls; na like thir daft dogs the *Black  
Horse*, the *Montague* chieles; when they gang along the  
streets and dash their foot against a stane it's d—n the  
*faul of that stane*,—as if it had a faul to be saved. Gude  
Lord bless the Kye, the Corn, the Lang-kail Yard, and  
the muckle Rock of Dumbarton; build a muckle strang  
Dike atween us and the muckle De'el, but a far stranger  
Dike atween us and the wild Irish: Aboon a', put a muc-  
kle pair o' branks upo' the King of France's head and  
gie me the halter in my ain hand, that I may lead him  
where I like. Gude Lord deliver us!

*The Battle of Sheriff Muir.* S O N G C I V.

**T**HERE's some say that we wan, and some say that  
they wan,  
And some say that nane wan at a' man;

O

But

But ae thing I'm sure, that at Sheriff muir,  
A battle there was, which I saw, man :  
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,  
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

Brave Argyle and Belhaven, not like frightened Leven,  
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man,  
For they all with Weightman, advanc'd on the right man,  
While others took flight, being raw, man,  
*And we ran, and they ran &c.*

But the cowardly W——m, for fear they should cut him  
With shining broad swords, wi' a pa' man,  
In terrible thrang, made Baird Edicang,  
And frae the brave clans ran awa' man,  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Brave Mar and Panmure, were firm I am sure ;  
The latter was kidnapt awa' man,  
With brisk men about, brave Harry retook,  
His brother, and laught at them a' man,  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Strathmore and Clanronald, cry'd still advance Donald,  
Till both these heroes did fa' man ;  
For there was such haffing, with broad-swords a clashing,  
Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

For Huntley and Sinclair, they both plaid the Tinkler,  
Wi' conscience as black as a craw, man :  
Some Angus and Fifemen, they ran for their life, man,  
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Then L——e for fear of what he might hear,  
Took Drummond's best horse and awa' man ;  
'Stead of going to Perth, he crossed the Forth,  
Along Stirling-bridge and awa' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

In Borrostowness, he lives with disgrace,  
Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man;  
And then in a tether he'll swing frae a ladder,  
And gae off the stage with a paw man.

*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Bob Roy stood watch on a hill, for to catch  
The booty, for aught that I saw, man,  
For he ne'er advanc'd from the place he was stanc'd,  
Till no more to do there at a' man.

*And we ran, and the ran, &c.*

So we all took the flight, and Murray the wright;  
But D——n, the smith was a braw man,  
For he took the gout, which surely was wit,  
By judging it time to withdraw, man.

*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

And Trumpet Maclean, whose breeks were not clean,  
Unluckily he gat fa' man,  
In saving his neck, his trumpet did break,  
And they came off without music at a' man.

*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

So there such a race was, as ne'er in that place was,  
And as little chase was at aw, man,  
From ither they ran without tuck of drum,  
They did not make use of a paw, man.

*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

*Gaffer and Gammer, or Roger's Misfortune.* SONG CV.

**G** A F F E R and Gammer were fast in their nest,  
And all the young fry of their cribs were possess,  
Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss, in the ashes were laid,  
And a blinking rush-candle just over their head.  
Urfula was scouring her dishes and platter,  
Preparing to make her good friend, the hog, fatter;



Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,  
Till her embroider'd cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the ploughman i'th chimney lay snoring,  
Till Cupid, fore vex'd at his clownish adoring,  
Did straightway convey to the great logger-head,  
The whisp'ring news, that they all were a-bed.  
Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,  
Straight to his dear Urs'la in passion he hies;  
Then leaning his elbow on Urs'la's broad back,  
Complain'd that his heart was just ready to crack,

Urs'la being vex'd at the weight of her love,  
Cry'd Cupid why dost thou thus treacherous prove?  
In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,  
And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the lout.  
Roger b'ing angry at such an affront,  
And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
He gave her a kick, with such wond'rous mettle,  
As tumbl'd poor Urs'la quite over the kettle.

This noise and rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
And fearing, lest thieves had been stealing his bacon,  
With a pur down the stairs, in a trice he came stumbling,  
Where he found Roger gaping, while Urs'la lay tumbling.  
Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore;  
So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door,  
Not minding the rain, nor the cold windy weather,  
To finish their loves in the hog-flye together.

Thus out in the rain, and both wet to the skin,  
The hog-flye invited, they both ventur'd in;  
Their anger now o'er, and their quarrel forgot,  
He doff'd her wet gown, and she pull'd off his coat;  
But as they, half stooping, stood shivering aloof,  
Their nuns'culls at random encounter'd the roof;  
So they crept in the litter, instead of a bed,  
While the wind and the rain batter'd over their head.

Roger lov'd nothing on earth like a nap,  
And straight fell a snoring in Urs'la's lap;

While

• While Urs'la grown peevisk to find him so dull,  
 • Was plotting with Grizzly, to play him the fool;  
 • So by a strange art among Hog-feeders known,  
 • She coax'd the old sow in her place to lye down,  
 • Then softly retreating, left these loving two,  
 • A groaning and grunting as other Hogs do.

• Roger awaking to turn to his dear,  
 • Soon found he had got the wrong sow by the ear;  
 • Which made him cry out, like to one that was scar'd,  
 • Oh help! here's a spirit that's got a rough beard:  
 • But Gaffer grown wiser than he was before,  
 • Had gotten one fright, and he wanted no more;  
 • So Roger poor lover, lay sweating all night,  
 • Till day break, or Urs'la, set matters to right.'

*Ruggedy Madge.* O N G CVL.

**T**HE girls of Kilkenny, so buxom and frisky,  
 Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and whisky.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

'Cause why, I cou'd dance, sing and caper so gaily,  
 And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

But Cupid the blinker that arch mischief maker,  
 For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake fir.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

Oh! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name fir,  
 For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame fir.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,  
 I tumbled down backwards, strait forwards before her.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

Sweet creature said I—can you fancy a lover,  
 That now will conceal what he now will discover.  
*Botheroo Didderoo.*

But she with her looks and her tongue, 'gan to jeer me,  
And shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear me.

*Botheroo Didderoo.*

Struck dumb with this usage, said I you false creature,  
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor later.

*Botheroo Didderoo.*

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,  
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

*Botheroo Didderoo.*

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,  
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.

*Botheroo Didderoo.*

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with  
laughter.

And call you a fool all your life ever after.

*Botheroo Didderoo.*

*Mad Tom.* S O N G C V I I. \*

*Tune.* In Story we're told, &c.

**M**Y name is mad Tom, o'er the word I roam,  
For roving is my inclination ;  
Old England I know, and can readily show,  
That all are gone mad in the Nation,

*Poor Souls.*

Wherever I run, into country or town.

Court or camp, as it suits my occasion,  
To all be it known, that mad Tom's ne'er alone,  
For they're crazy all over the Nation,

*Poor Souls.*

My Lord and his Grace, are run mad for a Place,

The Cit is run mad after fashion ;  
The Beggar is mad because 'tis his trade,---

So we're madmen all over the Nation,

*Poor Souls.*

Some



Some dive after gain, and so crack the brain,  
Especially those in high station ;  
That these are all mad, ample proof's to be had,  
For they've tainted the rest of the Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

A madman had, late at helm of the State,  
Cut his throat in a fit of vexation,  
But Peace's mad foes, must needs interpose,  
And he lives yet to pester the Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

The buckish apprentice, is non compos mentis,  
Pursuing each gay recreation ;  
The master's as ill, for not curbing his will,---  
So madness obtains thro' the Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

The wine bibbing Sot, is crack'd like his pot,  
While sense yields to intoxication ;  
When cool, and stript bare, he's as mad as a hare,  
That Landlords should beggar the Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

There's another mad Fool, with a bible and stool,  
Who raves to a lean Congregation,  
Till the soul frightening elf, has them mad as himself,  
And they're maddest of all in the Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

A Rogue we have yet, who for Bedlam is fit,  
While in such a curst occupation ;  
No profit he clears, but when folks are by th' ears,  
So creating a mad brawling Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

Whilst thus madness rules, among all kinds of fools,  
From the beggar to him in high station ;  
The wise too are mad, 'cause the times are so bad ;  
Thus madness devours the whole Nation,  
*Poor Souls.*

*The*

*The Infallible Beauty.* S O N G C V I I I.

**I**N the days of my youth I was sensibly crazy,  
I courted a lass that was willing but lazy;  
Her teeth were as white—as a bog in November,  
Her eyes were as black---as the snow in December.

*Sing Larry hi oh ! she's a sweet lovely creature !  
The Devil himself would be frighten'd to meet her.*

Her neck is as smooth as the side of a griddle,  
And sweet with her wrist she can play the Scotch fiddle :  
The shape of her legs, is like two stacks of corn, fir,  
Her teeth are as clear as a fow-gelder's horn, fir,

*Sing Larry hi oh, &c.*

Her eyes, I believe, are the eyes of a goat, fir;  
And as for her mouth---it might be a ship's boat, fir,  
No more than a Tyger, she eats at her victual,  
And drinks no more flush, than a Grampus would pickle.

*Sing Larry hi ho, &c.*

Whenever this maid has a mind to be lac'd, fir,  
Her middle's as small as a cow in the waist, fir :  
You'd glory to hear the jade sing in her pleasure,  
As sweet as---an Afs at the change of the weather.

*Sing Larry hi ho, &c.*

Now having once more, shut my eyes to behold her,  
Not speaking a word, my whole mind I have told her ;  
My dear I love you---as a thief loves a halter,  
If you will consent your condition to alter.

*Sing Larry hi ho, &c.*

*The Blythsome Bridal.* S O N G C I X.

**F**Y let us a' to the bridal,  
For there will be liting there ;  
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,  
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And

And there will be lang-kail and cabbage,  
 And bannocks of barley-meal;  
 And there will be good sawt herring,  
 To relish a cog of good ale.  
*Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.*

And there will be Sawny the sutor,  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be Tom the blutter,  
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;  
 And there will be how'd-legged Rabbie,  
 With thumblefs Katy's goodman?  
 And there will be blue-checkit Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be fow-lbber Patie,  
 And plucky-fac'd Wat o' the mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gittie,  
 That wins in the how of the hill;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,  
 With snivleing Lilly and Tibby,  
 The las that stands aft on the stool.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,  
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Who after was hangit for steeling,  
 Great mercy it happen'd na warf:  
 And there will be glee'd Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh, with the filly-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' fla-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawne,  
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg,  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,

Muck



Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grify,  
The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,  
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,  
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,  
The lad that was skipper himsel:

There lads and lasses in pearlins  
Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
On sybows and rifarts, and carlings,  
That are baith foddan and raw.

*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be fadges and brachan,  
With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,  
Powslowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
And cauler nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,  
And whittings and spledings enew,  
With finged sheep-heads, and a haggies,  
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,  
And fowens, and farls, and baps,  
With swats and well scraped-paunches,  
And brandy in stoups and in caps:

And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
With skink to sup till ye rive,  
And roasts to roast on a brander,  
Of flowks that were taken alive.

*Fy let us, &c.*

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce, and tangle,  
And a mill of good snishing to prie;  
When weary with eating and drinking,  
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,*

*For there will be lilting there;*

*For Jock's to be married to Maggie,*

*The lafs wi' the gowden hair.*

*The*

*The Mock Masquerade Song.* S O N G C X. \*

*Tune.* Masks all.

**Y**E lads and ye lasses who hither resort,  
To frown on your cares, and to smile on our sport,  
Grant us but one favour, the last that we'll ask,  
Look round, and acknowledge the world is a *Mask*.

*Sing tantararara masks all, masks all,*

*Sing tantararara Masks all.*

Tho' our motley jackets appear to the view,  
All spotted and speck'd with red, yellow, and blue;  
In party, you'll oft' see a turn coated fellow,  
Take pattern by us, and wear both blue and yellow.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

Tho' sometimes we chance to possess a long nose,  
Yet that's not uncommon, as history shews;  
For those there have been, from the Clown to the King,  
So long and so large, they were led in a string.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

Tho' our ugly faces like Lucifer shew,  
And greatly belye that that's hidden below;  
Look round in the world, and this truth you will start,  
That ev'ry man's face is a mask to his heart.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

Tho' our double dealing is censur'd, no doubt,  
Yet one face is flesh, and the other is clout;  
Unlike the deceitful, the proud, and the vain,  
Who two faces wear, and yet both in the grain.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

Tho' swords we oft' bear, yet, untutor'd to war,  
They only assist us in killing of care;  
So many a fop who should humble proud France,  
Just gets a commission—to dress and to dance.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

Since then there are maskers, in different degrees,  
You'll kindly accept our endeavours to please;

'Tis

'Tis 'gainst our intention, if ought's said amiss,  
So here I conclude, with *F, I, N, I, S.*

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

*The Hum.* S O N G C X I.

*Tune.* Ye medley of mortals.

**T**H E sages of old, and the learned of this day,  
About life, and so forth, have said, and will say;  
Yet in spite of their maxims, as things turn about,  
Some hum themselves in, and some hum themselves out.

*Sing tantara-rara a hum, a hum,*

*Sing tantara-rara a hum.*

This nation has often been humbug'd and hipp'd,  
We did'nt sail steady, our helm was unshipp'd;  
But now to an end of our jars we are come,  
And the French find our fighting's no longer hum.

With passions and fashions, and this thing and that,  
We would be, we should be; but who can tell what;  
This world's a large hive, where to labour we're come,  
But like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our hum.

With ladies when jemmys and jessamys mix,  
They talk and they walk just like things of no sex;  
Yet even these things, sometimes husbands become;  
No, no, they're not husbands, for there lays the hum.

Some men all their youth, will live single through spite;  
But maggots of marriage old batchelors bite,  
Then they cunningly chuse their own servants—but mum,  
Instead of a maid, they may meet with a hum.

We all in our turns meet with pleasures and pains,  
To be humm'd, and to hum, are our losses and gains;  
When bit we complain, but when biting we're mum,  
And—but our bottle is out boys, and that's the worst  
hum.

*Tommy*



*Tommy Lamie.* S O N G CXII.

**T** H E R E liv'd a wife in our gate end,  
 She low'd a drap of capie O,  
 And all the gear that e'er she got,  
 She slip'd it in her gabie O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,  
 The wife had got a drapie O,  
 And she had pish'd her coats so weel,  
 She could not find the pattie O.

But she's away to her goodman,  
 They call him Tammy Lamie O,  
 Go ben and fetch to me the keys,  
 That I may get a drammie O.

Tammy was an honest man,  
 Himself he took a drapie O,  
 It was not well out o'er his craig,  
 Till she was at his tappie O.

She paid him well both back and sides,  
 And fair she creesh'd his backie O,  
 She made him both blue and black,  
 And gar'd his shoulders crakie O.

Then he's away to the malt-barn,  
 And he has ta'en a pockie O ;  
 He put her in both head and tail,  
 And cast her o'er his backie O,

The carling spur'd w' head and feet,  
 The carle he was paukie O ;  
 To ilka wall that he came by,  
 He gar'd her head play knackie O.

Goodman I think you'll murder me,  
 My brains you out will knockie O,  
 He gi'ed her ay the other hitch,  
 Lie still you Devil's buckie O.

Goodman I'm like to make my burn,  
 O let me out good Tammy O ;

P

Then

Then he set her upon a stane,  
And bid her piss a dammie O.

Then Tammy took her off the stane,  
And put her in the pockie O;  
And when she did begin to spur,  
He lent her ay a knockie O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,  
And there gave her a duckie O;  
It would ha gar'd you split your sides,  
To see him dreep his pockie O.

But haste he must go back again,  
Alas for poor luckie O;  
For ilka chiel that had a stick,  
Play'd thump upon her backie O.

And when he took her home again,  
He did hang up the pockie O,  
At her bed side as I heard say,  
Upon a little knaggie O;

That ilka day that she uprose,  
In nothing but her smokie O,  
So soon as she look'd o'er the bed,  
She might behold her pockie O.

Now all you men both far and near,  
That have a drunken toutie O,  
Douk ye your wives in time of year,  
And I'll lend you the pockie O.

The wife did leave for nineteen years,  
And was full and frank and counthie O,  
And ever since she got the douk,  
She never had the drouthie O.

At last the Carling chanc'd to die,  
And Tammy did her burie O;  
And for the public's benefit  
He has gar'd print the curie O.

And thus he did her motto make,  
Here lies dishonest Luckie O,

Who

Who never left the drinking trade,  
Until she got a doukie O.

*Captain O'Cutler.* S O N G CXIII.

**W**HEN I was a midshipman in the *Northumberland*,  
Where I did learn for to hand, reef, and steer;  
My station was off *Whitehaven*, in *Cumberland*,  
There I first tasted the lips of my dear;  
When struck with each feature,  
I cry'd my dear creature,  
My heart is light-headed I'll make it appear:  
Survey me you'll find me agra,  
A well body'd man in the face:  
My *Terry*, said she, you're la, la;  
Then gave me a loving embrace.

C H O R U S.

*The blue rosy lips of my joy,  
Are sweeter than treacle nor sack:  
Sing fara, lallara, lalloo,  
Sallullua, subbubboo, whack.*

To gain her affections as I was endeavouring,  
In the church-yard of a sun-shiny night,  
Dear *Juggy*, says I, leave off your palavering,  
For my tongue's rigg'd with truth, and my honesty  
tight.

Let me be prevailing,  
Before we set sailing,  
I'll bring my design in the dark to the light:  
Oh! then by the wooden tomb-stone,  
My brightest of beauties, I swore,  
But you and ten more I alone,  
Till after my death will adore.

The name 'pon my honey was *Jenny O'Brannegan*,  
Who danc'd the best cornpipe in the whole *North*,  
A niece to the piper call'd fire away *Flannegan*.  
The fiercest fellow on this side the *Firth*.



Sure a lord chancellor  
Might wish to handsel her,  
For there's no first rate of half so much worth;  
O *Juggy*, be constant, I cry'd,  
Or else I will fly from your sight:  
But faith I did make her my bride,  
And ever since she's my delight.  
We soon had a boy that's now nursing at *Manchester*,  
The picture of my great successor that's dead;  
I hope that in time he will prove my best ancestor,  
The bravest of babies that e'er wore a head.  
I'm Captain *O' Cutter*,  
No bouncer or strutler,  
Each limb of my carcase is lighter than lead:  
O *Juggy*, come kiss me, said I,  
And plague me no more with your art,  
For if you do, after I die  
You'll trip up the heels of my heart.

---

*The Humours of Port Carlisle. S O N G. CXIV. \**

*Tune*, To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.

**T**O all ye fair Parnassian Nine,  
I make my humble suit,  
To fire my lays with notes divine,  
If you'll but deign to do't:  
All on my verse propitious smile,  
The varied theme is *Port Carlisle*.

*With a fal-lal, &c.*

*Sandsfield*, was once the harbour's name,  
Where unplough'd billows roand;  
Quite barren, and unknown to fame,  
There vessels never moor'd;  
But now, since trade's enrich'd our Isle,  
*Sandsfield* no more, but *Port Carlisle*.

Physical

Physical Wells this place can boast,  
 And water good for th' Itch;  
 A handsome Inn, a gen'rous Host,  
 A warehouse neat and rich:  
 But ah! infectious ills defile,  
 The briny waves at *Port Carlisle*.

In Summer, when a cooling breeze,  
 Impels the foaming tide,  
 Upon a Sunday, if you please,  
 We'll thither take a ride;  
 Where you and I, may all the while,  
 Observe the fun of *Port Carlisle*.

Lord L—tt see, with huge lac'd hat,  
 Exposing cakes to view;  
 His drollery and endless chat,  
 Divert a gaping crew;  
 Who thus, the lightsome hours beguile,  
 And drown their cares at *Port Carlisle*.

Conducted from the Scottish coast,  
 Diseases vile to cure,  
 A motley sett, here weekly post,  
 A drenching to endure;  
 While ev'ry town, for many a mile,  
 Sends forth a few to *Port Carlisle*.

See sailors newly come ashore,  
 In oaths and coin replete,  
 Who guzzle punch, and sing and roar,  
 And still their oaths repeat;  
 But honest hearts can reconcile  
 Unruly tongues, to *Port Carlisle*.

A little hence, upon the sands,  
 Close by the water side,  
 A royal Monument there stands,  
 Where Edward Long-shanks died;

And this old venerable pile,  
New honour adds to *Port Carlisle*.

The people here, a wondrous tale,  
Of Michell Scott will tell ye,—  
But what's more strange, here swims the Whale,  
With Jonah in her belly;  
So ev'n the old Egyptian Nile,  
May look amaz'd on *Port Carlisle*.

But now methinks the theme grows short,  
And verse begins to fail;  
If well I've sung our fav'rite Port,  
Then will my wish prevail;  
For truth still animates my style,  
Whene'er I sing of *Port Carlisle*.  
*With a fal la, &c.*

*The Hare hunting Deities* S O N G C X V.

**W**HEN songs of shepherds, in rustical roundays,  
Form'd in fancy and whistled on reeds,  
Were sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,  
With an account of their wonderous deeds;  
Phœbus ingenious with winged Cylenus,  
Their lofty genius to us did declare,  
And in words better coin'd, sung in verse more refin'd,  
How the states divine hunted the hare,  
Stars enamour'd with pastime olympical,  
Stars and Planets that beautiful shone,  
Vow'd together, that joys so excentrical  
Should no longer be mortals' alone;  
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,  
And her informed how minded they were,  
Each god and goddess to take human bodies,  
Like lord and ladies to follow the hare  
Chaste Diana applauded the motion,  
And pale Proserpine sat in her place,

Lighted



Lighted old Vulcan and govern'd the ocean,  
 While she conducted her nymphs in the chace.  
 Led by example her father to trample,  
 The old and ample Earth quitted the air;  
 Neptune left water, that wine bibber pater,  
 And Mars dropt his slaughter to follow the hare.

Light god Cupid was hors'd upon Pegassus,  
 Borrow'd o'th' Muses with kisses and pray'rs;  
 Strong Alciades, upon cloudy, Caucasus  
 Mounts a Centaur, that proudly him bears,  
 While swift Mercury the postilion o'th' sky,  
 Made his courses fly near as fleet as the air;  
 And jealous Appollo the kennel did follow,  
 To whoop and hollow boys after the hare.

Hymen usher'd the lady Astrea,  
 Who just shook hands with Minerva the bold,  
 Ceres the brisk, with bright Cytherea,  
 And Thetis the wanton, Belona the old;  
 Shame fac'd Aurora, and subtle Pandora,  
 And Maya, with Flora, did company bear;  
 But Juno was stat'd too high to be mated,  
 And yet she hated not the hunting the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus, from his metamorphosis,  
 Rais'd by Echo, new manhood did take;  
 Snoring Somnus was rous'd up by Morpheus,  
 Rubbing his eyes, like one just awake:  
 There was club footed old Mulciber booted,  
 And Pan promoted to Chiron's old mare:  
 Proud Faunus shouted, and Eolus shouted,  
 While Momus pouted, yet hunted the hare.

Striding his barrel, fat jolly god Bacchus,  
 And his mad crew rent with roaring the skies,  
 While with tantwivy! the huntsman like Hercules,  
 Sounded his echoing horn to their cries:  
 But Whilst for variety, to solace 'em quietly,  
 The wearied Deities reposing them were,  
 We shepherds were seated, and there we repeated,  
 What was conceited from hunting the hare.

## S O N G CXVI.

*Christ's Kirk on the Green : Written by King JAMES the First, when confined a Prisoner in England.*

**W**AS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
 Sic dancing and deray ;  
 Nowther at Fakland or the green,  
 Nor Peebles at the play,  
 As was of wooers, as I ween,  
 At Christ's kirk on a day ;  
 There came our kitties washen clean,  
 In new kirtles of gray,  
 Fou gay that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,  
 Good lord how he cou'd lance !  
 He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,  
 While Toufie took a trance ;  
 Auld Lightfoot there he did forelect,  
 And counterfeited France :  
 He us'd himself as man discreet,  
 And up the merice dance  
 He took that day.

The settl'd gossies fat, and keen  
 Did for fresh bickers birle ;  
 While the young twankies on the green  
 Took round a merry tirl :  
 Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,  
 Gart Lawries heart-strings dirle,  
 And fouk wad threep, that she did green,  
 For what wad gar her skirle,  
 And streigh some day.

The manly Miller, haff and haff,  
 Came out to shaw good will,  
 Flang by his mittens and his staff,  
 Cry'd, gi'e me Paty's mill  
 He lap baw hight, and cry'd, had aff,  
 They rus'd him that had skill ;  
 He

He wad do't better quoth a cawd,  
Had he another gill

Of Usquebae.

But mony a pauky look and tale

Gaed round whan glowming hous'd them,

The ostler wife brought ben good ale,

And bad the lasses rouze them;

Up wi' them lads, and I'll be bail

They'll loo ye and ye touze them:

Quoth gawssie, this will never fail

Wi' them that this gate woes them,

On sic a day.

In the mean time in came the Laird,

And by some right did claim,

To kifs and dance wi' Maufie Aird,

A dink and dortie dame:

But O poor Maufe was aff her guard,

For back gate frae her wame,

Beckin she loot a fearfu' raid,

That gart her think great shame,

And blush that day.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forsyth,

He was her ain good brither;

And ilka ane was unco' blyth,

To see auld fouk sae clever.

Quoth Jack, wi' laughing like to rive,

What think ye o' my mither?

Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive

But she wad get another

Goodman this day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dink,

And betwisht ilka tunc,

He laid his lugs in't like a fish,

And fuckt till it was done;

His bags were liquor'd to his wish,

His face was like a moon:

But



But he cou'd get nae place to pish  
In, but his ain twa shoon,  
For thrang that day.

The letter gae of haly rhime,  
Sat up at the board-head,  
And a' he said was thought a crime  
To contradict indeed;  
For in clark lear he was right prime,  
And cou'd baith write and read,  
And drank sac firm 'till ne'er a styme  
He cou'd keek on a bead,  
Or book that day.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight  
Was gaunting for his rest;  
For some were like to tyne their fight,  
Wi' sleep and drinking strest.  
But ithers that were stomach-tight,  
Cry'd out it was nae best  
To leave a supper that was dight,  
To Brownies, or a ghaist,  
To eat or day.

On whomlet tubs lay twa lang dails,  
On them stood mony a goan,  
Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,  
And milk het frae the loan.  
Of daintiths they had routh and wale,  
Of which they were right for:  
But naithing wad gae down but ale  
Wi' drunken Donald Don  
The smith that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,  
Her left leg ho was flung;  
And Geordy Gib was sidgen glad;  
Because in it Jean Gun:  
She was his Jo, and aft had said,  
Fy, Geordy, had your tongue,  
Ye's

Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride—,  
But chang'd her mind when bung,  
That very day,

Tehee! quoth Touzie, when she saw  
The cathel coming ben;  
It pipin het gae'd round them a',  
The bride she made a fen,  
To fit in wylicoat sae braw,  
Upon her nether en;  
Her lad like ony cock did crow,  
That meets a clockin hen,  
And blyth were they.

Neist morning when the eastern dawn  
Speel'd westlins up the lift,  
Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,  
Begoud to rax and rift:  
And greedy wives wi girning thrawn,  
Cry'd lasses up to thrift;  
Dogs barked, and the lads frac hand  
Bang'd to their breeks like drift,  
Be break of day.

Bethat time it was fair four days,  
As fou's the house coud pang,  
To see the young fouk 'ere they raise,  
Gossips came in ding dan,  
And wi'a soss aboon the claiths,  
Ilk ane their gifts down sang:  
Twall toop horn-spoons down Maggy lay,  
Baith muckle mou'd and lang,  
For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair a tangs fush in,  
Right bauld she spake and spruce,  
Gin your goodman shall make a din,  
And gabble like a goose,  
Shoran' whan fou to skelp ye'r skin,  
Thir tangs may be of use;

Lay

Lay them enlang his pow or shin,  
Wha wins syne may make roose,  
Between ye twa.

Auld Bessie in her red coat braw,  
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,  
An odd like wife, they said that saw,  
A moupin runckled 'granny,  
She fley'd the kimmers ane and a'  
Word gae'd she was na kanny ;  
Nor wad they let Lucky awa',  
'Til she was brunt wi' branny,  
Like mony mae.

Ste'en fresh and fastin 'mang the rest  
Came in to get his morning,  
Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,  
And how she loo'd her corning ?  
She leugh as she had fun a nest,  
Said, let a be ye'r scorning.  
Quoth Roger, fegs I've done my best.  
To ge'r a charge of horning,  
As well's I may.

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks and cheefe,  
That held their hearts aboon,  
Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies  
Drave aff the hale forenoon :  
But after dinner an ye please,  
To weary not o'er soon,  
We down to e'ning edge w' ease  
Shall loup and see what's done,  
I' the doup o' day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,  
They that were right true blue ;  
Was e'en to get their wyfons wat,  
And fill young Roger fou :  
But the bauld billy took his mant,  
And was right stiff to bow ;

He



He fairly gae them tit for tat,  
And scour'd aff healths anew,

Clean out day,

Syne the blythe carles tuith and nail,  
Fell keenly to the wark;

To ease the gauntrees of the ale,

And try wha was maist stark;

'Till board and floor, and a' did fail,

Wi' spilt ale i' the dark;

Gart Jock's fit slide, he like a fail,

Play'd dad, and dang the bark

Aff's shins that day.

The fouter, miller, smith and Dick,

*Et cet'ra*, close fat cockin,

'Till waisted was baith cash and tick,

Sae ill were they to flocken;

Gane out to pishin gutters thick,

Some fell, and some gae'd rockin;

Sawny hang sneering on his stick,

To see bauld Hutchon bockin

Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary fought,

And fand him skin and birn;

Quoth she this day's wark's be dear bought,

He bann'd, and gae a girn;

Ca'd her a jade, and said she mucht

Gae hame and scum her kirn:

Whisht ladren, for gin ye say ough

Mair I'll win ye a pirn,

To reel some day.

Ye'll win a pirn! ye silly snool,

Wae-worth ye'r drunken faul,

Quoth she, and lap out o'er a stool,

And claught him by the spaul:

He shook her, and fware muckle dool,

Ye's thole for this ye scaul;

Q

I'll

I'fe rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,  
And learn ye to be baul

On sic a day.

Your tippanizing, scant o' grace,  
Quoth she, gars me gang duddy ;  
Our neibour Pate sin break o' day's  
Been thumpin at his studdy:  
An it be true that some fowk says,  
Ye'll girn yet in a woody :  
Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,  
Made a' his black beard bloody,

Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,  
I wat he was nae lang,  
'Till he had gather'd seven or aught  
Wild hempies stout and strang :  
They frae a barn a kabers raught,  
Ane mounted wi' a bang,  
Betwisht twa's shouders, and sat straught  
Upon't, and rade the stang

On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' spawn'd out  
O'er middings and o'er dykes,  
Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,  
Like bum-bees frae their bykes ;  
Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,  
Plashin thro' dubs and fykes,  
And sic a reird ran thro' the rout,  
Gart a' the hale town tykes

Yamph loud that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap  
Upon a mow of pease,  
And Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap ;  
He said it gae him ease:  
Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,  
His head bizzin wi' bees,

Hit Geordy a mislufhious a rap,  
And brak the brig o's neefe

Right fair that day,

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,

'Till a' their sence was smoor'd ;

And in their maws there was nae mank,

Upon the furms some snor'd :

Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,

Wi' een like collops scor'd :

Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,

E'en like a thick-sculld lord,

On posts that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head;

Chanlers, boords, stools, and stowps

Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,

And there was little hopes,

But there had been some ill-done deed,

They gat sic thrawart cowps ;

But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,

Was only on their dowps,

Wi' fa's that day.

# S O N G CXVII. \*

*A Warning piece to Clowns : or the Chesterfield Miracle.*

*Tune. Chevy Chase.*

**G**OD prosper long great Chesterfield,  
His books and maxims all !

*Ye clowns draw near and warning take  
From what doth clowns befall.*

When an aukward fellow first comes into a room, he attempts to bow, and his sword if he wears one, goes between his legs and nearly throws him down : confus'd and asham'd, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very chair he should not.

O. 2

Oh!



*Oh! youth keep well your legs apart,  
Of too long swords beware;  
And as you'd shun the paths of sin,  
So shun an elbow-chair.*

He then begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops, and recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane, and picking up his cane, down goes his hat again; thus 'tis a considerable time before he is adjusted.

*Such are the fruits of awkwardness!  
Observe me here again:  
Keep well in mind the cane and hat,  
Likewise the hat and cane.*

When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knees, scalds his mouth, drops either his cup or his saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap.

*Oh! most absurd it is, to throw  
A napkin o'er your knee,  
For that might save the China-cup,  
Tho' you should spill your tea.*

At dinner he is more uncommonly awkward; he tucks his napkin through a button hole, which tickles his chin, and occasions him to make a variety of wry faces.

*Now ponder well you folks that laugh,  
And eke ye folks that grin;  
Be mindful of the ills that flow  
From tickling of the chin.*

He seats himself on the very edge of the chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat, between his plate and his mouth.

*'Twixt cup and lip, as proverbs tell,  
Fall many things uncouth;  
But rarer things, are known to fall  
Between the plate and mouth.*

He

He holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people ; eats with his knife, to the manifest danger of his mouth ;—picks his teeth with his fork, rakes his mouth with his finger, and puts the spoon which has been in his throat a dozen times, into the dish.

*That man was thought a mighty fool,  
Who swallow'd half a crown ;  
But he is mad, who down his throat  
Conveys a silver spoon !*

If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint ; but in labouring to cut thro' the bone, splashes the sauce over every body's cloaths : he generally daubs himself all over ; his elbows are in the next person's plate, and he is up to the knuckles in soup and grease.

*All ye that use to dine abroad,  
And take delight in dress,  
Visit alway, in canvass frocks,  
To shield ye from the grease.*

If he drinks, it is with his mouth full ; interrupting the whole company with “ to your good health fir,” and “ my service to you fir ;” perhaps coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the whole table.

*Empty your glass, with empty mouth,  
Let nothing be therein ;  
No, not so much as fir your health,  
For that were next to sin.*

Further, he has perhaps a number of disagreeable tricks ; he snuffs up his nose, picks it with his fingers : blows it, and looks in his handkerchief ; crams his hand into his bosom, and next into his breeches.

*If flea should bite, and you provoke  
To take his life therefore ;  
Make not a slaughter house within,  
But drag him to the door.*

In short, he neither dresses, nor acts, like other people; and is particularly awkward, in every thing he does!

*Now to conclude, take warning all,  
And these good maxims prize;  
For learning, sense, and wisdom eke,  
In genteel carriage lies!!!*

*The Titles.* S O N G CXVIII. \*

*Tune, Cæsar and Pompey.*

**H**E that's a *Blockhead* call'd, let it not grieve him;  
Should he deny the name, none would believe him:  
Still the most benefit's got by conniving;  
*Blockhead's* a title that most people thrive in.

*Titles are honours!—they're honour'd that bear 'em,  
Else the Nobility never would wear 'em.*

He that is call'd an *Ass*, let him not grumble;  
Reason and scripture still bid us be humble:  
And, as long-heads, we call heads full of scheming,  
Why should long-ears be thought things so unseeming?

*Titles are honours! &c.*

He that is call'd a *Fool*, kindly may take it;  
Think what he will he has licence to speak it:  
And if a *Beau*, he's got this consolation,  
Fools can do nothing but what's in the fashion!

*Titles are honours! &c.*

He that is call'd a *Brute*, may, if he chuse it,  
Take his new title, or justly refuse it;  
Kicking will best prove his brutification,  
Laughter, besure, is a full confutation.

*Titles are honours! &c.*

He that a *Rogue* is call'd, should not resent it;  
Rogue calls Rogue first, none can prevent it;

And



And tho' some Rogues incog. privately cheat us,  
Yet my Lord Judge may tell which is the greatest.

*Titles are honours ! &c.*

He that is call'd a *Knave*, may make enough on't ;  
'Tis the best name (an' beware of the proof on't :)  
If at the court his new title he'll mention,  
Twenty to one but he dies——with a pension !

*Titles are honours ! &c.*

*Woo'd and marry'd and aw. S O N G CXIX.*

**T**H E Breed came forth frae the barn,  
And she was dighting her cheeks ;  
How can I be married to-day,

That ha' neither blankets ne sheets ?  
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,  
And wants a covering too ?

The Breed that has aw things to borrow,  
Has e'en reet muckle to do,

*Woo'd and marry'd and aw,*

*Marry'd and woo'd and aw,*

*And was she not very weel off,*

*To be woo'd and marry'd and aw,*

What is the matter ? quoth Willy,

Though we be scant o' claihs,

We's creep the claiser together,

And drive away the fleas.

The summer is coming on,

And we's get pickles o' woo ;

We's fee a lafs of our ain,

And she'll spin blankets enow.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then up spake the Breed's mother,

The deel stick a' this preed !

I had ne a plack in my pocket,

The day I was made a Breed.

My gown was liny-winsy,  
And ne'er a fark at aw ;  
And you ha' gowns and buskins,  
Mair than ane or twa.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then up spake the Breed's father,  
As he came in frae the plough ;  
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,  
And ye'fe get geer enough ;  
The stirk that gaes in the tether,  
And our brown bassen yad,  
Will lead your corn in harvest :

What wad you ha' you jade ?

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Than up spake the Breed's brother,  
As he came hame frae the kye :  
Willy wou'd ne'er ha' had you,  
Had he known you, as weel as I ;  
For you're baith proud, and faucy,  
Ne fit for a pure man's wife ;  
Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,  
I'fe ne'er ha' ane in my life.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then up spake the Breed's sifter,  
As she sat down by the fire :

O gin I were married to-neet,

'Tis aw that I'd desire,

But I pure girl, mun live single,

And do the best I can ;

I dinna care what came o' me,

So I had but a gudeman.

*Woo'd and marry'd an aw,*

*Marry'd and woo'd and aw :*

*And was she not very weel off,*

*To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?*

**A**

## A S E R M O N.

*The Excellence of the Church of Rome, proved and illustrated under the similitude of a Cheese; in a Sermon delivered by an Irish Priest, to his Catholic Congregation.*

**T** E A R L Y beloved parishioners, friends, neighbours, and revelations: Ash you are all assembled here upon dish plaash, you will no doubt want to hear something dat I would say upon you; arrah den fat should it be? myshelf does not know a better subject den to illustrate our holy Mother Chursh; and fat do you tink I will liken her to, but a sheefes! and all other Churshes likewise: Sho I will take my textsht from de ten and twenty shapter of shaint Jhob, but I forgot the varse,—*Thou hast poured me out like vaater, agas a chrudled me like sheefes.* Vell den, as you are all good Catolicks here, I will endeavor for to shew you de richness, and de goodness, and de phatness of our holy Mother Church, 'bove all other Churches.—And I vill shew you de poverty, and de nothing goodness, of de oder Churshes, fen put in comparison with her; but naw for my textsht, becaush I will stand upon it, *Thou hast, &c.* You know, dere ish tree shorts of milk, and yet dere ish but one milk; dat ish you know, my dearly beloved brethren, de sweet milk; oh! it ish *millish*; den you know, all de oder shorts of milk ish made from dat milk, and de sheefes ish made from dat milksh again.—Vell den, dere is, you know, de sweet milk, de skim milk, and de *Bunnayraummar*, and de *Bunnayaclaubbar*, and de long milk, and de short milk; and dere ish de *Skraddouga*, dat ish de sweet *Blaughnaroan*! dat never make a man drunk, becaush she could not.

Vell den *agraa*, my dear good people, I will divide my discoursh into tree parts, and I will begin wid our own holy Mother Chursh, and I will told you phat sheefes she is like, hershelf:—Vell, fen de sweet milk ish put up, I will let him stand, and den *agraa*, you know



know if it be upon de morning, dere vill be crame upon him; and I vill took off de crame, and I vill put him upon a bowl, or shomething, and I will put running 'pon him,—you all know phat I mean, and I will make chrudd 'pon him, and I will put my chrudd 'pon de sheefe phatt, and I will put my sheefe up to *trium*; and dat will be de *Cream-sheefe*, dat ish de best of all sheefe; den fen she ish *trium*, I will took her down, and I will took out my *Skein-faddah*, and I will cut a phang off her, and I will put her 'pon de point of my *Skein-faddah*, and I will put her 'pon de phire;—oh! she will sweat wid greash, and she will shine wid glory:—Dat is shust like our holy Mother Chursh,—you all know very vell, I need not told you, she ish de besht of all Churshes.

Den inde next plaash, I will take de new milk; it will make a very good sheefes, it will have cream in it too, but den she will have de *Blaugh* along wid it;—sho, *agraa*, I will take my new milk, and I will put her upon a bowl, tub, nor shomething, and I will put running 'pon her, and I will make chrudd upon her, and I will put her 'pon a prefs, and I will make sheefes on her, and I will put her up to *trium*; and den I will took her down, and I will took out my *Skein-faddah*, and I will cut a phang off her, and I will put her 'pon my *Skein-faddah*, and I will hold her 'pon de phire,—ah! she will sweat wid greash, but she will no shine wid glory:—Dat ish de Church of Englishman, *agraa*; she ish no bad Chursh but she ish not a good one; for you know we must only allow de chursh of Englishman de *mauddua cuggiltya*, dat ish you know *agraa* de tottering stick, to walk over hell fen he ish deceash; nof he get over, vell,—nof he fall in tish no matter.

Vell in de turd and lasht plaash, we will come upon de *Blaughnaroon* Cheefes; ah! she ish a bad sheefe, she is de Dephil for a bad sheefe. Well, I will took my *Blaughnaroon*, *Skraddouga*, or fat you call, and I will put her 'pon a pot, and I will put her 'pon de phire; but I will put no running upon her, for she will run fast enough of herself; she will make a chrudd at de top; she would mauke peoples tink she was shomething, when

*agraa*

*agraa* she ish nothing,—you all know dat de Dephill ish at de bottom of de butter milk, dat ish de phigg I mean, for nos a man would take a drink 'pon her, she ish so, *garr*, she would cut a man's *wynnual*;—Vell den, I will took my chrudd from her top, and I will make sheefes of it; you all know 'twill be *bougain phontua*, but I will put her up till she is *trium*, den I will took her down, and I will took my *Skein-faddah*, and I will try to cut a phang, but de Dephil a phang nor phang can myself cut! I may so well strive for to cut a phang from de rock of *Donnymase*! Vell den I will go 'pon de carpenter's house, and I will got his *hatchetmore*, and den I will cut a phang from her; den I will take my *Skein-faddah*, and I will put her 'pon it, and I will took her to de fire; but *agraa* she will not sweat wid Greash, nor shine wid glory, but she will burn, *agas* burn; and dat ish de church of Scotland, de d——n'd phiggish Phispaterian;—she will burn, and she will burn, and *Musha* de Dephil burn her. Sho I tink my good peoples, I have let you all know, de superiority of our holy Mother Chursh over all Churshes;—oh she is a good Chursh, she ish de cream sheefe, and I wish we may all live upon her: Amen.

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*The Lobster.* S O N G CXXI.

**A**S frisky Sue Willfleet was set at her stall,  
 Surrounded with fish, and the devil and all,  
 A Monsieur *jam fouter* the intrime came by,  
 At her fish and her flesh both, he cast a sheep's eye,  
*Derry down, &c.*

He stopt at her stall, ha ma sweet pritty dear,  
 Vat shall I giye you for dat little fish here?  
 That Lobster, cry'd Susan, I'll be at one word,  
 For less than a shilling I can't it afford.

*Derry down, &c.*

Un shilling, ma dear, *parblien*, and vor vat ?  
 For one half de monie I's buy better as dat ;  
 Aha ! *jarnbleu*, begar it does stink a,  
 Pray smell it your sellf mattam, vat do you tink a?  
*Derry down, &c.*

Says she you're a lying French impudent dog,  
 One half your damn'd country would leap at such  
 progue :  
 With arms set a-kimbo, up to him she goes,  
 And bob went the Lobster full plump 'gainst his nose.  
*Derry down, &c.*

*Bugresque vous et sacra blue* you damn'd bitch,  
 T' abuse a gentleman comes to buy fish ;  
 Me never vill buy a pig in a pock,  
 My nose for me vas always mine cook.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Then barley neb Sue, her fingers she snapt,  
 Pulling him by the nose, a fine curtsy she dropt,  
 What business then have cooks out of their place,  
 Come, nose, to my kitchen, and shows her fat a—se.  
*Derry down, &c.*

*Pharmacopola Circumforaneous : Or the Horse Doctor's  
 harangue to the credulous Mob. As it was spoken by the  
 late John Masemore Typographer, of facetious me-  
 mory.*

GENTLEMEN,

**I** Waltho van Clatterbank, high German Doctor,  
 Chemist and Dentrificator, native of Arabia deserta,  
 Citizen and Burgomaster of the city of Brandipolis,  
 seventh son of a seventh son, unborn Doctor; of above  
 sixty years experience, having studied over Galen, Hy-  
 pocrates Albumazar, Alexander and Paracelsus, am now  
 become the Esculapius of the age ; having been edu-  
 cated at twelve Universities, and travell'd thro fifty-two  
 King-



Kingdoms, and been Counsellor to the Counsellors of several Monarchs, natural son of the wonder working chemical Doctor, Signior Hanesio; lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe and America, from the sun's oriental exaltation, to his occidental declination; out of pity to my own dear self, and at the request of several Earls, Dukes, Lords, and honourable Personages, have at last been prevail'd upon to oblige the World with this notice;

That all Persons, young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, wise or otherwise, curable or incurable, may know where to repair for cure, in all *Cephalalgias*, *paralytick Paroxysms*, *palpitations of the Pericardium*, *Empyemas*, *Synecopes*, and *Nasieties*, arising either from a *Plethory* or a *Caochymy*; *vertiginous Vapours*, *hydrocephalic Dyssenteries*, *Odontalgic or Podagrical Inflammations*, *Iliac passions*, *Isterical Effusions*, *Exanthemata*; the *ben Pox*, the *hogs Pox*, the *whore's Pox*, or the *small Pox*; *Ascites*, *Tympanites*, *Aansarcia*, and the entire Legion of *lethiferous distempers*.——I am not a Person that takes delight, as a great many do, in filling your ears with a parcel of hard names; in telling you the nature of *Turpit Mineral*, *Mercuria Dulcis*, *Balsamic Capiivi*, *Astringents*, *Laxations*, *Hard-boundations*, *Circulations*, *Vibrations*, *Excoriations*, *Scaldations*, *Urinations*, and *Salvations*; those Quacks, Gentlemen may fitly be called *Plasmatics*, for they prescribe only one sort of Physic for ev'ry Disease; which is a Vomit: If a man chance to break his skull he must take a Vomit, says the Doctor; if his teeth ache, a Vomit; if he breaks his elbow, a Vomit! or if he has got Corns, a Vomit: So for the Jaundice, Fever, Flux, Gripes, Gout, Stone, or Pox,—Nay even the *Hocognitals*, *Marthmambles Moon-pales*, or *Strong-fives*, a Vomit!

*Tantum* Gentlemen; those Imposters, value no more the killing of a man, than I do the drawing of a rotten tooth; therefore I say they are a parcel of *tag-rag*, *assa-fetida*, *bum-peeping*, *glyster-pipe* Doctors.

*Imprimis* Gentlemen; I have a never failing *Styptic*,

R

cor-

*corroborating, odoriferous, anodinous, balsamic, Balsam of Balsams*; made of *Dead men's Fat, Rosin, Goose Grease, Burgundy Pitch*,—and *Hickery pickery*; which infallibly restores lost Maidenheads, raises demolished Noses, and by it's *absterfive cosmetic* Quality, preserves superannuated Maids from wrinkles.—*Item.* I have the true *Carthramophra* of the triple Kingdom; my never failing *Heliogenes*; being the tincture of the Sun; deriving Vigour, Influence and Dominion from the same light; it causes all Complexions to laugh or smile at the very time of taking: It is seven years in preparing, and being compleated, *Secundum Artem*, by *Fermentation, Cohobation, Calcination, Sublimation, Fixation, Filtration, Circulation and Quidlibitification*; in *Balneo Mareo, Crucible, and Fixatory*; the *Athamor, Cucurbita, and Reverbatory*; is the only sovereign Medicine in the World: This is nature's *Palladium*, health's Magazine, which works seven different ways, in order as nature's self requires; so that it effecteth the Cure either *hypnotically, hydrotically, cathartically, popismatically, hydrogogically, pneumatically, or synecdochically*: It *mundifies the Hypogastrium*; wipes off *absterfive* those *tenacious, conglomerated Humours*, and *sedimental Sordes*, that adhere to the *Oesophagus and Viscera*; extinguishes all *supernatural Fermentations, and Ebullitions*; nay, in fine it *annihilates all nosotrophical, morbidic Ideas* of the whole *corporeal Compages*; a dram of it is worth a bushel of March Dust, for if a man chance to have his brains beat out, or his head chopp'd off, two drops, I say two drops, Gentlemen, seasonably applied. will recall the fleeting spirits, reinthrone the *deposed Archeus*, cement the *discontinuity* of the Parts, and in six minutes restore the lifeless trunk to all it's *pristine functions*, vital, natural, and animal; so that this,—believe me Gentlemen, is the only sovereign remedy in the World.

I have the chiefest *Antepudena, Gragran, Specific, n Venus's Regalia*, which infalliably cures the *French Pox*, with all it's train of *Gonorrhea's, Buboes, and Shankers; Carnosities, Paraphymosis, Chryselline Priapismus*

*pismus*, *Caudalamata*, *Tumours*, *Hemorrhoids*, *Impoſthumations*, *Carbuncles*, *Genicular Nodes* and *Regades*, without Baths or Stoves; and that with as much pleasure as the same was contracted; so that it is worth any Person's while to get the modish Distemper once a fortnight, if it can be had for love or money.

I have the *Panchymagagon* of *Hermes Trifnegiftus*; an incomparable *Spagyric Tincture* of the moon's *Horns*, which is the only infallible *Antidote* against the Violent contagion of *Cuckoldom*.

Then, Gentlemen, here is my famous *Purendus Tankupontolus*; that is to say, in the Arabian language, the most excellent, wonderous, wonderful, wonder-working Pills; the excellent Qualities of them are hardly known, even to myself; but this I can say Gentlemen, they cause the Old to look Young, the Young handsome, and the handsome witty; take two of these Pills in a morning, *Fiuno Stomacho*, with seven quarts of *aqua Grulis*, to force an *Operation* by immediate *Evacuation*, and you'll have a perfect *Deliveration*, without *Mastification*.

I shall say no more at present, only inform you Gentlemen, that I have it here under the hands and seals of all the greatest Sultans, Sophys, Bathaws Viziers, Chams, Serafquiers, Musties, and Cadies, in Christendom, that I have actually perform'd such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured Prester John's Grandmother of a *stupendous Dolor* about the *Os Sacrum*, so that the good old Lady really feared the *perdition* of her *buckle Bone*: I did it by *fomenting* her *Posteriors* with a *Mummy* of Nature, alias call'd *Pilgrim Salve*, mix'd up with the spirit of *Mugwort Tartaragraphated* through an *Alembic* of *Cryalline transfluency*.

Then I was sent for to Sultan Gilgon, Despote of Bosnia; who was violently afflicted with a *Spasmus*: He came to meet me 300 Leagues in a Go-cart; but I gave him so speedy an acquittance of his *Dolor*, that the next night I made him dance a Saraband, with slip slaps, and Somersets.——I restored *Virility*, and the



comforts of *Generation*, to above 150 Eunuchs in the Grand Seignior's, Seraglio; and by a pair of *prolific Pills*, lately cauled a Vintner's Widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive of a man child, in the twelfth lustre of her age, without, the help of her husband.—

I cured likewise the Dutches of Bormophola, of a *Cramp* in her tongue; and the Count de Rodomontado I cured of an *Iliac Passion*, contracted by eating *butter'd Hedge-hogs*:——I also cured an Alderman of Grand Cairo, in forty-six minutes, who had been seven years sick of the Plague; and by the like *Empirical Medicines* I lately cured Duke Philorix of a *Dropfy* in which he died.—I am as well known in the Terra Incognita, as in any place of the World; there I extracted a Cannon Ball from the little finger of Captain Nonsuch, commander of the Tantrabobus Galley; likewise the Carpenter of the said Ship, swallowed one of his Handspikes by mistake, and of which I delivered him by *Prespiration*,

Before I conclude my discourse Gentlemen, it is proper to inform you that I can read the language of the Stars,— and hold discourse with a Turkey Cock, for three hours together; I'm profound in *Physiognomy*, and *Palmistry*, can resolve all manner of known Questions, and am lately commenced Master of the *Mathematics*, *Pneumatics*, *Hydrostatics*, *Hydraulics*, *Electrics*, *Algebra*, *Rhetoric*, *Plain Sailing*, *Ship Building*, and *Cabbage Planting*.

You that are willing to render yourselves Immortal, buy this Pacquet, or else repair to the Sign of the Prancers, in *Vice Vulgo*, *Dicto Ratcliffero*; something South East of the Square of *Profound Close*, not far from *Titter tatter Fair*; and you may see, hear, and return, *Re infecta*.

*Venientie occurit morbo.*

*Principiis Obsta.*

*Querenda pecunia primum.*

Down with your Dust.

No cure no Money.

Be not Sick too late

Gentlemen my hours, are from six to ten, from ten to twelve, and from twelve all day. *Finis coronat opus.*

*The Laugh.* S O N G CXXIII.

**S**INCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,  
In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best.  
Let the dull, who account it a weakness to smile,  
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll keep up the chorus of ha--ha--ha---ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,  
And foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha---ha---ha---ha.

To be happy, I'll dance as the minutes advance,  
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;  
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha---ha---ha---ha.

I'll laugh through the world in defiance of strife,  
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;  
I'll make Daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder and long for a taste;  
Then friends, while your bosoms are free from a flaw,  
Swell round the gay chorus of ha---ha---ha---ha.

*The Magpie.* S O N G CXXIV.

**G**OOD people draw near,  
A story ye's hear,  
A story both pleasant and true;  
Which happen'd of late,  
And's not out of date;  
I am going to tell it to you.

There was an old cobbler,  
Who soal'd shoes at Dubler,

And lov'd the juice of good barley ;  
 And oft' with his wife,  
 As dear as his life  
 When drunk, he delighted to parley.

'This cobbler, they say,  
 Being drunk on a day,  
 His wife 'gan to murmur and chat :  
 'This cobbler, they say,  
 Did thrash her that day,  
 And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

He had a magpie,  
 That was very sly,  
 And used to mutter and prate ;  
 Who foon got the tone,  
 Before it was long,  
 Of, what a pox wad ye be at ?

And this magpie,  
 Who was so very sly,  
 Once into a meeting-house gat ;  
 And as the old parson  
 Was canting his lesson,  
 Cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

The parson surpris'd,  
 Did lift up his eyes :  
 Now help us, pray Father, in need :  
 For Satan, I fear,  
 Does visit us here ;  
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

The parson again  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat ;  
 But magpie indeed  
 Flew over his head,  
 And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

Then the parson did skip  
 Five yards at a leap,

From



From his pulpit quite down to the floor;  
 And left every faint  
 Quite ready to faint,  
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

So some without hats,  
 And some without hoods,  
 Then out of the meeting-house gat :  
 And magpie hopp'd after,  
 Which caused much laughter,  
 Crying, what a pox wad ye be at ?

Then a sanctify'd soul,  
 Who thought to controul,  
 Looking magpie quite full in the face,  
 Said, Satan, how dare  
 You thus to appear  
 In this our sanctify'd place ?

But magpie he pranc'd,  
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,  
 And out of the meeting-house gat ;  
 And all the way long,  
 He kept up his song,  
 Of what a pox wad ye be at ?

*O the days when I was young.* S O N G CXXV.

**O** The days when I was young !  
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,  
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
 And with nectar crown'd the night,  
 Then it was, old father care,  
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;  
 Half thy malice youth could bear,  
 And the rest a bumper drown.

*O the days, &c.* 1

Truth, they say, lies in a well ;  
 Why I vow I ne'er could see,

Let

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Who soon got the tone,  
Before it was long,  
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*O the days, &c.* 1

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 Why I vow I ne'er could see,

Let

Let the water drinkers tell,  
There it always lay for me.  
For when sparkling wine went round,  
Never saw I falsehood's mask;  
But still the honest truth I found  
In the bottom of each flask.

*O the days, &c.*

True at length my vigour's flown,  
I have years to bring decay;  
Few the locks that now I own,  
And the few I have are grey.  
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,  
While thy spirits do not tire,  
Still beneath thy age's frost  
Glow a spark of youthful fire.

*O the days, &c.*

*The Raree Show.* S O N G CXXVI.

**O** Raree Show! O brave Show! O pretty Show!  
Who see my fine-a Show?  
O raree Show! O brave Show!  
Who see my pretty Show?

*Quand la cigala canta, fa pasboun travailler;  
Fadboun estr' a l' ombretta a l' ombretta,  
Fadboun estr' l' ombretta Calignar.*

De first be de true picture of de great magnificient  
City of Londre,  
Dat fill every part of de world vid surprize, pleasure,  
and vonder.

*O raree Show, &c.*

Here de cunning French, de wise Italian and Span-  
iard runne,  
And vere can dey go else, morbleau, to get quarter of  
de money.

*O raree Show, &c.*

And for de deversions, dat make a de pleasure for  
this great town,



Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never  
was known.

*O raree Show, &c.*

Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do  
sweetly found,  
Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred  
thousand pound.

*O raree Show, &c.*

Here be de famous comedians of de world, de troupe  
Italian,  
Dat make a de poor English weep, because dey vil  
troupe home again.

*O raree Show, &c.*

De toder place be Mademoiselle Violante shew a  
tousand trick,  
She jump upon de rope ten storie high and never break  
her neck.

*O raree Show, &c.*

Here be de wise managers shew all de wisdom of deir  
brain,  
Dat make a de fine ting of de Coxheate Camp in  
Drury-lane,

*O raree Show, &c.*

See how dey turn about, for deir own diversion, in de  
*front and de rear*  
So prodigious entertainment vill never be dis thousand  
year.

*O raree Show, &c.*

*My Lady's birth day.* S O N G CXXVII.

**F**OUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,  
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle.  
It is my lady's birth-day,  
Therefore we keep holiday,  
And come to be merry here.

Four

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,  
And there was rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,  
And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,  
And there was tantara rara, tantara rara,  
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty tabors and pipes all in a row,  
And there was whip a dub, whip a dub,  
And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty women all in a row,  
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,  
And whip a dub, &c.

Four and twenty finging-masters all in a row,  
And there was fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la,  
And there was tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,  
And there was this, and that, and down to the legs clap, fir,  
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row,  
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno,*  
*Sed plus damno decorum;* and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty vintners all in a row,  
And there was claret and white,  
And I ne'er drank worse in my life,  
And excellent good canary,  
Drawn off the lees of sherry,  
If you do not like it, *Omne quod,* &c.

Four and twenty parliament-men all in a row,  
And there was loyalty and reason,  
Without one word of treason,  
And there was rare claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,  
And there was Alter Makter Vantor Dyker Shapen Ko-  
pen de Van Høgne Rottyck Vanton sick de Brille  
Van Boorflyck, Van Foorflyck, and Soetrag Van Ho-  
gan Herien Van Donk.

Loyalty and reason, &c.

The

*The Bathing Virgins.* S O N G. CXXVI.

**A**LL you that delight in a jocular song,  
 Come listen unto me a while fir;  
 I'll tell you a story before it be long  
 Which surely will make you to smile, fir.  
 There was an old man that liv'd in this town,  
 Had three pretty maids to his daughters,  
 Of whom I will tell you a story, anon  
 That will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man he had in his garden a pond,  
 And it being fine summer weather;  
 His daughters one night, were all very fond,  
 To go and bathe in it together:  
 When they did agree, they happened to be  
 O'erheard by a youth in the house, fir,  
 Who got into the garden, and climb'd up a tree,  
 And there sat as still as a mouse, fir.

The branch that he sat on hung over the pond,  
 Each puff of the wind made it totter,  
 But careless of that, he was still very fond  
 To see them go into the water:  
 So when their old father was fast in his bed,  
 His daughters they to the pond went, fir,  
 As they were going they all laughing said,  
 As high as our bubbies we'll venture.

Upon the green grass they all sat them down,  
 They all were of delicate feature;  
 Each pull'd of her petticoat, smock and her gown,  
 No sight sure could ever be sweeter.  
 Then into the water they dabbling went,  
 So clean that they needed no washing,  
 But being resolved on some merriment,  
 Like boys fir, they all fell a splashing.

If any body should see us said one,  
 They would think we were doing of evil;  
 And sure at the sight of us quickly would run,

A,

As they'd do at the sight of the devil.  
 This put the youth into such a merry pin  
 He let go his hold through laughter ;  
 And as it fell out he fell tumbling in,  
 And scar'd them all out of the water.

Ne'er looking behind 'em, they all took to flight,  
 As swift as a new started hare, sir ;  
 Straight homeward they fled, in a terrible fright  
 And thunder'd together up stairs, sir :  
 This noise, from his bed their father did rouse  
 Who peep'd, but durst venture no further ;  
 He thought they were thieves come to plunder the house,  
 And lustily shouted out murder.

The noise by this time some neighbours had heard  
 And came with long clubs to assist him,  
 Said he there are three bloody rogues run up stairs,  
 And I was afraid to resist them ;  
 For they were all cloathed in scarlet and buff,  
 I saw as they shov'd in their shoulders ;  
 With huge hairy caps that look'd fearful and rough,  
 Which made me believe they were soldiers.

The virgins their cloaths in the garden had left,  
 And their chests they could not be unlocked,  
 To put on the sheets they were forc'd to make shift,  
 For each had her key in her pocket :  
 But when they were seen by those valiant young men,  
 Tho' armed with courage undaunted ;  
 They took them for spirits and run back again,  
 And swore that the house it was haunted.

Just at their retreat the young man they met,  
 Who came shivering in at the door, sir ;  
 He look'd like a rat with his cloaths dripping wet,  
 No rogue that was pamp'd e'er look'd worse sir ;  
 They all were amazed to see him come in,  
 And asked him what was the matter ;  
 He told them the story and were he had been  
 Which caused them to burst out in laughter.

Quoth



Quoth the old man I was in a sad huff,  
And threaten'd to cut them afunder ;  
I thought they had been three soldiers in buff,  
That were come for to rifle and plunder.  
But they are my daughters whom I do adore,  
That's been frightened from private diversion ;  
So now I will put up my rusty old sword,  
For why should I be in a passion.

---

*Happy Dick.* S O N G CXXVII.

**W**HENCE comes it neighbour Dick,  
That you, with taste uncommon,  
Have play'd the girls this trick,  
And wedded an old woman ?

*Roguish Dick !*

Each Belle condemns the choice  
Of a youth so gay and sprightly ;  
But we, your friends, rejoice,  
That you have judg'd so rightly.

*Happy Dick !*

Tho' odd to some it sounds,  
That on threescore you ventur'd ;  
Yet in ten thousand pounds,  
Ten thousand charms are center'd.

*Happy Dick !*

Beauty, we know, will fade,  
As doth the short-liv'd flower ;  
Nor can the fairest maid  
Insure her bloom an hour.

*Happy Dick !*

Then wisely you resign,  
For sixty, charms so transient,  
As the curious value coin  
The more for being ancient,

*Happy Dick !*

With joy your spouse shall see  
The fading beauties round her,  
And she herself still be  
The same that first you found her.

Happy Dick!

Her death wou'd grieve you fore,  
But let not that torment you;  
O' my life she'll see fourscore,  
If that will but content you.

Happy Dick!

On this you may rely,  
For the pains you took to win her,  
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,  
Unless the d—l's in her.

Happy Dick!

Some have the name of hell  
To matrimony given;  
How falsely, you can tell,  
Who find it such a heaven.

Happy Dick!

With spouse long share the bliss  
Y'had miss'd in any other;  
And when you've bury'd this,  
May you have such another.

Happy Dick!

Observing hence from you,  
In marriage such decorum,  
Our wiser youth shall do  
As you have done before 'em.

Happy Dick!

*A Hunting Song, SONG CXXVIII.*

COME my brave boys let's away to the downs,  
See the huntsman's gone on before with the hounds  
Sol well pleas'd with his last night's nap,

Shaking

Shaking his head in Thetis's lap :  
 Come my brave boys let's away to the joys,  
 That far do excell the delights of a doxy,  
 This is the sport to which we resort,  
 And smoko in the chace of a hare or a foxy.  
*Tarral larral, &c.*

Diana with her comely face,  
 With bow and quiver, and hunting dress,  
 To follow the chace, she very well does know,  
 Far does excell young Cupid's bow,  
 Let each loving tool, now play the fool,  
 Courting his las with a sigh and a leering,  
 We hunt all the day at night sport and play,  
 Till we outlive them for many a long yearing.  
*Tarral larral, &c.*

Hark there to Flora, see that is good,  
 Ratler he hits her now in the wood :  
 Dunkin he doubles it, see that she's gone,  
 Yonder she skulks it over the lawn :  
 Gone, gone away, hark ! gone away,  
 That's good again, bring them in with a rally :  
 Bumper they hit, gone through the bit ;  
 Yonder she skulks it over the valley.  
*Tarral larral, &c.*

-See how Comely she leads them along ;  
 Plowman excells them all with his tongue :  
 Hang that Tatler hear how he rings ;  
 This is beauty, wind or wings.  
 Chancellor away, hip doxy ha !  
 That's good again, look to Rockwood and Shallow ;  
 Draw back the hounds, the sheep steals the ground,  
 What the devil makes all the footmen to holloo !  
*Tarral larral, &c.*

Hold there again why ride you so fast,  
 You may see this old lady will work it at last :  
 She's almost spent you may see by that ;  
 Draw back your hounds she's sure to run squat :  
 82 Make

Make good the aid, quick be the deed ;  
 Light from your horses and save her from tearing,  
 Up, ha ! ha ! ha ! up, ha ! ha ! ha !  
 Yonder she runs, she's quite out of fearing.

*Taaral larral, &c.*

Come my brave boys this is glorious sport,  
 Full three hours since we've had a start,  
 Not like the dull courser who beats in a bush,  
 And labours all day for to find out a puss ;  
 She's up, up, or up, she's up, up, or up ;  
 By my faith and my troth there is no pleasure in it,  
 Holloo, holloo holloo——Holloo, holloo holloo,  
*Mew*; yonder she's dead, and she's lost in a minute.

*Tarral larral, &c.*

*The Print Cutter.* S O N G CXXIX.

*Tune.* There was a jovial Miller.

**H**ERE'S a health to the jolly print Cutter,  
 Who sings and works at his ease ;  
 He goes to bed when he thinks fit,  
 He rises——when you please :

He takes his block——as he finds it,  
 Be't either print or gronud ;  
 He takes his knife and he grinds it :  
 Drink round, brave boys, drink round.

Drink round, drink round,  
 Drink round, till it comes to me ;  
 For the longer we sit here to drink,  
 The merrier we shall be .

*The Thing.* S O N G CXXX.

**T**HO' songsters apologies oftentimes use,—  
 When call'd on, I'm ready to sing ;  
 With



With hems, or with haws, I ne'er mean to refuse,  
And egad firs, I'll give you *the thing, the thing,*  
And egad firs, I'll give you *the thing.*

Conceited, our beaux arm in arm walk the street,  
In idleness, taking full swing;  
Each levels his glass, when a lady they meet——

'There's a fine girl faith'——'Only so so Tom'——  
'But look what a shape'——'Oh monstrous!'——  
'Damme there's a handsome foot'——'Ay, and a  
'leg at the end of it'——'Yes she goes well  
'on her hind feet'——'Oh! rat me if she is not  
'*the thing—the thing*'

And if handsome they swear she's *the thing.*

The sportsman, with joy, views the hare in full speed;  
In extasy hears the sky-ring  
With the cry of the hounds, and of each neighing steed;  
And in transport he cries——

'Hoicks! hoicks! my lads—hark forward there  
'he voe, he voe, he voe, hark hark hark—touch  
'him Rover, see ho—and hark forward my lads 'tis  
'*the thing—the thing*'

Thus in transport he cries, 'tis *the thing.*

See Jwoney and Jwosep to th' playhouse repair,  
Leonora to hear sweetly sing;  
Pretenders to music they praise ev'ry air  
With——

'Jwoney—Jwoney—dus'ta hear that?'——'Sno-o-  
're, ay Jwosep—what's 'st about?'——'Wa'  
'man wacken tha' it's about robin reed breast'——  
'Eh—ay—we'll ha' th' ballat on't er 'at we ga'  
'*yame*'——

'For efackins lad this is *the thing the thing.*

'Ay, depend, but she's gi'en us *the thing.*'

At Smithfield the Jockey his nag will commend;  
What a shape; why he's fit for the King.

He's sound wind and limb, on the word of a friend,  
And

' There's a neck like a rainbow, and a fore end like  
' a fortification ; he was got by Pluto, and bred  
' by Lord Whistlejacket ;—his Dam by Hedge's  
' Barbarian, his Grandam by Coney Skins, his  
' great Grandam by Jack Ketch, his great great  
' Grandam by Coporal Trim, his great great great  
' Grandam by Potatoes, whose own Dam's Dam,  
' was the Dam of Denmark'.

And for spirits he's really *the thing*—hec ! hec !

See, for spirits he's really *the thing*.

' The cockfighters too, when they match win and draw,

' Their stags and their blenkards they bring,

' And when on the sod these fierce combatants crow,

'Tis

' I'll lay five to four the black red'—*the black red*

' a guinea"—' piley's mine',—*ten to four the*

' black red.—my cock a guinea by G—' *My lad*

' Tom'—

' For black reds fir are really *the thing, the thing,*

' Ay, Dalston black reds are *the thing.*

Jack Tar, full of glee to the garden will stroll,

In fancy as great as a king ;

Three lights on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his soul,

' Why Moll, thou'rt as fine as the Admiral's yawl

' at a review ; with thy broad pendant flying,

' and thy phiz shining, like the Captains cabbins

' windows after a storm ; but Moll, shall we haul up

' the main sheet, and lie too, under bare poles, eh' ?

For th'art rigg'd fore and aft, quite *the thing, the thing,*

Yes, rigg'd fore and aft, quite *the thing.*

*The Mad Dog's Tragedy.* S O N G CXXXI.

GOOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song.

And

And if you find it wond'rous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes ;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,  
The wond'ring People ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,  
To every Christian eye ;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd,  
The man recover'd of the bite,  
The dog it was that dy'd.

*The Briton's pray'r at Table.* SONG CXXXII. \*

**G**OD save great George our king !  
Long may each Briton sing,  
God save the King !

Jove send us beef in flore,  
When that's gone, send us more,  
And we'll, as heretofore,  
Defend our king.

Oh ! mighty Jove arise,  
Choak all our Enemies,  
As they deserve :  
Confound their fricacies,  
Smite all their ducks and geese,  
Poison their tarts and cheese,  
And let them starve.

Oh grant that Washington,  
And his friends ev'ry one,  
May'nt find relief ;  
Make yams their only cheer ;  
Let them drink treacle beer,  
Whilst loyal Britains, here,  
Feed on roast beef.

Confound the Frenchman's pot,  
Make his soup scalding hot ;  
Singe his false tongue :  
Search through Great Briton's isle ;  
In Rebel's porrage boil  
Wormwood and Camomile,  
And make it strong !

*Love in Cumberland.* S O N G CXXXIII.\*

**W**A' J'wonn what'n mannishment's 'tis,  
'At t'ou's gawn to dee for a hizzy ?  
Aw hard o' this torrable fis,  
An' aw's cum't to advize tha', 'at iz'ce.

Mun thou'll nobbet l'wose 'tee gud nyame,  
Wa' gowlen' an, whindgen' sea mickle ;  
Cockswunters ! min beyd about hyeam,  
An' let 'er e'en gea to oald nickle.

Thee



Thee plew-geer's o' liggen how-flrow,  
 An' somebody's stown tha' thee conter ;  
 Oh faiks ! thou's doon leyttle 'at dow,  
 To fash theefell ivver about 'er

Your *Seymey* 'as broken 'ear-flang,  
 An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker ;  
 'Pump-tree's gean o' wheyt wrang,  
 An' they've sent for oal *Tom Stalker*.

'Young filly's dung ower th' lang stee,  
 An' lyeam't peer *Andrew* th' theeker ;  
 Thee muther wid suffer't for't tee,  
 An' aw hadn't happ'n't to cleek 'er.

Thou's spoylet for o' manner a' wark ;  
 Thou nobbet fits peighan' an' pleenan' ;  
 Odswucks ! man, doff that durty fark,  
 And prethaa gie' way git a clean 'an.

An' than gow to *Cairll* wa' me ;  
 Let 'er gang to Knock-crofs wid 'er scwornin' ;  
 Seck clanken' at' market we'll fee,  
 A'll up'oad ta' fergit 'er 'orr mwornin'.

*The Morning Dew.* S O N G CXXXIV. \*

**L**ET rhymers praise the town-bred toast,  
 And think their subject new—  
 A theme unsung my verse can boast ;  
 I mean the *morning dew*.

Since ev'ry day, fresh maidens brings,  
 In verses held to view,  
 Pardon the artless pen that sings  
 The brighter *morning dew*.

Let pensive city poets feign  
 Delights they never knew,  
 While happy in a native strain,  
 I sing the *morning dew*.

Bard

Bard rivals bard, who best can bring  
Aurora to the view ;  
I realize what they but sing,  
Amid' the *morning dew*.

Cease, Grubstreet garreteers, to talk,  
(With only half a shoe)  
That you thro' Love's clyfium walk,  
Wet shod in *morning dew*.

Ye beaux love on, I envy not  
The courtly toasted few ;  
All other beauties are forgot,  
Beside the *morning dew*.

Let coquet Art, her spangles spread,  
Soft Nature to outdo ;  
Then bow her proud aspiring head,  
Before the *morning dew*.

*The Four Nations.* S O N G CXXXV.

**I**N vain do poets strive to sing  
The hero, patriot, and king,  
That bless Great Britain's isle ;  
The task's too great for any one,  
Except a Homer, or Milton ;  
All, want both words, and style.

Hark ! how the drums and trumpets sound,  
While Englishmen are bravely crown'd  
With Laurels, ev'ry where ;  
See, meagre, frightened, Frenchmen run  
From thund'ring, roaring, English gun,  
To shun death and despair.

See, crowds of volunteers, each day,  
Who sing, to Granby haste away,  
Our honour to maintain ;  
Convince Monfieurs that we are free,

In church, in state, in liberty;—

Lords of the land and main.

But who comes here that wears the leek?

Methinks a Welshman, let hur speak :

Old Briton what d'ye say?—

Why hur name it is Taffy, and look ye here now;  
Hur's left hur own wife, her, son, and her sow;  
And hur wish hur may never go home to hur house  
Till hur make the French dogs shit so small as a mouse.

For a Welshman can ne'er live at home at hur ease,  
While Frenchmen do rop hur of hur putter and feece:  
For Shenkin ap Morgan, and David ap Shones,  
Were never yet fearful of preaking their pones.

Yes Taffy will fight, cotsplutter a-nails,  
For hur King, and hur Queen, and hur own Prince of  
Wales;

And Sawney will help hur, whose heart will ne'er fail,  
To fight with a proad sword so long as a flail.

Breethers what are ye about?

Wha' the deel makes aw this rout?

O'er the seas, and o'er the lands,

Chear up my lads, gie me your hands:

In me ye fall a brother find,

De'el dam me an' I stay behind;

My braid sword fall gie them law,

Oe'r the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face,

They rin awa', we gie them chase;

Wha' pursue them like the lads

That wear the bonnets, swords and plaids!

Fou' or empty, drunk or dry;

O'er valleys low, or mountains high;

In summer's heat, in frost or snaw,

We always gar them rin awa'.

Then gie's a cogue and let us sing

Our soldiers, sailors and our King.—

And

And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail  
To fight for old Ireland :—sing Grannywale !

*Mussha tol de rol lol lol de rol lorrol lol la.*

*Whack tal de ral, &c.*

*Agas ful de rol, &c.*

*Befides farrel lol lol, &c.*

King George wears my harp and the crown on his shield;  
I'm the first in the battle, the last in the field;  
And Frenchmen swear, nothing can fright a Brigade,  
So much, as the face of a true honest Teague.

*Mussha tal de rol, &c.*

I value no Sackville, no shitfack, or lowse,  
Who strove to break open my mother's old house;  
For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to him's face;  
*Makaak mal-a Malak* is now in disgrace,

*Mussha tal de rol, &c.*

Then give's a drink, and let's join all four  
To lick the French King for a son of a whore;  
We'll make him cry out *Morbleu*, to his shame,  
Or *Whil-lil-alow*, and that's all the same.

*Mussha tal de rol, &c.*

# A Description of London, S O N G CXXXVI

**H**OUSES, churches, mix'd together,  
Streets unpleasant in all weather;  
Prisons palaces contiguous,  
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gawdy things enough to tempt ye,  
Showy out-sides, in-sides empty;  
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,  
Coaches, wheel-barrows and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,  
Lords of laundresses afraid,  
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,  
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers



Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,  
Noble, simple, all conditions;  
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,  
Villany—bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair and grey,  
Prudes, and such as never pray;  
Handsome, ugly, noisy still;  
Some that will not, some that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,  
Many a widow not unwilling,  
Many a bargain if you strike it:  
This is *London*, how d'ye like it?

# SONG CXXXVII.

*A true Relation of the dreadful Combat, between Moore,  
of Moore-hall; and the Dragon of Wantley.*

**O**LD stories tell, how Hercules a Dragon slew at  
Lern, [discern  
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes, to see and well  
Yet he had a club, this dragon to drub,  
Or he had ne'er don't I war'nt ye;  
But Moore of Moore-hall, with nothing at all,  
Did slay the Dragon of Wantley.

This Dragon had two furious wings, each one upon each  
shoulder, [him far the bolder,  
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail, which made  
He had long claws, and in his jaws,  
Four and forty teeth of iron;  
With a hide as tough as any buff,  
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard, the Trojan Horse held men within  
his belly? [you r

This Dragon was not quite so big, bnt very near i'll tell

T

Devoar

Devour did he, poor children three,  
That could not with him grapple;  
And at one sup, he eat them up,  
As one should eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon eat, some say he eat up  
trees,  
And that the forest sure as fate, he'd swallow by degrees;  
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies,  
He eat all, none left behind fir;  
But some stones dear Jack, which he could not crack,  
Upon the hills you'll find fir.

Hard by, a furious Knight there dwelt, of whom all  
towns did ring,  
For he could play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff, box, huff,  
call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:  
By the tail and the mane, with his hands twain,  
He swong a horse till he was dead,  
And that which was stranger he for very anger,  
Eat him all up but the head.

These children as I told being eat; men, women, girls,  
and boys, [full noise;  
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodgings, with a woe-  
Oh! save us all, Moore of Moore-hall,  
Thou peerless Knight of these woods;  
Slay but this Dragon, we won't leave a rag on,  
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want, but I want, I  
want in sooth, [mouth;  
A maiden of sixteen that's brisk, and smiles about the  
Hair as black as a sloe, both above and below,  
With a blush her cheeks adorning,  
To noynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,  
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage to hew this Dragon  
down; [town;  
But first, he went new armour to bespeak at Sheffield  
With

With spikes all about, not within but without,  
Of steel so sharp and strong,  
Both behind and before, arms, legs, all o'er,  
Some five or six inches long.

To see this fight all people there got upon trees or  
houses, [their trowles,  
On Churches some, and Chimneys too, but they put on  
Not to spoil their hose: As soon as he rose,  
To make him strong and mighty,  
He drank by the tale, nine pots of Ale,  
And a quart of Aqua Vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins, for wit doth strength  
excell, [well,  
Which made our cunning Champion creep down into a  
Where he did think this Dragon would drink;  
And so he did in truth,  
And as he stoop'd low, he rose and cry'd boh!  
And hit him a slap in the mouth.

Oh! quoth the Dragon pox on thee Knight, for taking  
me in drink; [did stink;  
And then he turn'd and sh—t at him; good lack how he  
Beskrew thy soul, thy body's foul,  
Thy dung smells not like balsam,  
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so fore,  
Sure thy diet is unwholsome.

Our politic Knight on 'tother side, crept out upon the  
brink, [to think:  
And gave the Dragon such a doubt, he knew not what  
By cock! quoth he, say you so d'ye see?  
And then at him he let fly  
With hand and foot; and so they went to't,  
And the word it was hey! boys hey!

At length the Earth began to quake, the Dragon lent  
such a knock, [high as a rock,  
Which made him reel; and so he thought to lift him as  
T 2 And

And thence let him fall; but Moore of Moore-hall,  
That valiant son of Mars,

As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,  
And hit him a kick on the a—se.

Oh! quoth the Dragon with a sigh, and turn'd six times  
together, [throat of leather;

Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing, out of his

Oh! thou rascal, Moore of Moore-hall,  
Would I had seen thee never; [gut,

With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick't my a-se  
Oh! I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder! murder! the Dragon cry'd, alack, alack for  
grief; [no mischief;

Had you but mist that place, you could have done me

Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,

And down he laid and cry'd;

First on one knee, then on back, tumbled he,

So groan'd, kick'd, sh—t and dy'd.

*The Beggar.* S O N G CXXXVIII.

**A** Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be,  
For none live so jovial as he.

A beggar I was, and a beggar I am,

A beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came;

And if that it happens our trading should fail,

We in the conclusion shall beggars be all;

Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,

And few men are thriving but courtiers and players.

A craver my father, a maunder my mother,

A filcher my sister, a filer my brother,

A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,

A lifter my aunt, and a beggar myself:

In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,

There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull;

And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,

For none lives a life so jovial as he.

When



When boys they come to us, and say their intent is  
 To follow our calling, we ne'er bind 'em prentice ;  
 Soon as they come to't we learn them to do't,  
 We give them a staff and a wallet to boot ;  
 We lend them our lingo, to crave and to cant,  
 So the devil is in it if e'er they can want :  
 Therefore he or she that a beggar will be,  
 Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens  
 We feast it on pigs, pullets, conies or capons ;  
 For churchmen's affairs we are no men-slayers,  
 We have no religion, yet live by our prayers ;  
 And oft when we beg and men draw not their purses,  
 We charge and give fire with a volley of curses ;  
 The devil confound your good worship we cry,  
 And such a bold brazen-face beggar am I.

We do things in season, and have so much reason,  
 We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason ;  
 We bill with our mates at very low rates,  
 Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates:  
 With Shenkin or Morgan or Loufman or Teague,  
 We into no covenant enter, or league ;  
 And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,  
 For none leads a life so jovial as he.

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,  
 We never do fear being drawn upon sledges ;  
 Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,  
 And then we from tithing to tithing do trip ;  
 But when in a poor boozing ken we do bib it,  
 We are more afraid of the stocks than a gibbet ;  
 And if from the stocks we keep out our feet,  
 We fear not the Compter, King's-bench or the Fleet.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,  
 And when a coach comes, we hop to our game ;  
 We seldom miscarry, nor ever do marry,  
 By gown, common-prayer, or clerk-directory :

But Simon and Susan, like birds of a feather,  
They laugh and they kiss and they lie down together;  
Like pigs in the peas entangled they lie,  
And there they begot such a bold rogue as I.

*Music.* S O N G CXXXIX.

**M**USIC'S a crotchet, the sober think vain,  
The fiddle's a wooden projection;  
Tunes are but fits, of a whimsical brain,  
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.  
Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,  
And those are the same that admire 'em;  
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid  
And the other are blockheads that hire 'em.

C H O R U S.

The organ's but humming,  
Guitar is but thrumming;  
The viol and voice  
Are but jingle and noise;  
The bagpipe and fiddle  
Cry twiddle and diddle;  
The hautboy and flute,  
Are but toot-a-toot toot.  
Your scales and your cliffs, keys, moods, and dull rules,  
Are fit to please none but madmen and fools.

*The Bowl of Punch.* S O N G CXL.

**T**HE gods and the goddesses lately did meet,  
Where Ambrosia with exquisite fauces was drest,  
The Eatables did with their qualities suit,  
But what they should drink did occasion dispute:

When the sky colour'd cloth was remov'd from the  
board,  
For the chrystaline bowl great Jove gave the word;  
This

This bowl was of large and most heavenly size,  
In which they did use infant gods to baptize.

Quoth Jove, we're inform'd they drink punch upon  
earth,

By which mortal wights quite outdo us in mirth;  
Therefore our wise godheads together let's lay,  
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.

Apollo dispatch'd away one of his lasses,  
A pitcher to fill at the well of Parnassus;  
To poets new born, this good liquor is brought,  
And this they suck in for their first morning's draught.

Juno for lemons sent into her closet,  
Which when she was sick she infus'd into posset;  
For goddesses may be as squeamish as gipsies,  
The sun and the moon we find have their eclipses;

Venus th' admirer of things that are sweet,  
Without whose infusion there had been no treat,  
Commanded her sugar loves, white as her doves,  
Supported to table by a pair of young loves.

Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,  
Without his assistance there could be no punch;  
What he meant by the signal was very well known,  
So they threw in two gallons of trusty Lagoon.

Mars a blunt god, tho' the chief of the biskers,  
Was seated at table, still twirling his whiskers;  
Quoth he, fellow gods, and celestial gallants,  
I'd not give a fart for your punch without Nants.

Saturn of all the gods who was the oldest,  
And we may imagine his stomach was coldest;  
He out of his pouch did three nutmegs produce,  
Which when it was grated was put to the jaice.

Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown  
With the sea bisket bak'd very hard in the sun;  
The bowl being finish'd, a health they began,  
Quoth Jove, let it be to our creature call'd Man.

War:

*Warwickshire Will.* S O N G CXLI.

**Y**E Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,  
 See what at our Jubilee passes,  
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,  
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,  
 Warwickshire lad, all be glad,  
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,  
 Where much she has given and some to be spar'd,  
 And the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,  
 Warwickshire bard, never pair'd,  
 For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
 And half a score more we take pride in,  
 Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,  
 But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will,  
 Warwickshire Will, matchless still,  
 For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will.

Our Shakespear compar'd is to no man,  
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,  
 Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,  
 And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man,  
 Warwickshire man, Avon's swan,  
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

As venison is very inviting,  
 To steal it our bard took delight in;  
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,  
 And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag,  
 Warwickshire wag, ever brag,  
 For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,  
 Of all she was worth he robb'd nature;  
 He took all her smiles and he took all her grief,  
 And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,  
 Warwickshire thief, he's the chief,  
 For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief.



*The Accident.* S O N G CXLII.

**W**HEN Dolly had now done milking her cow,  
 And Roger return'd o'er the mead;  
 He spy'd an old wight, in pitifal plight,  
 Leaning sad on the neck of his steed.

His hand did sustain a taper or twain,  
 Full trimly encircled with horn;  
 It shone on the ground, some paces around,  
 As bright as the star of the morn.

While Roger survey'd this meagre old blade,  
 He heard a most sorrowful cry,——  
 Whoever you are, catch hold any where,  
 And help me out quick, or I die.

He turn'd at the sound, and instantly found  
 A coach with it's wheels in the air;  
 The wares it contain'd, in language unfeign'd,  
 Next stanza shall partly declare.

Eight legs stood upright, all cloathed in white,  
 With shoes both of silk and of leather;  
 And nought else was seen, either scarlet or green,  
 To save their fair skins from the weather.

With wond'rous surprise, Roger feasted his eyes,  
 And view'd each particular feature;  
 But the muse is too coy, to tell what the boy  
 Could discern of the secrets of nature.

Whatever delight Roger took in the sight,  
 He freed the fair ladies from danger;  
 Who blush'd as they rose, and streak'd down their cloaths,  
 And bless'd the kind aid of the stranger.

*The Apology Song.* S O N G CXLIII. \*

**K**IND sirs, you would set me a singing,  
 Before you are sure I can do't;

But

But thus, since your ears you dare venture,  
I'll hazard my lungs and fall to't.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

My voice it is none of the clearest  
That ever begun with a rhyme;

So I'm glad you allow me to practice,  
For bad may grow better in time.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

The drunkard, when quite non se ipse,  
Cries out 'tither bottle here bring;

So I, with a voice like a raven,  
Am even attempting to sing.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

Yet remember, 'tis at your entreaty,  
That here I exhibit my skill;

And since you have set me going,  
Huzza! boys I'll end when I will.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

But to please you as well as I'm able,  
And give satisfaction the more,

I'll ring-rhyme, and sing-song a little;  
And then 'twill be time to give o'er,

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

Some persons, when ask'd for a ditty,  
Are bashful, and say they've a cold;

While others, prevent your entreaty,  
With bawdy, pert saucy and bold.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

I'm sure those are none of my failings;

I neither am fearful, or vain,  
So sirs, if 'twill quit you the labour,  
You're welcome to try me again.

*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

That's right sirs,—I see you are smiling;

Why then, I am certain 'twill do!

*Whe.*

Whether me or my song 'tis you laugh at,  
There's always diversion for you:

*Tol lol de rol &c.*

*Song on a Fiddlestick. S O N G CXLIV. \**

**C**OMPANIONS we are, but sure such a pair,  
Did ne'er before boast of a gender !  
For look at the one, he's a very *Sir John*,  
And the other is good *Master Slender*.

Would you have me express our colour and dress,  
I'll do it as well as I'm able ;  
The fat gutted fellow's in orange or yellow,  
But I'm in a plain dingy sable.

My hairs they are grey, and I'm old you may say,—  
But first it is quite the contrary ;  
Examine *Sir John*, like a Turk I lay on,  
And he roars, when I take the vagary.

*Sir John*, when folks please, to let us have ease,  
Is hung by the neck, let me tell ye ;  
But then, if in case, he gets some better place,  
My bed's on his tight gutted belly.

We work when we play, and vica versa ;  
We're melting in all kinds of weather ;  
But ne'er work so hard, nor claim such regard,  
As when playing at *Ball* both together.

Perhaps you may cry pshaw ! *Fiddlestick ! fye !*  
Break off this dull tale in the middle :  
Your anger my friend, has answer'd the end,  
And so you've a song like a Riddle.

*Song on Something. S O N G CXLV. \**

**S**INCE something you ask, we may gather from that  
One something or other you fain would be at ;

So

So you shall have something ; I cannot tell what.

*Which somebody may deny*

But if about something we make a pretence,  
And something advance against reason and sense ;  
Somebody at something may take an offence.

*Which somebody won't deny.*

Then lest something rude I should happen to hit,  
Without contradiction 'twould be something fit ;  
To sing about something, and something omit.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

For something we labour, for something we strive,  
All men must have something before they can thrive,  
While some that have nothing keep longest alive.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

Can those in the pulpit believe it their care,  
To make us shun something for fear of a snare,  
When without hopes of something they'd never come  
there.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

Grave doctors unlike those discouraging elves,  
Perswade by example, to empty their selves ;  
And while they give something--take something them-  
selves.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

That something is money may quickly be guest,  
But that money is something by all is confest,  
Then money and something together suit best.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

That something's a strange thing, we all must allow,  
And something looks odd when 'tis first brought to view,  
Yet nothing is stranger than something that's new.

*Which somebody can't deny.*

Tho' something be held in such high estimation,  
Yet something has bred such a sad fermentation ;  
That I would not for something be head of this nation.

*Which somebody may deny.*

As



As children at something and nothing will play;  
So princes are often as trifling as they;  
But tho' something we sing—mum nothing we'll say.  
*Which Nobody must deny.*

---

*A Song on Nothing.* S O N G CXLVI.

I'LL sing you a song that was never in print,  
'Tis newly and truly come out of the mint,  
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find nothing in't.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,  
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I slight,  
And I don't care a pin if I get nothing by't.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

Fire, air, earth and water, birds, beasts, fish, and men,  
Did start out of nothing, a chaos, a den,  
And all things must turn to nothing again.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

The lad that makes love to a delicate smooth-thing,  
And hopes to obtain her by fighting and soothing,  
Most frequently makes much ado about nothing.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

But soon as his patience and purse are decay'd.  
He may to the arms of a whore be betray'd,  
For she that has no thing must needs be a maid.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit,  
As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit,  
The fool that says nothing may pass for a wit.  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

When first by the ears we together did fall,  
Then something got nothing, and nothing got all,  
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall,  
*Tol lol de rol lol, &c.*

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,  
And say that on nothing I nothing have writ,  
I shall answer him nothing ; and nothing so fit.

*Tol lol de rol &c.*

But let his discretion be ever so tall,  
This very word Nothing may give him a fall,  
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

So let ev'ry man give the poet his due,  
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,  
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

This very word nothing, if ta'en the right way,  
May be of advantage; for what will you say,  
When the landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay.

*Tol lol de rol, &c.*

*A Song on Somebody.* S O N G CXLVII.

**L**ET others boast of noble birth,  
Or think in wealth consists their worth;  
Alas! my every wish on earth,  
Is center'd in my *Somebody*.

Such beauty in her form I find;  
Such virtue decks her lovelier mind;  
The pride and glory of her kind,  
Is sure my lovely *Somebody*.

Bright shines the glorious orb of day,  
And bright is luna's silver ray,  
A lustre bright the stars display,  
But far more bright is *Somebody*.

Sweet is the gale that gently blows,  
And sweet the blushing damask rose,  
But sweet Oh! sweeter far than those,  
Art thou my lovely *Somebody*.

For

For thee I'd scorn a Monarch's state,  
 And think it far a happier fate,  
 To dwell in some obscure retreat,  
 With innocence and *Somebody*.

While Lambkins on the plain shall rove,  
 And feather'd songsters, haunt the grove,—  
 So long my heart with spotless love,  
 Shall burn for lovely *Somebody*.

And when I'm call'd to endless rest,  
 May I expiring on her breast,  
 To heaven prefer this last request,  
 Oh bless my lovely *Somebody*!

*A Song on Nobody.* S O N G CXLVIII. \*

**L**ET others borrow'd charms explore,  
 And rhyme a list of beauties o'er;  
 Mine is a Theme unsung before,  
 I mean the praise of *Nobody*.

When love the poet's bosom warms,  
 And fills his breast with soft alarms,  
 He gives his maid a thousand charms,  
 Which all belong to *Nobody*.

Spite of each doating lover's frown,  
 I dare to cry their Chloes down;  
 Nor blame me, when I freely own  
 That I'm in love with *Nobody*.

Unmov'd I view each rival fair;  
 All painted trifles, light as air;  
 Nor would I make their smiles my care,  
 Were I belov'd by *Nobody*.

Should fortune lavish all her store,  
 To make me rich, who now am poor,—  
 Lo! here I vow,—what could I more?  
 I'd give in all to *Nobody*.

Or should misfortune tempt my mind  
 With scorn to look on all mankind,  
 Some peaceful spot I'd strive to find,  
 And spend my days with *Nobody*.

While some abuse the marriage state,  
 And others meet a froward mate,—  
 Surely that man must bless his fate,  
 Whom choice unites with *Nobody*.

*A Song on a Song.* S O N G CXLIX.\*

**Y**E chearful companions attention bestow,  
 And cast off your cares for a minute or so ;  
 But unmusical bullies at once pack along,  
 For my new fangled theme is the praise of a song.

Of all the diversions a mortal can chuse,  
 To pass a dull moment and life to amuse ;  
 The fav'rite diversion of old and of young,  
 Is singing a hearty enlivening song.

When broils and contention with clamorous jarr,  
 The sweets of society banish afar ;  
 To establish the right and to silence the wrong,  
 No method so sure as to sing a good song.

The cuckolded husband who toils out the day ;  
 Under fear of a wife who must have her own way  
 At night often meets in a brotherly throng,  
 Where cares are forgot over wine and a song.

The close fitted miser, who far from a lot,  
 Indulges himself in a beggarly pot ;  
 The scanty allowance will often prolong,  
 Nay—drink a whole tankard enjoying a song.

When Celadon vex'd at a coquetting fair,  
 Resolves like a man to relinquish his care ;  
 He finds the disdain that he took to be strong,  
 Relapse into love when she sings him a song.

Whe-



Whether blustering Mars or the bright god of day,  
Or Bacchus or Venus enliven the lay;  
To all the variety praises belong,  
Since godlike influence attends a good song.

Some fools dare object—and they may if they will,  
That songs are immoral or tending to ill;  
But let them proceed for they're all in the wrong,  
There's nothing on earth like a well meaning song.

*A Long Song.* S O N G C L. \*

**I**N England's fam'd City, a Frenchman there was,  
His name—'tis a hard one, so we'll let it pass:  
Our Sirloin he lov'd, and he lov'd it enoore,  
And seem'd half resolv'd to be Frenchman no more.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down*

He needs must be married, and us'd all his care,  
To manage with caution in choice of the fair;  
'Twas done,—but alas! after all he could do,  
His choice was a bad one, and wife was a shrew.

She would toll in her chair like the Duchess of York.  
And tho' her hands were not, her tongue was at work;  
Eor be it observ'd, that in old and in young,  
When all else is dormant, zig-zag goes the tongue.

Her favourite bottle she never forsook,  
And would neither be chambermaid, scullion, or cook;  
But butler she would be, which troubled his mind,  
Eor that was the post to himself he'd assign'd.

*Ma Deare, he would cry, pray do dat, or do dis,*  
*Begar I sall give you reward and a kiss:*  
A pox of your kisses, you beggarly elf!  
Whatever's to do, go and do it yourself.

You safely may wager a thousand to ten,  
That such a droll couple will ne'er live again;  
Had you seen him address her, in most civil sort,  
How he bow'd alamode, when he look'd alamort!

Says he to himself, *dis will never be borne*;  
*Mayhap ma dear damnable give me de Horn*;  
*To be de old Cockol, touch me in de quick*;  
*If she give me two Horn, I fall give her one stick.*

*Dis laziness too, de Diabler's own crime,*  
*For wasta my passhaunce, and wasta her time;*  
*If dey should ren out I can nefer endure,*  
*For passhaunce and time, for all ills are de cure.*

'Twere needless to tell you how thoughtful he grew,  
 But enter at once to the point he'd in view;  
 It was after a night of but little repose,  
 Quite big with a project at morning he rose.

Unto his wife's chamber he instantly hy'd,  
 And stood (for a wonder) at honey's bed side;  
 For so ill they agreed, I have oft heard it said,  
 That, tho man and wife, they were batch'lor and maid!

*Begar, vat is dis, but I wanta my meat!*  
*Arise den, and cooka me something to eat:*  
 Half 'sleep and half 'wake, she replied with a sneer,  
 Pray do it yourself, my obliging Monsieur!

You'll stare when I tell you he look'd not astound,  
 But answer'd *I vill*, with a bow to the ground;  
 Whate'er she would not, he determin'd to do;  
 Implicit obedience, that day was his cue.

His breakfast he cook'd and his dinner likewise,  
 Till Madam, at three, thought it proper to rise;  
 And soon as from slumber she'd rais'd her dear head,  
 He very conveniently made her the bed.

All this she beheld in a mighty amaze;  
 These Frenchmen, says she, have odd comical ways;  
 What made him before, his Diabler bestow,  
 Grown passive and chearful, I now see him do.

This said, she in private, resolv'd to look gay,  
 And thought she might, once, let him have his own way:  
 Says she, I may taste (but she said it aside)  
 Three months after marriage, — the joys of a bride!

From

From what she soliloquy'd, one thing is clear,  
That is,—she imagin'd her happiness near;  
But causes may differ, and thought is a bite,  
So time shall determine how far she was right.

The day was near finish'd, and ev'ning drew on,  
When Gaul saw his labour domestic was done;  
And to give to the bus'ness a finishing stroke,  
Invited *Mon Anglois* to take a short walk.

The place he thought fit for his purpose to chuse,  
Was a grove o' tall poplars, and funeral yews,  
Where the din is so great, there's no mortal that knows,  
The noise of a woman, from that of the crows.

Thro' many an intricate maze did they stray,  
With unmeaning chit chat deceiving the way;  
While wonder and hope did the couple attend,  
Both anxious to know whereabouts, it would end.

Take notice ye spouses, my story grows warm,  
A little attention may do you no harm:  
'Twas far in the grove or my author's bely'd,  
That a delicate hazel our Frenchman espy'd.

Says he, *mon chere ami, vat pretty stick dis!*  
*Pray cut it vor me, and I give you von kiss!*  
But for all her gay looks, yet the spirit of pride  
Bid him do it himself, when she came to be try'd.

This was but expected, he brandish'd his knife,  
Remembred his cue, and befriended his wife;  
Then told her how willing he did all her jobs,  
And then prais'd the stick, and then whetted the knobs.

They walk'd on a while, quite familiar and big,  
Till he had well polish'd and rounded the twig;  
Which done, giving to her, in positive tone,  
He there very civilly bid her *lay on*.

Lay on? quoth the wife, in a kind of surprise;  
For yet the dark meaning she could not devise;  
*Ma Honeye, says he, I would hase you be quick,*  
*Pray beat a yourself, I hase cot you de stick.*

With hope he stood trembling, when thus he had spoke,  
While she was all stone, tho' with rage fit to choak ;  
Nay, they both look'd so filly, the scene is too quaint,  
For you to imagine, or metre to paint.

But soon from her short stupefaction she 'rose,  
And begun a small piece of her mind to disclose ;  
That she was no Ninny, and he a mean Elf,—  
And had very near told him, to do it himself !

*Mine Ferwelle, quoth he, we are now in the wood,  
And I vas intenda you work, your own good;  
Wat works you not work, to Monsieur always fall,  
And if I do von ting, begar I do all.*

He spoke, and without leaving room for a *why*?  
To her delicate body, the twig did apply;  
She swore, and she pray'd, and she scream'd; but in vain;  
His hand was got in, he ne'er heard her complain.

The Ancients, when off'rings were made to the Skies,  
With a party of drums, drown'd the sufferer's cries,  
So, Frenchman, that nought might this service oppose,  
Contriv'd to succeed with a posse of Crows.

Amongst them together, they rais'd such a yell, wof  
That you would have thought it an entrance to Hell;  
But many a one was deceived in this,  
For it prov'd very fairly, an entrance to bliss.

But surely there's one calls my tale over long, and so  
Therefore in good time, I'll put end to my song;  
And while I cease to sing, let it also be told,  
That he ceas'd to beat, and his wife ceas'd to scold.

*A short Song.* SONG CLI.

**M**Y wife she died last Saturday night,  
I buried her on the Sunday;  
I courted another, in coming from church,  
And I married again on Monday.





Such fondness once for me was shewn, but now alas ! 'tis  
o'er. *Ah Gra, &c.*

Then fare thee well my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er  
shall moan, [for thee alone,  
Whilst breath remains in Strephons breast 'twill pant  
Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour.

*Ah Gra, &c.*

*A bad Song. Gramathree's Garland. SONG CLIII.\**

**A**S down on *Banners* banks I stray'd, one evening  
in May, [spray,  
The pretty birds in brightest knots, make talk on ev'ry  
They hung their little tails so low, they hung them more  
and more ;  
*And it's Gramathree, it's baloolo, to Molly a score.*

The daizy-pye and all the sweets, that *Ann the maker*  
yields, [fields,  
The promis'd ale, the violent blue, lay scatter'd o'er the  
Such vagrants in the bosom lies, of her that I adore.  
*But it's Gramathree, &c.*

I laid me down upon my back, beguiling my hard fate,  
They told me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly fate;  
How can she break the soundest tart, that bears her in  
it's core. *Oh it's Gramathree, &c.*

You said you left me, Molly dear, a while to die or  
live ; [deceive ;  
You too could think such tender words, where men go to  
A glove was all I tax'd you with, pray heav'n you give  
no more. *For it's Gramathree. &c.*

Oh had I all the folks that gaze, or under yon low hill,  
Or look'd to me the hum'rous arts that yon green pasture  
fill ;  
Why there I love, I'd lately shear, my kind and fleecy store.  
*Yet it's Gramathree, &c.*

Two

Two *purple ducks* above my head, were courting with  
 a *bow*,  
*A hen* beat them for happiness, to see the *bull* and *cow*;  
 Such *foolishness* to me was shewn, but now the last is o'er.  
 So it's *Gramathree*, &c.

Then fear thee well my *Molly* dear, thy *house* I ne'er  
 shall own, [thee a *lown*,  
 While *blood* remains in *Saffrons* art, 'twill paint for  
 Tho' thou art *faults* may evening tea, it's choicest *blef-*  
*sings* pour.  
 Ah it's *Gramathree*, &c.

*A Little Song.* S O N G CLIV.

THERE was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid,  
 And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed,  
 I have little more to say, than will you aye or nay,  
 For little said is soonest mended, ded, ded.

Then reply'd the little maid, little fir, you've little said,  
 To induce a little maid, to wed, wed, wed,  
 You must say a little more, and produce a little dow'r,  
 Ere I make a little print in your bed, bed, bed.

Then the little man reply'd, if you'll be my little bride,  
 I'll raise my love a little higher,  
 Tho' I little love to prate, my little heart is great,  
 With the little god of love all on fire.

Then the little maid reply'd, shold I be your little bride,  
 Pray what shall we do for to eat, eat, eat,  
 Will the flame you'r so rich in, serve the fire in the kitchen,  
 Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit.

Then the little man he sigh'd, some say a little cry'd,  
 For his little breast was big with sorrow;  
 I am your little slave, if the little that I have,  
 Is too little, little dear, I will borrow.

So the little man so great, made the little maid relent,  
 And set her little heart a thinking,  
 Tho' his offers were but small, she took his little all,  
 And could have of a cat but her skin.

*A Song for a Chorus.* SONG CLV. \*

**T**HERE was a man in Scicily and he was wond'rous  
 wife, [his eyes.  
 He jump'd into a bramble bush, and scratch'd out both  
 And when he saw his eyes were out, and reason to com-  
 plain, [in again.  
 He jump'd into a quickset hedge, and scratch'd them  
 Three children sliding on the ice upon a summer's day,  
 As it fell out, they all fell in, and the rest they run a-  
 way. [dry ground,  
 Now had these children been at school, or sliding on  
 A thousand pounds to one penny, they had not there  
 been drown'd.  
 That man is blest who hath no fields, nor cows to put  
 therein; [them pin.  
 He may eat and drink, and take his rest, for no man can  
 That man is blest who hath a chest with plenty running  
 o'er; [for more.  
 But when that's gone, I do suppose that he must work  
 That man is blest who hath a chest, and gold to put  
 therein; [skin.  
 But he's bewitch'd that has the itch, and claws off all his  
 That man his blest who hath a chest, that will a curst  
 wife hold, [tame a scold.  
 When she looks out, he may rap her snout; the way to  
 The parson kiss'd the beggar's wench, upon a truss of  
 straw; [the law.  
 But in a crack he broke her back, and that's against  
 Since we are met w'ell merry be, in spite of all our foes,  
 And he that won't with us agree, we'll take him by the  
 nose.

But



But if grim death with him should join for to encrease  
 our care, [know where.  
 We'll take a nole in either hand, and clap 'em you  
 But if they won't be served so, and we find ourselves  
 mistaken, [for bacon.  
 We'll hook 'em up the Chimney Pot, and have 'em dry'd  
 And when that they are choak'd with smoke, and we  
 have nought to fear, [with strong Beer.  
 We'll lay them on a bed of greens; and drown them

*A Dish of all Sorts.* S O N G C L V I .

**G**UARDIAN angels now protect me—  
 From the man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise,  
 I can freely distinguish—

The Sun from the east, tips the mountains with gold,  
 And the meadows all spangled—

With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care,  
 For life without these, is—

An old song made by an ancient old pate,  
 Of—

All the girls within the town,  
 The black, the fair, the red, the brown,  
 That dance and prance it up and down,  
 There's none like—

Bra' John O'Bute, was a bonny muckle man,  
 Frae Scotland he came—

In penance for past folly,  
 A pilgrim blythe and jolly,  
 A foe to—

The four and twentieth day of May,  
 Of all days in the year fir,—

When the Trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,  
 And the meadows their verdure have lost;  
 When all nature, disrob'd of her mantle of green,—

By the side of a great kitchen fire,  
 A scullion complaining was laid,  
 As padding was—

All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 Oh! where shall I my true love find:  
 Tell me——

John Anderson my Jo, John, I wonder what you mean,  
 To rise so soon at morning, to sit so late at e'en,—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,  
 And morning came on too, as grey as a rat;  
 Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,  
 Grunting pigs too left their sty;

Down in a vale, Ciss with her pail,  
 Met her true love dapper Harry;

First they kist, then shook fist,  
 And look'd like——

A certain presbyterian pair,  
 Was wedded 'tother day,

And when the lambs were laid in bed,  
 The pastor came to pray.——

Then fy let us a' to the wedding,  
 For there will be liting——

There was once it was said;  
 But it's out of my head;

And more so, yet true is my tale,  
 That a——

A taylor good lord! in the time of vacation,  
 When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was low,

For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion  
 To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row,

Sing in and out, thro' a clout, whilst he was able;  
 Prick a louse, prick a louse, what could he do?

ow a louse made him itch, here a scratch, there a stitch;  
 And sing cucumber! cucumber——

I'm old mad Tom, behold me;  
 My wits are quite unfram'd;

I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,  
 Nor hope to be reclaim'd.——

Jupiter wenches and drinks, he rules the roast in the sky,  
 He's a fool if he thinks,——

The world is a jumble of nonsense and fun;  
And life's run away with, 'ere 'tis well begun;  
Like this motly song, 'tis the farce of a day,  
Which aptly concludes with a *tal de ral la*.

From sorrow to mirth, we inconstantly range,  
No mortal on earth, but is fond of a change  
Then while you have Sun, I advise you make hay,  
And always make sure of your *tal de ral la*.

Look round in the world and you'll constantly find,  
As odd sort of couples as ever I bind:  
The young weds the old, and the grave takes the gay;  
All strangers to mirth, and it's *tal de ral la*.

Ye droll sort of mortals who laugh at my song,  
Laugh on, and be thankful you're not in the wrong  
And you that are sad, know the dog has his day,  
Then take a full swing at your *tal de ral la*.

*Allan Ramsay's Medley.* SONG CLVIN.

A New fang to it's ain tune,  
Maggy Lauder,  
Andrew wil his cutty gun.  
Cuddy claw'd her.

The new way o' the highland lad.  
Soger laddie. Highland laddie.  
My daddy forbad, my minny forbad.  
The ducks dang oe'r my daddy.

Jenny Nettles. Bonny Jean.  
She raise and loot me in.  
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' straw.  
O'er the hills and far awa.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.  
The lasses p—s brandy.  
Tell me what the fiddle says.  
Lick the laddle Sandy.



Oh! gin my love were in a mire.  
Up in the morning early.  
Auld wife ayont the fire.  
O'er the water to Charlie.

The flow'rs of the forest.  
Auld Rob Morris.  
The braes of yarrow. The banks of Spey.  
Saw ye no my father.  
Farewell to Loehaber.  
Lillibulero. Auld Robin Gray.

An' thou wer't my ain  
Thing. Jenny cock thy beaver.  
Jock's fou and Jenny's faine.  
Jenny dang the weaver.

Todlen' but and todlen ben.  
Three good fellows ayont the glen.  
Gin the Kirk wad let me be.  
I'd gar ye be fain to follow me.

Wat ye wha I met yestreen.  
Cauld kail in Aberdeen.  
Nancy's to the Greenwood gang.  
Todlen but and todlen ben.

Cath'rine Ogie.  
O'er Begie.  
Sandy o'er the Lee.  
Sour plumbs.  
Dumbarton Drums.  
My Wife has tae'n the gae.

F I N I S

20 JY63



1. The first of these is the fact that the  
 2. the morning early.  
 3. the first.  
 4. the first.

The howls of the forest.  
 And Rob Mott.  
 The birds at yarrow. The banks of the  
 river no more father.  
 Hawthorne's Lichen.  
 Hawthorne. And Rob Mott.

I'm not going to the water.  
 Look at me and Jenny's hair.  
 Think, Jenny look the better.  
 And then wait my air.

[illegible]

My Wife has taken the  
 Thompson Down  
 Spearhead  
 Stand on the Lee  
 O'er Bogie  
 Continue On

1951-1952

